THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]

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Mary Roberts Rinehart—Joseph Hergesheimer—Edwin Lefèvre
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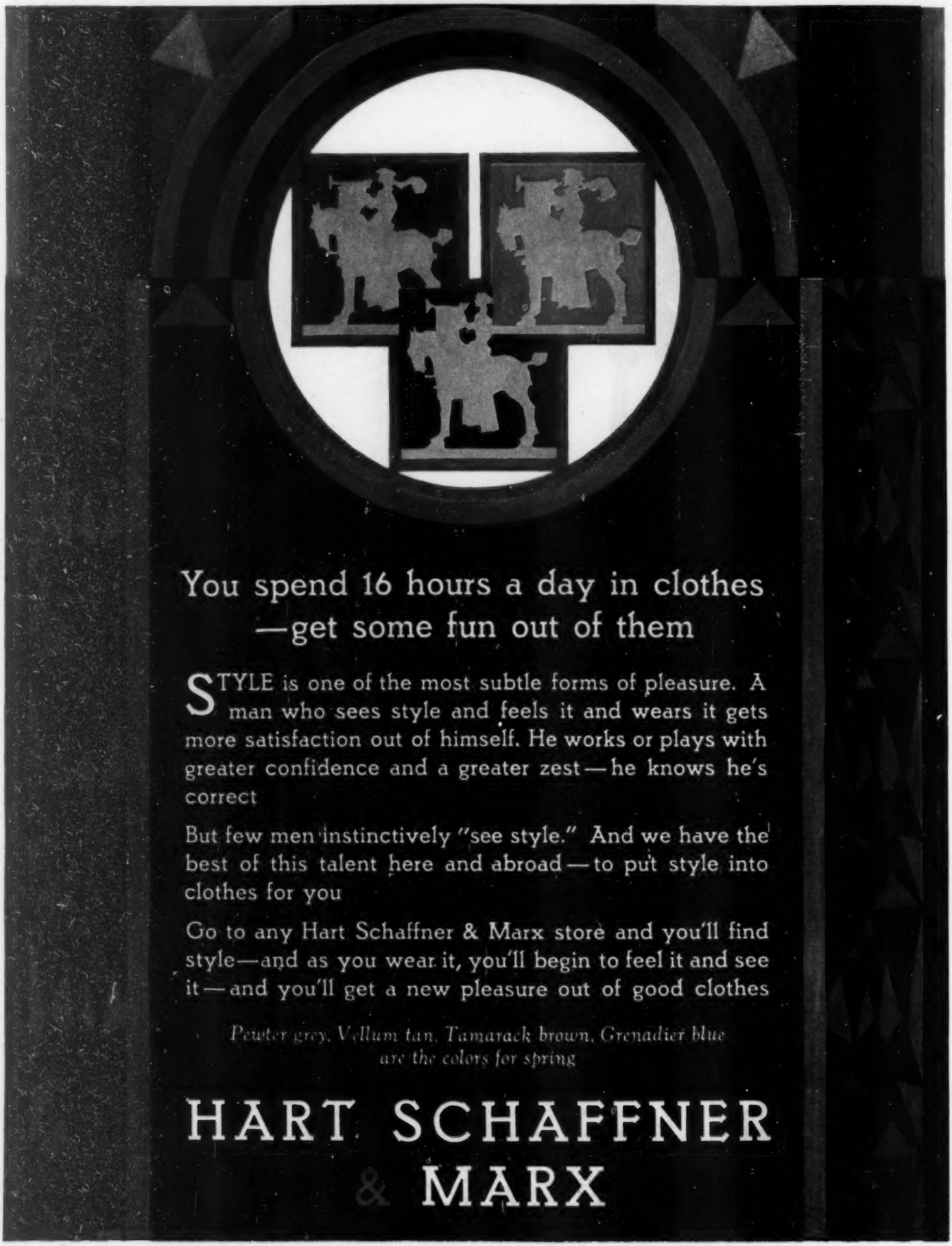

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THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

We Heard Mary Martin Come Running Down the Stairs. She Burst Into My Room Hysterically

I HAVE wrenched my knee, and for the past two weeks my days have consisted of three trays, two of them here in the library, a nurse at ten o'clock each morning with a device of infernal origin which is supposed to bake the pain out of my leg, and my thoughts for company.

But my thinking is cloudy and chaotic. The house is too quiet. I miss Judy, busy now with affairs of her own, and perhaps I miss the excitement of the past few months. It is difficult to take an interest in beef croquettes for luncheon out of last night's roast when one's mind is definitely turned on crime. For that is what I am thinking about—crime; and major crime at that.

I am thinking about murder. What is the ultimate impulse which drives the murderer to his kill? Not the motives. One can understand motives. It is at least conceivable that a man may kill out of violent passion, or out of fear or jealousy or revenge. Then, too, there are the murders by abnormals—drug addicts or mental deficients: they have their motives, too, of course, although they may lie hidden in distorted minds. And, as in our case, a series of crimes where the motive was hidden but perfectly real, and where extraordinary precautions had been taken against discovery.

But I am thinking of something more fundamental than motivation. What is it that lies behind the final gesture of the killer? Until then he has been of the race of men. In an instant he will have forfeited his brotherhood, become one of a group apart, a group of those who have destroyed human life.

Is there a profound contempt for life itself—for its value or its importance? Or is the instinct to kill stronger than thought, an atavistic memory from long-past ages

when laws had not induced suppressions? Is the murder impulse a natural one and are all of us potential killers, so that to save extinction men have devised the theory of the sanctity of human life? And at that last moment, does this hereditary, buried instinct surge triumphantly to the surface, steel the hand which holds the knife, steady the revolver, put the smile on the face of the poisoner?

There must be something of the sort. One thing we do know—once a man has killed, his inhibitions are destroyed. He has joined the alien clan, of which no member knows the other, and has set his face against the world. Thereafter he is alone.

But I have found no answer. In our case I have looked back, searching for some variation from the normal or some instinct of weakening or remorse. But I have found none. We know now that there were moments of terrific danger, when the whole murderous structure was about to collapse. But if there was panic, then we have no evidence of it. Each such emergency was met with diabolical ingenuity and cunning, and that cunning went even further. It provided in advance against every possible contingency of discovery.

What long hours went into that planning, that covering of every possible clew, we can only surmise; the meticulous surveying of this and that; the searching for any looseness in the whole criminal plan; the deliberate attempts to throw suspicion elsewhere. There must have been a real satisfaction toward the end, however—a false feeling of security, a rubbing of the hands and a certain complacency.

And then, suddenly, the whole carefully woven fabric was destroyed. Strange and mysterious and bitter that must have been. Everything provided against, and then at the last to be destroyed by a door—a thing of wood and paint with an ordinary tarnished brass knob. Months had passed. Hundreds of hands had touched that knob in the interval; the door itself had been painted. And yet it solved our mystery and brought destruction to as diabolical and cunning a murderer as the records of crime will show.

"She'll Have a Fit Over This," She Said. "She's That Tidy!"

As I have already intimated, I live alone, in the usual sense of the word—that is, I am more or less without family. A secretary—usually a young woman—and the customary servants form my household. And as the first crime occurred in this household, it will be as well to outline it at once.

Outside of my secretary, Mary Martin, a young and very pretty girl, the establishment at the time of the disappearance of Sarah Gittings consisted of four servants—my butler, Joseph Holmes, who had been in my employ for many years, a respectable-looking man of uncertain age, very quiet; my chauffeur, Robert White, who was not white but a negro; the cook, Norah Moriarity; and Clara Jenkins, the housemaid. A laundress, a white woman, came in by the day, and from spring until fall a gardener named Abner Jones took care of the lawns and shrubbery.

And as my property, both house and grounds, plays an important part in this narrative, I would better describe them also.

The house, then, sits some hundred feet back from the street. Two stone gateposts, from which the gates have been removed, mark the entrance, and the drive circles around a grass oval before the front door. Heavy old shrubbery, which I have not had the heart to thin out, shields me from the street and is spread in clumps over the grounds.

Thus the garage at the rear is partly screened from sight, although, as was shown later, there is a clear view from it of the pantry window. At the rear, behind the garage, lies a deep ravine which has been recently incorporated into the city park system; and at one side of me lies an acre or two of undeveloped property known as the Larimer lot.

Through this, from the street and extending sharply down the hill into the park, runs a footpath, an unpaved cut-off. In winter when the leaves are off the trees, I can see a portion of this path. Not all, for both the lot and the path are heavily bordered with old cedars.

Our first crime took place on the Larimer lot, not far from this path.

I have no near neighbors. This part of the city was country when the house was built, and the property on the other side is very large—ten acres or so. It was recently bought by a retired bootlegger and has no part in this narrative.

The house itself—my house—is old-fashioned, but very comfortable. But as I sit here in the library, one leg out before me and my pad on the other while I endeavor to think on paper, I realize that the house requires more description than that. Like the path, it, too, played its part.

I am writing in the library. Beside me on a table is the small bell which I ring to attract attention, since I cannot get to the speaking tube—I have said we are old-fashioned—and a row of soft pencils like the one which, later on, we found on the skylight over the lavatory.

There is a desk—an old Queen Anne walnut one—an open fire, chairs and books. From the side windows one commands the Larimer lot, from the front the entrance drive.

So the library has not only comfort but a certain strategic place in the house. I can not only see my callers in advance; I can sit there and survey a large portion of my lower-floor domain. It lies to the right of the front door and the hall.

Across the long center hall with its white staircase and its rear door to the service portion of the house lies the drawing-room. I can see now the forward end of it, with its ormolu cabinet, its old French sofa done in rose damask, and that painting of my father which does the Bell nose so grave an injustice.

And although I cannot see it, I know that at the end of that drawing-room, opening onto a blank brick wall which I have screened with arbor vitæ and rhododendrons, there is a French door, with steps leading out onto the grass. Also I know, by actual measurement, that it is precisely fifty feet and around a corner to the kitchen porch. From the rear of the library, double doors open into a music room, not often used nowadays, and behind that is the dining room.

This is my domain, and today, in the winter sun, it is very peaceful. There has been a little snow, and the cedars at the top of the path down the hill are quite beautiful. I have a wood fire, and the dogs, Jock and Isabel—named by Judy because she had never heard of a dog called Isabel—are asleep before it.

Jock is a terrier, Isabel a corpulent and defeminized French bull. As they, too, played a small and not too meritorious part in our debacle, it is necessary to name them.

I have listed my household as it was on the eighteenth of April. Usually my secretaries do not live in the house, but come in daily for such notes, checks, bills and what not as clutter the desk of a woman who, because she has no family of her own, is supposed to expend her maternal instinct in charity. But Mary Martin was living in the house and due to a reason directly connected with this narrative.

During the housecleaning the previous autumn Norah had unearthed an old cane belonging to my grandfather—that Captain Bell who played so brave, if unsung, a part in the Mexican War.

She brought it downstairs to me, and I told her to have Joseph polish the handle. When Joseph came back with it he was smiling—an unusual thing for Joseph.

"That's a very interesting old cane, madam," he said. "It has a knife in it."

"A knife? What for?" I asked.

But Joseph did not know. It appeared that he had been polishing the knob when a blade suddenly shot out of the end. He had been greatly startled and had almost dropped the thing.

Later on I showed it to Jim Blake, my cousin, and he made the suggestion which brought Mary Martin into the house.

"Why not write the old boy's life?" he suggested. "You must have a trunkful of letters, and this sword stick, or sword cane, or whatever it is, is a good starting point. And by the way, if ever you want to give it away, give it to me."

"I may do that," I said. "I don't like deadly weapons around the place."

In March I gave it to him. The Life, as Judy called it, was going on well, and Mary Martin efficient enough, although I was never fond of her.

II

THIS then was my household and my house on the day Sarah Gittings disappeared. The servants lived on the third floor at the rear, their portion of the floor cut off from the front by a door. A back staircase reached this upper rear hall, allowing them to come and go as they required.

Mary had the third-floor front room above the library, and Sarah the one behind it and over the blue spare room. Mary's door stood open most of the time, Sarah's closed and often locked. For all her good qualities, there was a suspicious streak in Sarah.

"I don't like people meddling with my things," she would say.

But Sarah was not a permanent member of the household. She was a middle-aged, rather heavy and silent woman, a graduate nurse of the old régime who had been in the family for years. In serious illness we sometimes brought in brisk young women, starchy and efficient, but in trouble we turned to Sarah.

We passed her around. My sister Laura would wire from Kansas City, "Children have measles. Please send Sarah, if possible."

And Sarah would pack her bag, cash one of her neat, small checks and slip off.

A good bit of her time was spent with my cousin, Katherine Somers, in New York. Katherine was devoted to her, although just why it is difficult to say. She was a taciturn woman, giving no confidences, but probably receiving a great many.

Poor Sarah! I can still see her in her starched white uniform, with its skirts which just cleared the ground, moving among our various households, with us, but not entirely of us; watching nervously over the stair rail while Judy, Katherine's daughter, made her debut; slapping Laura's newest baby between the shoulders to make it breathe; or bending over me to give me a daily massage, her heavy body clumsy enough, but her hands always light and gentle.

She was not a clever woman. Or maybe I am wrong. Perhaps, in a family which prides itself on a sort of superficial cleverness, she was merely silenced.

Not a romantic figure, Sarah, or a mysterious one. All of us thought of her as a fixture, growing older, but more or less always to be with us. I remember Howard Somers, Katherine's husband, telling her one day that he had remembered her in his will.

"Not a lot, Sarah," he said. "But you'll never have to go to the old ladies' home!"

I don't know why we were so astonished to see her burst into tears. I dare say she had been worried about the future—about getting old, and the children growing up and forgetting her. Anyhow, she cried, and Howard was greatly embarrassed.

She had her peculiarities, of course. In Katherine's house, what with guests in and out all the time, she had developed the habit of taking her meals in her room on a tray, and this habit persisted.

"I like to read while I eat," she said. "And I'm up early and I don't like late dinners."

She had some sort of stomach trouble, poor thing.

But in my simpler household she ate with me unless there was someone there. Then, to Joseph's secret fury, she retired to her room and had her tray there.

She had come down from Katherine's a month or so before, not so much because I needed her as that Katherine thought she needed a change. Howard had had a bad heart for some time, and Sarah had been nursing him.

"Just let her potter around," Katherine wrote. "She'll want to work, being Sarah, so if you can stand a daily massage ——"

And of course I could, and did.

I have drawn Sarah as well as I can, and the family rather sketchily; Howard and Katherine in their handsome duplex apartment in New York on Park Avenue, bringing out Judy at nineteen; Laura in Kansas City, raising a noisy young family; and myself in my old-fashioned house with its grounds and shrubbery, its loneliness and its memories. Dependent on a few friends, a small dinner party now and then, a little bridge; and on my servants—on Joseph and Norah and Clara and Robert—and on the Mary Martins who came and went, intelligent young women who used me as a stop-gap in their progress toward marriage or a career. A staid household, dependent for its youth on Judy's occasional visits, on secretaries whose minds were elsewhere, and on Wallie Somers, Howard's son by his first wife, whose ostensible business was bonds and whose relaxation, when he could not find someone to play with, was old furniture. Than which, as Judy once said, I have nothing else but.

As it happened, Judy was with me when Sarah disappeared that night early in April of last year. She was staging her annual revolt.

"I get a trifle fed up with Katherine now and then," she would say, arriving without notice. "She's too intense. Now, you are restful. You're really a frivolous person, you know, Elizabeth Jane, for all your clothes and airs."

"Frivolity is all I have left," I would say meekly. Judy has a habit of first names. Katherine had carefully taught her to call me Cousin Elizabeth, but Judy had discarded that with her stockings, which now she wore as seldom as possible, and under protest. Although I doubt if she ever called her mother "Katherine" to her face.

Katherine was a good mother, but a repressed one. Also, she was still passionately in love with Howard; one of those profound, absorbing loves which one finds sometimes in women who are apparently cold, and which makes them better wives than mothers. I rather think that she was even a little jealous of Judy and that Judy knew it.

Judy would arrive, and as if by a miracle the telephone would commence to ring and shining sport cars would be parked for hours in front of the house. Joseph would assume a resigned expression, empty cigarette trays by the dozen, and report to me in his melancholy voice:

"Someone has burned a hole on the top of your Queen Anne desk, madam."

I was never anything to him but "madam." It got on my nerves sometimes.

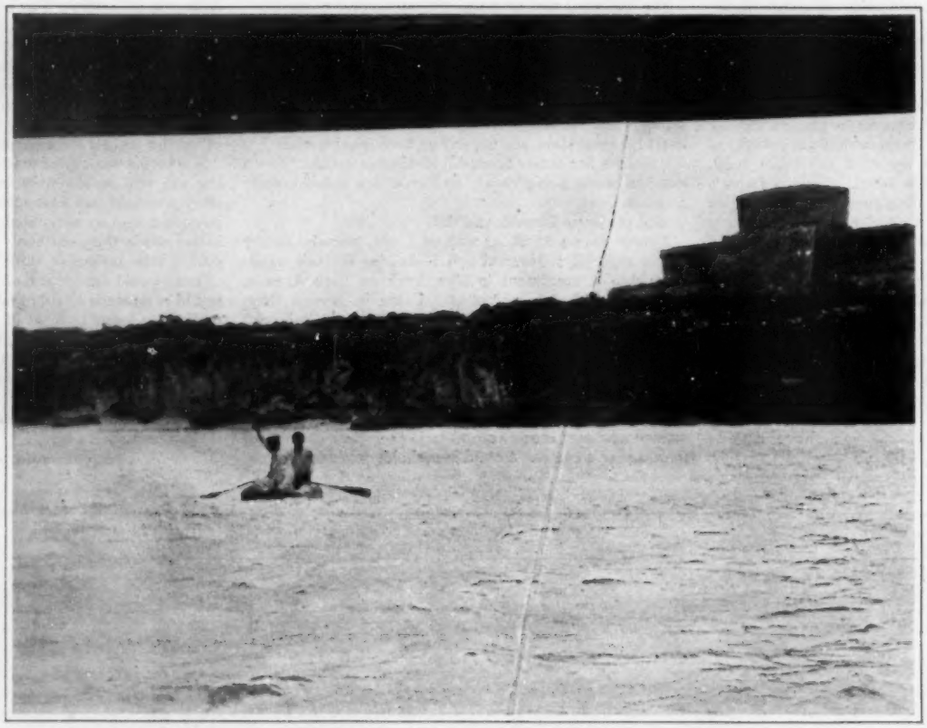
(Continued on Page 106)

At That Moment, Jock, Beside the Base of the Structure, Raised His Head and Let Out a Long Wail

EXPLORING THE MAYA WITH LINDBERGH—By William I. Van Dusen

MYSTERIOUS Bacalar, a vast wilderness lying inland from the southeastern tip of Mexico, is the region into which Col. Charles A. Lindbergh charted the last flight of the aerial expedition over the land of the ancient Maya. Scientists believe that somewhere in its forsaken jungle the First Americans spent those gaping centuries after the time they first entered Yucatan until they appeared, several hundred years later, to found their capital to the Feathered Serpent near the northern end of the peninsula.

Like pages torn from the heart of a fascinating history, these centuries hide many of the most coveted Mayan secrets. In several years' study of the country, Doctor Kidder knew of no white man who had been successful in penetrating that dark inland province. We were to make the first exploration, perhaps discover cities, and plot trails to guide archæologists in future search.



Under the Frowning Cliff at Tulum, Lindbergh and Lorber Reeled Out the Radio Antenna, That Our Landing Could be Reported to Another World. The Castillo, Etched Sharply Against the Sky Line, Commands a View of the Yucatan Coast as Far as the Eye Can See

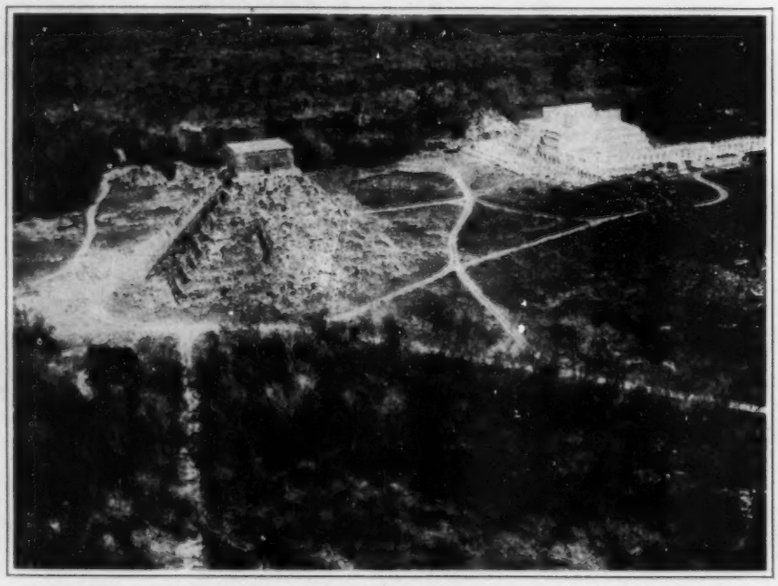
Three days of exploring by air had well fitted the expedition for this last objective. From hours of constant peering into the depths of foliage we had all become expert in detecting important variations of bush and topography. The previous day had been spent in studying known ruins sites from the air to train ourselves in recognizing tree-shrouded mounds and pyramids and to distinguish the heavily masked outlines of temple plazas.

Going about this in his usual methodical way, Lindbergh had approached the pyramid towers of Tikal and Nakum from every conceivable angle, swooping down within a few feet of the tree tops, then soaring sharply into the sky to secure in a few brief moments the most comprehensive study possible.

Picture Below

HE WAS soon silhouetting the mounds on the horizon, which he scanned continually, thrusting his head through the open window of the cockpit for better vision. When thrown up against the sky, as though on a screen, man-made peaks could be clearly distinguished from the contour of natural hills. Once the site was located, Lindbergh would bring the plane to an altitude of five hundred feet and fly straight to the mark. From this height Kidder and Ricketson found they could make scientific observations with greatest accuracy.

Directly over the jagged peaks Lindbergh banked the plane at a sharp angle so that Mrs. Lindbergh might make photographic records. With the ship almost on its side, a position in which strong men found themselves holding to the sides of the cabin, the intrepid photographer, with perfect confidence and seemingly oblivious to the difficult angle of flight, adjusted the aerial camera to the open window. Balancing herself on her knees she sighted down through the tiny finder, testing various positions until the object was covered. Then, sitting back on the heels of her high boots, she held the camera tightly against her shoulder and snapped the scenes speeding by at a hundred miles an hour. More sensitive than the human eye, what clews to a fascinating history those camera surveys might reveal! Especially for the region ahead the discovery of any trace of the Maya in this, the birthplace of their last civilization, would be of inestimable value to archæological science.



One of the Last of the Great Maya Capitals—Chichen Itza—the Temple of the Feathered Serpent, Center, and the Temple of the Warriors, Right. Colonel Lindbergh Based His Course Here for the Exploration of Little-Known Sections of Western Quintana Roo

Making Ready

SEVERAL hundred miles, covering most of the unknown, were to be flown, and Lindbergh had only meager information for charting the course between Bacalar on the south, and the ruins of Coba, on the north. When plans were gone over for the last time on the evening before, he projected a direct compass line between these two points, planning to fill in geographical details from the air.

Golden sunshine spread like a sparkling mantle over the brightly colored countryside. At an early hour a crowd gathered about our big ship where it stood, prow toward the bay, propellers whirling in great silver circles. Smiling, reserved English residents and widely grinning natives made a holiday of the occasion. Hosts of little black urchins ran gleefully into the slipstream from the propellers to be tumbled back across the roadway amid wild shouts.

Kidder arrived early to help sort out the equipment that was to go back to Guatemala with Ricketson. The ground crew stowed aboard a fresh supply of emergency rations: cans of corned beef, coffee, chocolate, raisins, cheese, crackers, and stewed corn, Lindbergh's favorite dish, with evaporated milk, his choice beverage for our impromptu luncheons, and an English canned delicacy—hamburger steak cooked with cereal—a course new to us all. In addition to the plane's standard emergency equipment, Lindbergh had thoughtfully added a shotgun and a revolver, in case a forced landing made it necessary for us to live on the country; a supply of hammocks, medicines, and machetes with which to cut through the bush.

Everything was in readiness by the time the Lindberghs arrived, fresh and in fine spirits. In fifteen days of almost continuous flying they had swung around the entire Caribbean circle which Lindbergh, alone, had blazed in the Spirit of St. Louis a year and a half earlier. Mrs. Lindbergh, dressed in her exploring outfit of gray knickers, soft blue shirt and high laced boots,

(Continued on Page 91)

AIR TRANSPORT

By Charles A. Lindbergh

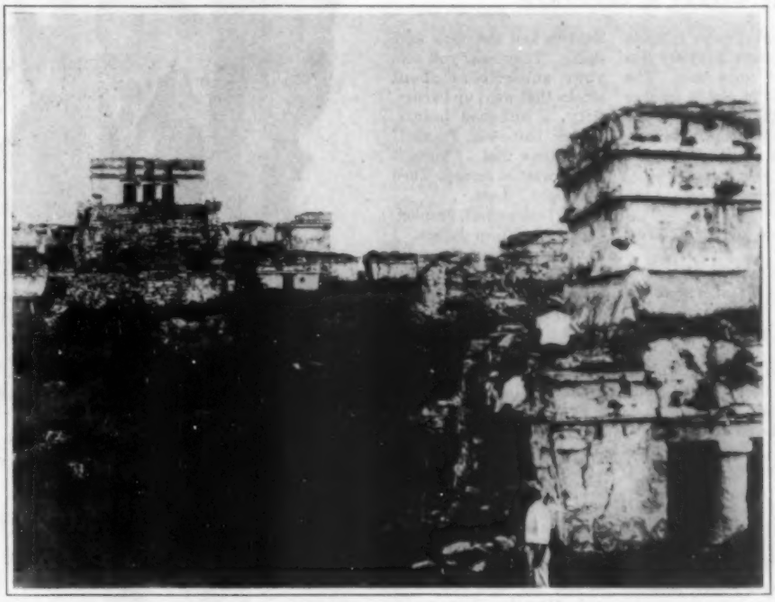
THE value of modern transportation is largely decided by three factors: Time, cost and safety. A business man, buying a ticket for a train or steamship, first inquires about the time he will lose in transit. Next, he asks the fare, and is usually willing to pay an added amount for special accommodations. As far as safety is concerned, he considers that part of a first-class passage. Aviation, however, is not measured by the same scale. The majority of people hardly realize that they can travel from place to place by air. They look upon air transport, today, very much as their fathers looked upon the early stages of the motor car, and their grandfathers the steam locomotive. Just as unreasonably, they are affected more by a fear of great speed and a skepticism of the new and spectacular than by records covering millions of miles of operation.

Aviation is going through almost exactly the same difficulties that the automobile and the steam engine and even the sailboat went through in a similar stage of their development. History contains many accounts of sea monsters, falling-off places, and other dangers which beset the old-time mariners. Less than a century ago, it was considered too dangerous to operate railroad trains at night. Most people can remember when the use of the automobile was considered limited by its inability to run over poor country roads, and the unreliability of the gasoline engine. Even now it will probably require at least another generation before the last man who "always keeps one foot on the ground" has forgotten that he was "never made to fly."

One of the obstacles to air transport at present is that it is too often thought of as a thrilling experience rather than the quickest way of getting somewhere. This is largely due to the fact that passenger lines have only lately come into existence in the United States. For more than twenty years aviation was placed before the public in the form of flying circuses, or in its military phase as an instrument of destruction. Even during the great commercial development of the last few years the extreme and the spectacular have been featured. The day-and-night drone of the transport plane became so much a matter of accepted routine that, when a major accident did occur, the resulting publicity might well be compared with the sinking of the Titanic.

Overhead

GENERALLY speaking, there are three major factors which control the success of air transport: The operating company, the press and the public. All three are so interwoven that an advance in one must carry the other two with it.



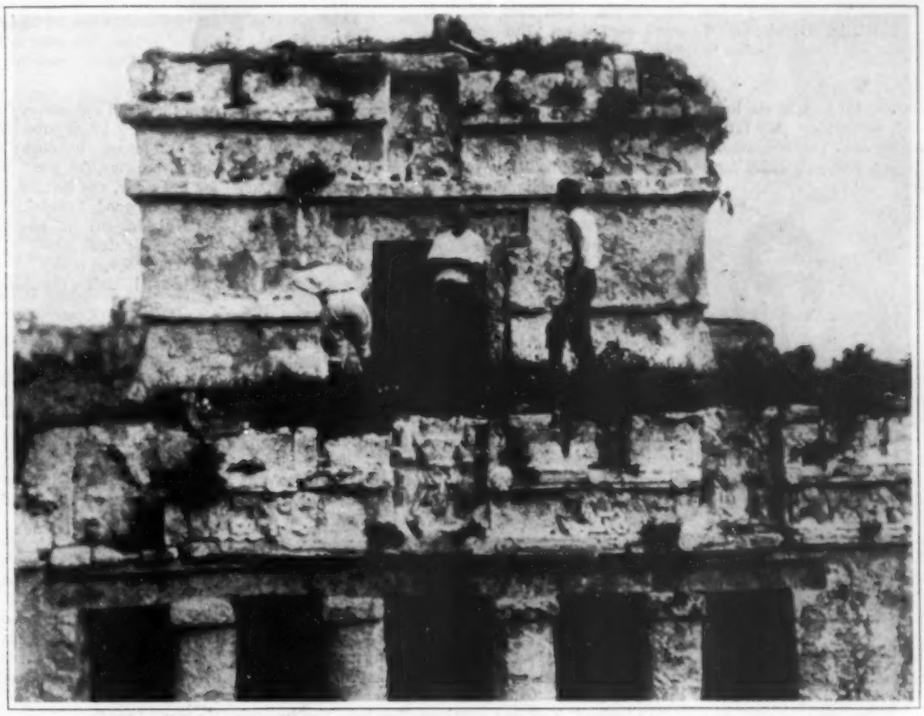
The Caretaker, With His Able Chiclero Assistant, Conducted the Party Around Tulum. This Temple of the Frescoes, With its Narrow, Low Doorways, Holds Some of the Finest Bits of Mayan Culture

The operator must furnish a reliable and convenient service at a cost which will attract traffic. He has to show a saving in time, since that is the greatest asset of flying. He must make his service easily available and thoroughly comfortable, and must charge a fare which does not place an unreasonable premium on the time saved. His ability to meet these requirements depends entirely upon the volume of traffic over his lines. A reliable service depends upon a thoroughly trained organization—upon mechanics, meteorologists and radio operators along the entire route. A convenient service requires that airports be situated close to cities and have adequate facilities for transporting and caring for passengers on the ground. A fast schedule depends both upon minimizing the loss of time between cities and their airports, and upon a competent organization to prevent delays from improper weather forecasts and mechanical difficulties. The cost of a first-class service, however, is prohibitive unless its overhead can be spread over a large volume of traffic, since the expense of airports, radio, meteorology and executive organization changes but little, whether one or ten planes are flown each day. The cost of fuel, crew and depreciation is not high when divided among an average load of passengers, but if the overhead of the entire organization must be charged to a dozen passengers per day, the cost of air transportation is out of reach for most people.

The Rôle of the Press

THE press has been more than fair in the amount of publicity given to aviation. It must be remembered, however, that a large portion of this publicity has not been of the kind that instills a feeling of safety and a desire to fly in the mind of a conservative individual. Neither has it had a direct bearing on passenger-transport aviation except in a minority of cases. When you have about decided to make use of the air lines, it is naturally confusing to pick up a paper and read about a huge transport plane crashing on a test flight, while just below is a picture of an army test pilot who has saved his life by a parachute jump, and another of the charred wreckage of his plane. As a matter of fact, both are the result of experimenting with aviation of the future, and are of the greatest scientific importance, but they have no effect on the safety of our present transport lines. However, most of us have not learned the difference between pioneering and commercial aviation. We do not yet distinguish between the highways and the race tracks of the air. The Graf Zeppelin and the huge Dornier flying boat reassure us, but they seem apart from our sphere of activity. We are interested in long-distance and endurance flights, and we marvel at the advances aviation has made in so brief a time. We thrill in living in this age of progress and achievement, but we are not encouraged to go by air on our next trip to California or South America. The unusual is always placed before us, and it is the unusual we remember. The everyday

(Continued on Page 50)



Mrs. Lindbergh, Doctor Kidder and Colonel Lindbergh on the Temple of the Frescoes. Red Imprints of Mayan Hands, Distinct Today as When the Ancients First Pressed Them Dripping With Dye Against the Rock, are Thickly Scattered Over the Walls. In the Lower Temple are Beautifully Preserved Specimens of Mayan Art, Still in Their Original Colors

SEQUENCE

By JULIAN BARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

THE man who wanted to see Frankel came in again through the door marked Speculators Advisory Bureau. That was the fourth time since noon. The clatter of typewriters softened as girls in gaudy smocks looked up with quick curiosity, and the blonde who sat nearest the rail said peevishly, "No, he ain't in. He was, but he went out, and he won't be back no more. An' not tomorrow, neither. Maybe if you lef' your name ——"

The man did not halt. He pressed through a gate in the rail and went on between stained tables.

"Here!" the blonde shrilled. "Where you goin'? You can't go ——"

The man reached a door beyond the tables and pushed it open. The girls could see Herman Frankel look up angrily, and the door closed again.

"What d'you mean?" Frankel said, glaring. "Get out o' here. This is private."

"Shut up," said the man, and showed Frankel a stubby automatic. "Shove away from that desk. Keep your hands where I'll see 'em. And keep quiet."

Frankel's mouth was open, and he stared at the gun.

"I'm Bowen," the man said—"Henry Bowen, Webbstown, Cutler County. Remember? You haven't heard of me in two years. I've been in jail."

Frankel's fat face was wet, and he ran his tongue around his lips. "What—what ——" he said weakly, and choked.

The man sneered. "Remember these?" His left hand flung down a sheaf of folded papers. They fell apart on the desk. They were blue and white and yellow papers, typed and underscored.

"Union Gearing," the man said. "Remember Union Gearing, Frankel? That's why I'm here—with this."

He moved the automatic, and Frankel cringed behind fat palms. This was a lunatic, he told himself. A crazy man with a gun. He closed his eyes and shivered.

"Sit quiet and listen," the man ordered. "If anybody opens that door, you tell them to stay out. If you do anything else, I'll kill you the next second, so help me God."

Frankel said hoarsely, "Keep—keep that thing still. What d'you want?"

The man sat down facing Frankel, with his back to the door. He held the gun pointed at Frankel's belly.

"I'm Henry Bowen," he said again. "I was paying teller in the Webb National Bank. That's in Webbstown. I was born there, like my father and his father. Listen to me, Frankel."

Frankel gulped, "Well, all right. Well."

"I was teller in the Webb Bank. I'd been in the bank eight years, and soon I'd have been cashier. My father owned bank stock and he had influence. But my father's dead. He died while I was in jail, and you killed him, Frankel. You killed him when you killed me. Now it's your turn."

George Darnister

Frankel cowered before what he saw in the man's face. He spread his hands again, chattering, "Here, now—here! Don't get so excited!"

"I'm not excited, Frankel. I'm telling you I used to be honest, and teller in the bank. Teller in the bank and going ahead. And I had a girl—a good, sweet girl. We were going to get married. But her folks were rich, and she was used to more than I could give her right off. She didn't care about that, but I did. I wanted to give her what she'd always had—house and furniture and a good car, and things like that. Understand? But it took a lot of money.

"So I wanted a lot of money, Frankel. But my father said no. He said we ought to work for those things, but I couldn't see it. I wanted money. And then—here's where you laugh, Frankel—then you came along. Why don't you laugh, Frankel? Laugh, and I'll kill you now."

The fat man said hurriedly, "No, no, I wouldn't laugh ——" He mopped his face with a bright handkerchief.

"You keep your mouth shut. I'm doing the talking. You'd been sending your come-on letters to the bank for a year. I'd read 'em all. They said you knew what the big bankers and the pools were doing. They said you told your subscribers about stocks that went up twenty, fifty, a hundred points. Sucker bait—eh, Frankel? Oh, I knew that. I knew it until I wanted money. Then I thought I'd see.

"So I subscribed, Frankel. I sent you fifteen dollars. I wanted to find out if you did know about the stock market. I was going to keep a slate on your tips. But you didn't give me time, did you? You started right in with Union Gearing. Remember, Frankel? Union Gearing."

Frankel said, shaking, "But—no, wait—I can tell you about that."

"You won't tell anybody anything, Frankel. Not any more. But I'm telling you about Union Gearing—about your lies. Letters, telegrams, even phone calls—eh? 'Buy all you can right now,' you said. 'Don't wait, or you'll miss a fortune. Fifty points in it quick. Bigger dividend right away. Big consolidation deal after that. Big men buying every day.' They're all there on the desk, Frankel—all your lies."

"But listen ——"

"You listen. I bought it. I bit. I took what money I had, and I bought as much Union Gearing as I could on margin. And then the stock went down. But you kept on saying, 'Hold on, and buy more, because the big move will start any day.' Your telegrams said that, Frankel. Remember? You said it over the phone. You swore you knew. So I bought more.

"And then it dropped again—fell all at once. Remember, Frankel? But I hadn't any more money. The brokers said they'd sell me out, and I'd have been flat broke. I'd have been in debt. And I was going to be married. So I took what I needed at the bank. I stole it, Frankel. It wasn't hard to do. They trusted me in the bank. I was going to put it back when Union Gearing went up again. You said it was sure to go up again, didn't you?

"But it didn't go up. You know damn well it didn't. It kept on going down, and I had to steal more money. And then they caught me. The bank examiner caught me. I was sixteen thousand short. My father paid it, but that didn't let me out, and I got two years. Two years in Atlanta, Frankel. It killed me, and it killed my father. So that's why I'm here—with this."

"But now—now, wait!" Frankel's tongue was thick and his bulk trembled. "Wait, now. Keep that thing down. What d'you want? What d'you want me to do?"

Bowen snarled.

"Nothing, you crook. You're going with me. You first. Then me. I'm dead already. What do you think I've been waiting two years for?"

"No! Not me!" The fat man's voice cracked. "You can't! You got the wrong one—the wrong man. It wasn't me. Not me, I tell you. Give me a chance. Give me a chance to tell ——"

"Tell what? You sent me these, Frankel. You hooked me."

"No! Listen! It wasn't me. Not me—another man. One of the big ones. He crossed me, see? He told me the lies. Listen! I lost money too—a lot of money. And I lost customers—a lot of subscriptions. He got me to do it—this other man. I thought it was straight, didn't I? You can't blame me, can you? He was the one. He was working the stock, and he told me ——"

"It's no good, Frankel. You're all through lying ——"

"No! Listen! It was this man—this man that was working the stock ——"

"Who? What man?"

"Listen! He's a big shooter. He makes plays ——"

"Who?"

"He's a big ——"

Bowen came to his feet and kicked away the chair behind him.

"Stand up, Frankel," he said. "Stand up and take it."

The fat man yapped, "Crawley! Sam Crawley! He's the one. He told me ——"

"Who's Crawley?"

"He got me to do it. Sam Crawley. He runs pools. He makes big plays. Give me a chance. Keep that thing down. Give me a chance to tell you."

"Go on. And hurry it."

"He was working this Gearing, see? Crawley was. He said he was making a move in it. He said it was sure. He got me to send out the dope."

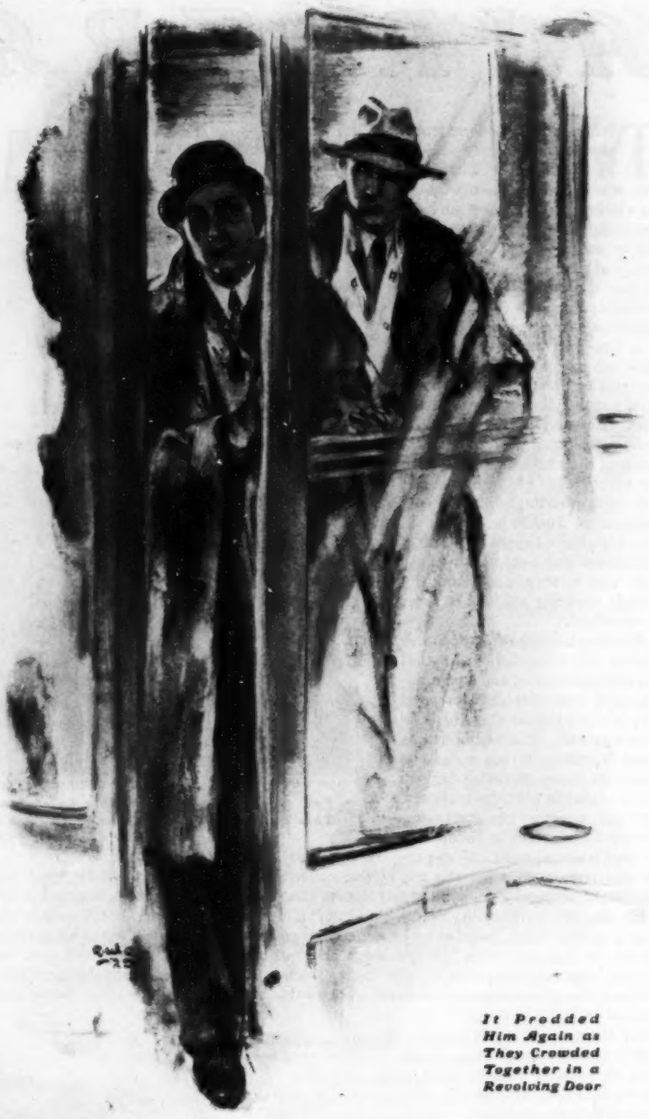
"Paid you?"

"No. Only he gave me an interest—gave me a play in Gearing. He gave me calls on it—options, see? If the stock went up I would make money on them. And you and everybody would clean up on the tips I sent out, wouldn't you? But he fooled me, see? He didn't put the stock up. He crossed me."

"You're lying, Frankel."

"No! Wait! I can show you."

"Show me what?"



It Prodded Him Again as They Crowded Together in a Revolving Door

"The calls. He signed them." Frankel flung himself at a cabinet and pawed frantically among folders in a drawer. "Here—look! Crawley signed it, see? Samuel J. Crawley. Read it. Option to buy five hundred Union Gearing common stock at 60, and five hundred at 62. Good till September tenth. See? Didn't I tell you?"

Bowen scowled at the quivering slip of paper. "What did you tell me?"

"That it wasn't me—it wasn't my game. It was Crawley's. He got me to do it. He's the one you're looking for. It was his game, don't you see? He got the money—your money."

"Got my money? How?"

"He sold. He sold out Gearing on you—on everybody."

Bowen stared. He said, "D' you mean this Crawley got you to bunk people into buying the rotten stock so he could sell it when they bought? What? Did he? Speak up!"

Frankel chattered, "Sure. That's it. He sold. Don't it look that way? It was all his game. And I was bunked, too, wasn't I? I never got anything. The stock didn't go up, did it? I didn't make any money on the calls. That's why I still got 'em. It was all Sam Crawley's ——"

The Blonde Who Sat Nearest the Rail Said Peevishly, "No, He Ain't In"

Bowen snapped, "Stop it!" Frankel wiped sweat from his thick neck and waited, watching the gun. Bowen said suddenly, "Where's this Crawley now?"

"Crawley?" Frankel choked again. "Why, he's around—around Wall Street. I don't just know ——"

"You liar! Give me that thing that's got Crawley's name on it."

"No. I can't. I need it."

"Give it to me, you crook." Bowen thrust the paper into his pocket. He stood staring at the fat man, thinking. "I've been waiting nearly two years to settle with you, Frankel," he said at last. "I can wait a little longer. I'll find out about this Crawley. Maybe I'll settle with him. But if you're lying to me, Frankel, I'll find you again, and I won't give you a minute. Keep that in your head. And if you squeal about me ——"

"No. No, I wouldn't squeal. It ain't my business. I want to keep out of it."

Bowen sneered, "I wouldn't be out the door before you'd be yelling into that phone for the cops. Get your hat. You're going out of here with me."

Frankel quavered, "No. I'm busy. I can't now. Why?"

"Get your hat—hear me? We're going out together—close together. I'll have this gun in your ribs, and the first wrong move you make ——"

They went out between the stained tables. The strange man's hand bulged in the pocket of his coat and Frankel trotted drunkenly. The blonde by the rail smiled knowingly. When the door closed behind them she called to the girls in gaudy smocks, "That bootlegger must be peddlin' fierce stuff. His samples put the skates on our Hermie in less'n ten minutes."

In the elevator the automatic prodded Frankel grimly. It prodded him again as they crowded together in a revolving door. At the street corner steps led down to a subway, and Bowen rasped, "Down here. Keep ahead of me, and don't try to run."

Frankel's knees were weak, and he went down unsteadily. When the stair turned he looked back, but Bowen had disappeared.

II

JIMMY WATROUS, of the Wall Street staff of The Leader, slid into a chair by Samuel J. Crawley's desk. He leaned forward, swinging his hat between his knees.

"I didn't come in to talk shop, S. J.," Jimmy said. "I wanted to ask if you've ever heard of a man named Bowen—Henry Bowen."

Crawley's face tightened. "I may have. Why?"

The reporter said soberly, "I wasn't sure you knew."

"I've heard about him," said Crawley. "He's a lunatic."

"Heard about him from a man named Frankel?"

"Maybe," said Crawley. "Has he handed you some cock-and-bull story that you want to print?"

"No, not that," Watrous said. "I've known Bowen a long time. We come from the same town. We were kids together. He dipped into the Webb National Bank, you know, and went to Atlanta for it."

"I've heard all about that," Crawley said. "What have I got to do with it?"

"That's the point," said Watrous. "Bowen got hold of me last night. Of course he's crazy. Jail did that for him. He's got just one thing on his mind. He's sure he was swindled in Union Gearing two years ago, and he's out to kill somebody for it. And he means it, S. J. He's cold about it. He's a bug, and he's dangerous. He told me how he went after this Frankel with a gun, and Frankel ducked by giving you up. So now he's after you."

"I know all that," Crawley said. "The police know it too. I'm well guarded. Where's this man living?"

Jimmy Watrous grinned. "I couldn't find out," he said. "Bowen's too cagy for that. But, S. J., I think you're taking a long chance waiting to have him pinched."

Crawley scowled and asked, "What else is there to do?"

"Look at it this way," said Watrous. "Hank Bowen's crazy, of course, but he's not so crazy that he won't listen to an alibi. This Frankel passed the buck to you, and it saved him, didn't it?"

"What are you trying to say, Jimmy?"

"Bowen's not sure Frankel told him the truth, S. J. He's checking up on it. That's why he looked me up last night. He remembered I was on this Wall Street job, and he came to me for the low-down on that Gearing thing. He thought I could tell him if you were the real works in Gearing the time he went into the ditch."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Told him I didn't know, but I'd dig around and try to find out."

Crawley said coldly, "And now you're digging."

The reporter shrugged his shoulders. "I can tell Bowen something or nothing," he said. "If he happened to get you backed against a wall the way he had Frankel, you'd do some explaining, wouldn't you? Why not let me do it for you first?"

"He won't get at me," Crawley said grimly. "He'll land in a hospital or a cell if he tries it."

Watrous shook his head.

"You're taking big chances, S. J. You may be guarded, but Bowen can take a crack at you any time. You might be walking down this hall to the elevator, or crossing the sidewalk to get into a car, and he'd pot you. He's just crazy enough to do that. I tried to talk sense to him last night, but I didn't get anywhere with it."

Crawley said angrily, "But I didn't have anything to do with getting this man into Gearing. I don't even know what Frankel did to him."

"Fed him a lot of crooked dope," said Watrous. "Bowen showed me a wad of it—a lot of bunk about dividends and mergers and big buying for a fifty-point rise. The usual stuff these tipster birds spill for their boobs. And Frankel put it all up to you."

"That's a lie."

"Sure. But the heel flashed a thousand-share call of yours to prove you hired him to bull the stock. He handed it over to Bowen. I couldn't laugh that off when Bowen showed it to me last night."

Crawley barked, "Suppose I did give Frankel a call? What of it? What's wrong about that? Certainly I gave him a call. And I gave calls to other people."

Jimmy Watrous chuckled, "You forgot me that time, S. J."

"I don't remember your asking for any. Frankel asked, though. I was making a market in Gearing. I wanted it advertised, of course. Frankel came in and said he could help—keeping the stock before his subscribers, and all that. He'd done the same thing before, and he's done it since. I did the usual thing—gave him calls on a thousand shares. But I don't know what he said to his people. I don't remember seeing anything he wrote about Gearing in his letters."

"Still," Watrous said, "that makes you look to Hank Bowen like the main guy in the whole thing. You've got to remember he's gone nuts on this thing."

(Continued on Page 60)

Watrous Shook His Head. "You're Taking Big Chances, S. J. You May be Guarded, But Bowen Can Take a Crack at You Any Time"

THE EARTHQUAKE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Rodd Could Not Recall Without a Shudder Those Big, Black-Winged, Ruffle-Throated Condors Sailing in the Air Over Him, Their Dangling Legs as Thick Through as a Man's Wrist

THE Fonda Ingles—McTavish's inn at Coquimbo, in Chile—was in an uproar when Edward Rodd entered. A lot of gaudy horsemen were drinking and laughing in one corner, silenced now and then by the fury or beauty of the chords struck by Madame Pharoux from her harp. Father Ambrosio, the great, gentle, Roman-nosed priest who lived in one of the front rooms of the late Señor Nolasco's house, sat by himself with a goblet, half emptied, of Lachryma Christi at his elbow, and his white serge gown heaped about his ankles. McTavish, his enormous nose the color of clear Burgundy, clapped a hand on Rodd's shoulder.

"So you are still here," he said to the young seaman.

"Where would I go?" Rodd answered with his lazy smile. "Not back to the ship. I've told you Captain Driver put me over the rail, neck and crop. There was a conspiracy to smuggle silver aboard without paying duty to these rascally government agents, and Driver took me for ringleader, because he knew I had worked in silver mines. He thought I would be likely to make love to that silver. I am an innocent man, but this captain is obstinate. My heart's blood wouldn't satisfy him now," Rodd said. "McTavish, I come from Salem, and I hope I know better than to try to wrestle with a Salem conscience."

"I hope you do. This is a bad country for anybody with a conscience," McTavish told him—"with a bad conscience, that is. Still, in spite of the earthquakes, the place has ways of holding a man, more than just putting him behind the bars or shoving him down into its mines."

Rodd ignored this warning and called for wine. McTavish served the drink himself. The horsemen made way for him, walking on their toes, perforce, like fighting cocks, since the rowels on their spurs were as long as goose quills, and they took off these spurs only to sleep. If a man could not ride a horse superlatively well here, his very honesty would be suspected. Before McTavish could thrust the glass into Rodd's outstretched hand, the door opened and a horseman came in, horse and all, just ducking his head to escape the lignum-vitæ lintel of the door. Nobody was surprised. The man was served in the saddle. Madame Pharoux, calmly wheeling her harp a foot or two from the horse's hoofs, half closed her eyes and swept the strings with plucking motions of her slender arms. Rodd drank his wine. He thought she was beckoning to him with her music, but it was to McTavish's deaf ears that she was pouring out her soul.

"I tell you," McTavish muttered to Rodd, under cover of a new flurry of harp music, "you may think you can work a month in the mines here and go to sea again, but you will find out your mistake. These words engraved on the town seals have a meaning—'*sal si puede*'—'Leave me if you can.'"

"I speak Spanish," Rodd said indifferently.

"Say you do. It makes the case worse. La Serena's grip is like that fellow's leg grip of his horse. Or stronger. And for that matter, there's a superfluity of miners hereabouts, since the Nolasco silver mine was lost in the earthquake. There's just nothing for a man of your propensities to do."

"I can always drink wine and listen to harp music," Edward Rodd reminded his adviser jovially.

McTavish dusted his hands grimly.

"If you enjoy harp music, you had better let me introduce you to Nolasco's daughter. It is the period of the seven lean cows in that house, since Nolasco died, and a visitor will no doubt be welcome. Father Ambrosio's earnings from selling pictures and images don't keep them in figs in these unregenerate days. If it wasn't for that accomplished beggar, Nor Nicolas, half the time the poor girl wouldn't have so much as dried beans to put in her mouth."

"Nor Nicolas, the muleteer?"

"Master muleteer to Señor Nolasco in the great days. The fellow has strength enough to pull a bull down, but since the earthquake closed the shafts he has not been able to put his hand on the silver again. He will move you to tears with his account of the destitution in that house. But you would never guess it to look into the señorita's eyes. She might be the blood sister of that siren who came dripping out of the bay to point out to the conqueror Valdivia the place to found this town. I hear it said that she wears a hair shirt to atone for the sins of that delightful rogue, her father. Nor Nicolas might know. She is a clever horsewoman, a patriot, a woman with a brain. Her sister, you know—Ignacita—married the colonel of a troop of horse in Lima. They met one day at the cathedral, and the next day they had fled."

"Ah, so that was one that got free of this enchanted town."

"That was one. But not Paulita. Poor girl. I remember those evening conversations of hers, which used to be attended by the Intendente and his son, Don Ramon Picarte. There would be a lot of officers from the frigate Venganza, and what Salem captains happened to be in port. Ah," McTavish sighed, "the hams, the ices, the wines, the flowers, and then that devil Nolasco looking in at midnight and shouting at them, 'Do not make love to more than two of them at once.' Meaning his two daughters. He was a sad wag. Well, that is all over. Nolasco is dead, killed by the hill, like a mule, trying to find that silver again, and she puts a good face on it. Nor Nicolas adores her. He begs food—she knows nothing of that—he still brings ice and hail from the mountains to chill her lemonade. Nor Nicolas has always humored her, and now he brings this snow down on mule-back, fifty pounds at a time, packed in straw held between double frames with hide lacings."

Rodd encountered Madame Pharoux's eye. She was a woman of thirty, pretty, lacy, saucy, with a peaked chin, green eyes, and ruffles at her wrist. She had caught a word or two evidently, and her face looked bitter. Rodd could interpret this. No doubt, Nor Nicolas—that accomplished beggar—had screwed something out of McTavish himself to keep the pot boiling in that ruined establishment. Madame Pharoux stopped playing, swept her elbow across all the strings of the harp, then plucked one string, and first letting it vibrate near her cheek, stopped it with her finger. It was like stopping a life, and Rodd thought he knew whose life she would like to stop.

"I would like to see this young woman," he said.

"Tonight. Now, if you say. We will call you—Captain Rodd."

"Captain?"

"Yes. We are dealing with an aristocrat. She has the pure Castilian blood—*sangre azul*. She has had Boston dandies and Baltimore mob-towns in that *sala* of hers, my boy. She will turn up her nose at anything short of the captain of a ship."

"Captain—Captain Rodd," Rodd repeated, and thought of all the grotesque peccadillos, the rash ventures, that had kept him from being captain of a ship. Well, then, Captain Rodd. He looked the part to admiration. McTavish, bare-boned, kiln-dried, drew on a tattered lionskin coat with huge pearl buttons—he had killed this lion in fair combat in the Nubian Desert before La Serena chained him—and they went out of the inn arm in arm.

Rodd drew a deep breath. "*Sal si puede.*" He was willing to meet the challenge of La Serena. The place, shadowed by the ghostly Cordilleras, was the soul of quietude. Even by day a footfall in these concaved streets might be a little frightening. Rodd's glance rested on the port of Coquimbo, and picked out, against the smelter stacks, the tall spars of the Salem ships, waiting to take smelted copper ore to Lima, where it would be turned into artillery and church bells—a very logical coupling of uses. He followed the line of the beaches, the dusty road, interrupted here and there by small brooks bridged by half a dozen whale ribs laid together. But the whalers came here infrequently, since the authorities had forbidden them to boil their oil out in the bay. It was an ore port now.

The town looked to Rodd as if it had been built, tiled, whitewashed, swept clean, and then rifled of its population. Or perhaps they had run away in a panic from these empty streets, inhabited by fowls, pet ostriches, stray turkeys and horse constables. Rodd had imagination; a man might see, he supposed, frightening distances through this pellucid air—even perhaps to the sources and motives of his most secret sins.

For sins, doubtless, were the staple of lives here as elsewhere. In fact, the consciousness of sin was nowhere more acute. Three times a day—at eight in the morning, at noon, and again at eight at night—the stroke of the cathedral bell, cracked and mournful, paralyzed all movement. Riders threw themselves from their horses, doffed their hats, women knelt, the guard at the palace presented arms, and all the surplus soldiers crossed themselves, till the third stroke released them.

Cuidado. In this magically serene, historically ancient and socially well-recommended town, men—women, too—must have a care. There were possibilities of sin even in the empty streets. And all—saints and sinners; the friars in their serge gowns and rope girdles for self-punishment, and the muleteers who came at the rear of the ore trains, crying, "Hurrah, mula—hurrah!"—were haunted by the thought that at any moment the ground might be stricken from under their heels.

This serenity of La Serena was a mask, a delusion; but at all events the mask was a becoming one.

The pose was well sustained by those calm citizens whose tenure of life at times was as precarious as if they had been born on a bubble of sea-foam. The place boasted an opera house, a mint, a cathedral—La Merced—and even a college with six professors—none of whom, McTavish said, could agree as to the cause of earthquakes. It was usual to say that these *terremotos* were a judgment of God on the tyranny of the government, but, if that were true, why did the stroke fall so heavily upon the governed?

"Perhaps every now and then a little fright is good for us," Professor Domeyko had been heard to say to his students.

The north wall of the Collegio—a convent formerly—made one bound to the garden of delights; and Rodd, staring over the low wall that kept the garden out of the street, had a glimpse of that nude statue of Grief, which had been clothed from waist to knee in a sort of petticoat by order of the archbishop.

"The finest pair of legs, too, in all the Americas," McTavish assured his companion.

Almost at once they were standing in front of the Nolascos' copper-studded gate. It was of lignum-vitæ and sunk into a white wall that had a vicious sprinkling of smashed green bottle glass cemented along its top. Nor Nicolas opened to them. The muleteer's massive fist grasped a spermaceti candle. His dark craglike face had a whitish scar across the big nose. Miners, bored with life, had a way of tying their left legs together and fighting with knives until one or the other was dead, and Nor Nicolas no doubt had gained this scar in one of these simple-hearted and single-minded encounters.

He shuffled ahead of them along a narrow corridor laid with loose bricks and sand—an encouragement to fleas; and Nor Nicolas could only rid the house of these by driving a flock of sheep through it once or twice a month. He was a man to whom devices such as this were second nature. His hide sandals with their peaked toes suggested some goblin of the mountains. He had the complexion of a dirty peach. Nobody could say for how many years he had toiled up vertical slopes in the dark with those loads of silver in hide sacks on his enormous shoulders; but Señor Nolasco had gambled it away as fast as Nor Nicolas could drop it at his dooryard. The muleteer, unquestioning, had gone on mingling the smoke of gunpowder and tallow candles in his vast nostrils.

The glass door to Señor Nolasco's former room, just beyond Father Ambrosio's, was ajar, and at a hint from McTavish, Nor Nicolas lifted his candle there. The room was heavily corniced, the English brass bed boasted two spotted skins from Patagonia. Nolasco's saddle and headstall, with serape, lariat and spurs, hung on large wooden pegs near the foot of the bed. This man, in his last years, had been literally washed by the rain and combed by the wind, as the Chinese say of such characters. Trying always to retake his silver, to put his finger on that elusive mine, he had lived in those empty spaces where there was nothing but the grass growing and the wind blowing; and the perils of his life could be read still in the appointments of his room.

Near the bed head was a barrel covered by a brilliant shawl, and at the bottom of this barrel, McTavish whispered, there still lay a German dueling pistol, loaded. Into this barrel, Nolasco would put his watch, diamonds, the night's winnings—if any—and any valuable papers, before going to sleep. If he lost everything, he would say with a shrug, "Well, the mountains do not keep accounts."

An oil portrait of this agreeable sinner hung on the wall over the barrel. The owner of the extinct silver mine was painted in a narrow-brimmed straw hat, tied under the chin with black silk tassels, a blue jacket, red silk sash and riding boots double strapped with black cordovan leather. The face was swarthy, narrow, forceful; and the eyes, very calm—but it was like the calm of La Serena itself—had mesmeric points or tips of lights in them, cleverly knifed on by the artist, who had really done a very creditable piece of work.

He Felt Her Hands on His Shoulders; Her Voice Did, in Fact, Caress Him Into Feeling a Little Sorry for Himself. And for Paulita Too

(Continued on Page 52)

THE LAUGH INDUSTRY

I THINK I'LL SURPRISE MAGGIE AN' DO SOME WORK AROUND THE HOUSE
I'LL CUT THE GRASS JUST TO SHOW HER HOW AMBITIOUS I AM.
HOW DARE YOU COME OUT IN THE YARD IN YOUR UNDERSHIRT? DO YOU WANT TO DISGRACE US?
1-3

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A Married-Life Taboo: The Wife in the Comics May Strike and Maltreat Her Husband, But the Husband Must Never Lift a Finger Against His Wife. While Maggie Has Lambasted Jiggs Hundreds of Times in Their Long Career, Jiggs Has Never Dared Retaliate

By Amram Schoenfeld

A FEW DAYS ago, as this is written, a girl sassed her mother. Immediately, a noted reformer, spiritual adviser to a girls' religious organization with 17,000 members, raised his voice in protest. Within twenty-four hours the girl's employer, a leading Eastern publisher, dismissed her from his service.

This is somewhat figuratively speaking. The girl was not a real girl—merely the heroine of a newspaper comic strip. Had she been a real girl, she might have gone on sassing her mother, and no one would have minded much. But being a comic-strip character, whose words and actions are followed by millions of readers daily, such a thing as sassing her mother made her, for the moment, in the eyes of the reformer, a "pernicious influence on impressionable young people."

The comic-strip girl had violated the Fifth Commandment. The publisher to whom the protest was taken was so impressed that he ordered the strip out of his paper at once. Fortunately for the series, which appears in scores of other newspapers, the same protest was not echoed elsewhere, and the comic-strip girl continues to gain a comfortable livelihood for those who guide her destinies.

This much, however, is certain: The girl is not going to repeat the offense. Both the cartoonist who draws the strip and the syndicate which markets it will see to that. There is no question of morals involved here; it is purely a matter of dollars and cents. For if the syndicated comic series has become the most carefully self-censored, and, if analyzed by the reformer, perhaps the purest form of widespread reading, visual or auditory entertainment offered to the American public today, it is largely for sound business reasons. The comic-cartoon series has become a commodity, produced and marketed much like any other commodity, and it is just as bad business to release a comic strip with an objectionable feature as to sell complexion soap with grit in it.

Taboos for Cartoonists

WITHIN twenty-five years the comic cartoon has evolved from an unimportant newspaper by-product, kicked about by scoffing editors, into an industry whose importance is reckoned not so much in millions of dollars as in the part it plays in the fortunes of the nation's newspapers and in American home life. The comic strip reaches a far greater audience each day than even the motion picture. It goes wherever the newspaper goes, for only a few newspapers in the entire country are without it. It is read by the vast majority of Americans of all ages, day in and day out.

This business of producing laughs for the American public for breakfast and dinner is a serious one. It can no longer depend upon the moods or physical conditions of individual cartoonists. If the cartoonist is sick, if his hand or eye fail him, a pinch-hitter is sent in to do the drawing for him. If the cartoonist has brain fag and can't think up any ideas, an idea man is put on the job to write the lines for him. And if both mind and hand fail him, and he is incapacitated for any length of time, another cartoonist is called in to do the strip in its entirety. Thousands of dollars are invested in that strip. Scores of newspapers have a yawning space which it must fill. Tens of thousands of readers are watching for it. The strip must go on!

Few people are even remotely aware of the difficulties connected with producing and continuing a successful comic-cartoon series. No form of entertainment must be so general in its appeal, and if there is such a thing as striking a common denominator for the people of the United States, the syndicated comic cartoon comes close to doing it. It must try to please everybody and hurt nobody. For peculiar reasons, people may be more easily offended by something in their pet comic strips than by the same thing in the movies, the theater or literature, and this is one reason why the building up of a large audience for any comic series is so difficult: The more readers, the more toes one has to tread on; and only a comic-strip cartoonist knows how tender are the toes of a nation.

At every step the cartoonist is shushed and checked. The majority of the jokes and situations privileged to his fellow humorists of the stage, motion pictures and magazines are denied him as strip material. The very editor who will run a serial story replete with risqué situations on one page will forbid the slightest indelicacy in his comic strips on the next page. A vast number of "taboos," "don'ts" and "mustn'ts" surround the production of comic strips and not only explain many of the whys and wherefores of the business but furnish as illuminating a commentary on the American viewpoint as one could wish.

Let us take the matter of girls, a universal subject of interest. The comic-strip heroine must be a good girl; one must not even hint that she's ever been bad or is ever going to be bad. She must not smoke, drink or be too careless in her speech. She must not kiss a man unless she's engaged to him, nor should she even allow herself to be kissed willingly. If a man steals a kiss, she must protest forcibly. She must really be an old-fashioned girl in modern clothes.

Moreover, the more beautiful and realistic the comic-strip heroine is, the more proper must be her behavior. One of the best pretty-girl artists in the country saw his strip canceled by one newspaper after another because readers protested that when his strip heroine showed her legs or wore negligee, she looked "too natural" and, therefore, "indecent." Had she looked like a dummy or a caricature, no one would have objected. The same fine point of psychology is responsible for a law in some Kansas towns which does not permit the dressing of a wax female figure in an uncurtained show window, but if the dummy is headless, or has no resemblance to a real woman, no objection will be raised. In the same way, so long as the comic-strip girl is homely or doesn't look like a real girl, much will be permitted; the moment she's too pretty and realistic, she will be watched with eagle eyes. The rule also applies to other strip characters. The more realistic and true to life they are, the more their actions will be held to account.

In matters of domestic relations, the comic strip takes the institution of marriage seriously in all basic details. No comic-strip couple is ever divorced or even contemplates divorce. All spouses must be faithful to each other in both thoughts and actions, and infidelity dare not be hinted at. Despite all their bickerings, the husband and wife must really love each other. Many other good old American doctrines prevail: A wife may smash a vase over her husband's head or blacken his eye, but a husband must never strike his wife. On the other hand, though a husband may lie to his wife, the wife mustn't lie to her husband.

Among the most important taboos are those governing people's beliefs and affiliations. The syndicated cartoon series must avoid any reference that might cause the slightest offense to any nationality, race, religion, political or trade organization, industry, business, profession or group of persons; all granted, of course, that the body of readers affected would be influential enough to impress an editor. An uncomplimentary reference to the Irish, Jews, Scotch, Swedes or Germans will be ruled out, but you can say anything you want to about Turks, Siamese or Eskimos.

Regarding the Jews and the Irish, it is interesting to note that they play the principal rôles in two nationally known strips, Abie Kabibble, by Harry Hershfield, and Bringing Up Father, by George McManus. But it should be observed that a Jew draws the strip with the Jewish characters, and an Irishman that with the Irish characters. If Hershfield had drawn Jiggs and Maggie and McManus had drawn Abie, there would have been violent protests. Both the Jews and the Irish, like most other people, are alike in that they don't resent jokes about themselves made by members of their own family, but strenuously object to being made light of by outsiders. Some exceptions may be noted: The Irish do not object to jokes about their fighting propensities, nor, as a rule, do Scotchmen object to jokes about their thrift.

Treading on Eggs

THE Swedes were heard from some years ago, when Frederick Burr Opper, dean of the comic artists, began a comic series about a Swedish servant girl named Hilda, who, in an innocent way, was always doing peculiar things, such as punching holes in steaks and filling them with raisins. From Minnesota, the Dakotas, Illinois and wherever there were large Swedish populations, came outbursts from readers who considered Hilda's actions a personal affront. And as Opper isn't Swedish and couldn't say, "Come, come. We Swedes mustn't take things so seriously!" Hilda was gently but swiftly dropped into the limbo from which comics never return.

Comic series with negro characters—unless these happen to be depicted in menial capacities—are usually taboo because of the objection from the South. Despite the important part that the negro comedian has played on the American comedy stage, no strip with negro principals has ever been successful and most syndicates would even refuse to launch one for fear of antagonizing Southern editors. The South has other tender spots. A reference to anything being as "worthless as a Confederate dollar bill" might easily cause the cancellation of a strip.

Business associations, since they've developed a professional pride, are also quick to jump up in arms against the cartoonist. One of the historic encounters in the industry was with the laundrymen. A few years ago Cliff Sterrett, creator of Polly and Her Pals, had one of his characters invent an indestructible steel shirt. Huge bowlders fell on the shirt, steam rollers passed over it, axes were wielded on it without effect. Finally a party of capitalists became interested in its possibilities. To put it in condition for their inspection, the shirt was sent to a laundry. And it came back in shreds. Laundrymen's associations everywhere raised an outcry, and it wasn't until Sterrett made public avowal that he'd acted without malice that the clamor subsided. And so far as I know, the joke about shirts coming back from the laundry in tatters has not been used since.

The language of the comics is one of its most censored features. Words with double meanings or any expression

which might be misinterpreted by prurient minds are strictly forbidden. The words "God" or "Lord" cannot appear as expletives, and not even the mildest oaths are permitted. One cannot use *d* or *h* followed by a dash. The cartoonist, in his strip, can say only "drat," "darn," "heck" or "gosh," and if anyone has ever heard the vocabulary of an average comic artist he will appreciate the restraint the poor fellow labors under.

Many polite words in use today as substitutes for real swearing were invented by comic artists, as, for that matter, was a great deal of our slang, through the sheer necessity of letting off verbal steam.

The comic strip must be absolutely law-abiding. It observes the prohibition law to the letter, and no reference can be made to drinking or drunkenness, nor can the name of any liquor or the word "beer" appear in any strip. Nothing suggestive of destruction is allowed, nor anything which might put naughty ideas into the minds of child readers. It should be remembered that millions of children read the comics and would be quick to imitate any prank which caught their fancy.

References to infirmities, diseases, operations or morbid subjects are strictly taboo. During the recent stock-market crash a well-known comic artist used the joke where one character says, "I've got diabetes at thirty-two," and the other replies, "That's nothing! I have General Motors at 250!" The syndicate editor ordered the joke changed.

"What's the idea?" asked the cartoonist. "It's a great gag. I heard it at the vaudeville show last night."

"Well, it may be a great gag," came the reply, "but there are about a million people in the United States with diabetes, and it's no joke to them."

When the strip appeared, the name of an imaginary disease had been substituted.

G'BYE, GIRLS!
IT WAS A GORIUS GAME!
FRIDAY AT MY HOUSE!
HEAVENS! - ALMOST SIX AND NOTHING FOR DINNER! - JOHN WILL BE SIMPLY FURIOUS!
HURRY, PLEASE! - A CAN OF SOUP, A CAN OF BEAN'S, A CAN OF SARDINES AND SOME BOILED HAM
THERE'S OUR TELEPHONE!
R-R-RING-
HELLO, JOHN - WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
SORRY, DEAR - JUST LEARNED I'LL HAVE TO WORK AT THE OFFICE TONIGHT - I'LL HAVE TO EAT DOWNTOWN
YOU BRUTE! - AND HERE I'VE BEEN RUNNING MY HEAD OFF PREPARING A GORGEOUS DINNER FOR YOU
HARMAN

Taboo! This Cartoon Was Censored Because it Would Not Do to Have the Wife Shown Telling a Lie to Her Husband

The Public Won't Stand for It

IN LIKE manner, no reference can be made to death, for of the millions that read the comics every day there are thousands who have just lost someone dear to them. Here we have another rule governing the comics: It never pays to hurt the feelings of any readers or have them lose sympathy for your characters.

The importance of the sympathy element was brought home to me when I began to draw strips for a large syndicate. I was assigned to carry on an established husband-and-wife series, and one day I drew a strip in which the wife had been to a late afternoon bridge party and suddenly realized it was almost dinnertime with nothing prepared. Sure that her husband would be furious, she rushed home frantically, stopping en route at a delicatessen store to buy a can of beans, a can of soup, a can of sardines and some boiled ham. As she got to her house the telephone rang. It was her husband on the phone, saying that at the last minute he found he couldn't come home for dinner.

"You brute!" exclaimed the wife with her arm full of cans, seizing the opportunity. "And here I've been running my head off preparing a gorgeous dinner for you!"

I brought the strip to Rudolph Block—Bruno Lessing—then comic art editor of the syndicate. To my surprise, he said it couldn't be used.

"It won't do to have the wife telling a lie to her husband," he said. "It would make the reader lose sympathy for her and the strip."

The taboos here mentioned are not an arbitrary list drawn up in advance by some editor. They have been arrived at collectively by cartoonists through years of experience in finding out what will go and what won't. Probably every one of them has been learned through the cancellation of a strip somewhere. While lapses from any of these rules have been and may be made occasionally by cartoonists, no strip can defy them and achieve a real success. Consciously or unconsciously, every successful cartoonist observes them, and just as he learns what doesn't go with the public, he also learns what does go.

The building up of a successful strip is a slow process. A strip may run along for years without great response and then suddenly be swept to the top by the introduction of some situation or character which catches the public's fancy. But once at the top, the cartoonist must be able to stay there, and this requires sure footing. Almost all the leaders in the game are veterans who have been at it for many years, most of them for fifteen years or more. They are in the position of old vaudeville troupers who, through years of playing small time and big time, have built up sure-fire acts, perfecting a definite formula for getting laughs. Any newcomer in the game must expect to go through much the same process of development before his strip is a definite success.

Assuming now that one has created a potential hit in a comic series, its marketing and distribution is so involved a business that no cartoonist can take care of it himself. This must be delegated to a syndicate, an organization connected with some chain of newspapers or working independently, which contracts for the production of the series on a salary guaranty or percentage basis. The syndicate sells the strip, keeps the subscribing newspapers simultaneously supplied with the mats, or paper molds, by means of which the cartoons are cast and printed, supervises the work of the cartoonist, and attends to all business details connected with his work.

The Feature Syndicates

THERE was a time when syndicated comics could be sold by mail or advertising, but the field now has become such a highly competitive one that no series can be launched without personal solicitation by salesmen. Thus, there are about one hundred syndicate salesmen traveling the country at all times, and though they also sell a complete line of other features needed by newspapers—fashion hints, advice to the lovelorn, serial stories, kiddie corners, sport features, and so on—their most important stock is cartoons.

First, there are the strips, which are arranged to run across a page. Some of these are gag strips, some are story strips, some deal with family life, some with pretty girls, some with children, some with adventure, and so on. Each editor tries to have a selection of varying appeal, building up his comic page so as to attract every class of reader. Then there are the panels, arranged to run in rectangles from three to four columns wide, and usually different in theme and treatment from the strips.

Also, listed under the general classification of comics, there are the educational strips, which are frequently run on the comic page, and various small panels used to fill in odd corners. All the strips and panels are daily features, appearing six times a week.

Finally come the Sunday full-page colored comics, most of which are the development of some daily series. For the purpose of brevity, the words "comic strip," "comic series" and "comics" are used synonymously in this article, as in the trade, to cover all classifications of syndicated comic cartoons.

(Continued on Page 46)

I'M NOT RIGHT - I FEEL LIKE THE BUSTING UP OF A HARD WINTER!
THEN WHY DON'T Y'GO SEE A DOCTOR?
YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM AN AILMENT CALLED HALIOBETIS
HALIOBETIS?
IS IT SERIOUS, DOC?
WELL, IT'S NOT SO SERIOUS IN AN OLDER PERSON - BUT IT'S VERY SERIOUS IN A MAN OF ONLY 32
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, STRANGER - YOU LOOK WORRIED?
I'VE GOT HALIOBETIS AT THIRTY TWO
THAT'S NOTHING! I HAVE GENERAL MOTORS AT 250
Ken Kling - McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N.Y.

The Disease Taboo. This Strip, as Originally Drawn by the Cartoonist, Used the Word "Diabetes." It Was Changed by the Syndicate to the Name of an Imaginary Disease and Appeared as Here Shown

ACCOMMODATOR

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Look at Bashie." "Oh, Isn't She Cunning? . . . Look, I've Got a Train, Too, Bashie! . . . See, She Likes My Train Better"

YOU stupid old Princess," said the Queen. "How dare you bring my royal tea in that old white set?"

"But I couldn't find the gold set," the harassed Princess protested.

"Then, if you are as dumb as that, you can just go and stand on the porch."

Ordinarily a gentle child, when allowed royal prerogatives Katherine the Small let her baser nature assert itself.

Fortunately, her sister Patty liked the drama of the Queen's tantrums and had seen Bashie, the cat, sitting on the porch rail, and wondered if Bashie wouldn't be interested in her train.

"Oh, dear!" she fumed, simply from a sense of duty, and she switched plumply to the porch door.

Lena, their nurse, had left the day before for a month in Germany, and their mother was trying out a new system. The children's father had insisted that a temporary substitute for Lena should be found before she left, but Katherine the Great had said that one wasn't necessary.

"They're big children now, Doug. A month or two without constant supervision will be good for them."

"Without constant supervision, huh!"

"Don't say 'huh' in that superior tone. I'm not nearly such a fuss about those children as you are."

"I expect proof of that now."

So, on this first day, when the children got home from school, Katherine let them dress in two of her slips, made them crowns of Christmas-tree tinsel, said, "Now, I expect you to use your own common sense," and left them to their devices while she talked with Miss Boland, a mildly insane old creature who lived across the street and called whenever she could push her way into the Calder house.

Once admitted, Miss Boland could be got rid of by the gift of a dollar, a half a cake, or a slice of whatever meat there was in the house, but Katherine, with entirely wasted delicacy, never liked to bestow such bribes for departure crudely, and usually waited for one of the whopping hints in which Miss Boland specialized.

Bashie was tremendously impressed by the train of the Princess. She eyed it with crafty yellow eyes the instant it appeared, and when it had been paraded before her twice, pounced on it as though it concealed a mouse.

The Queen paced up and down the living room, stoking her royal rage, and finally stamped to the door:

"What are you doing out of my presence, you stupid old Princess?"

"Look at Bashie."

"Oh, isn't she cunning? . . . Look, I've got a train, too, Bashie! . . . See, she likes my train better."

"Let's see if she'll jump at both trains at once. You go that way and I'll go this."

It was splendid fun and would have gone on indefinitely had it not been for the fact that the platitudes which Miss Boland managed to snarl into the most bizarre of patterns didn't keep Katherine the Great from noticing the silence inside the house.

"Children, you're not out on the porch in those dresses!" she said, peering through the door. "Why, it's a raw autumn day."

"Pneumonia going around too!" Miss Boland murmured, her chin almost on Katherine's shoulder. "And colds! Colds in queer places. Thank God, my colds are cast in pleasant places."

"Why, it isn't cold, mummy."

"Not a bit—and look at Bashie. Isn't she sweet!"

"And look at my slips. I'd intended to wear them again and they're in ribbons."

"I could use them," Miss Boland crowed. "I'm so clever with my needle. Tee-hee!"

"I wonder if any child ever born knows the difference between boiling and freezing," Katherine said. "Come in now and get cozy-warm in front of the fire. . . . No, don't bring Bathsheba. I can't believe that jumping around like that is good for her poor little brain."

"Kind of tuckers a person taking care of little ones," Miss Boland commented as the Queen and the Princess sidled, a little grumpily, past their elders and into the house. "If ever they get too much for you, Mrs. Calder, just send them over to my house. I've got things up in the attic they could dress up in."

As the garments in which Miss Boland bedraped herself for the street were a scandal, the thought of the contents of her attic made Katherine shudder, but she murmured, "That's very kind of you," politely.

Katherine the Small had heard.

"Oh, could we, mummy?" she squealed. "That would be like a storybook."

With one gesture of the hand away from Miss Boland, her mother silenced Kit Kat and indicated the impossibility and horror of such a project.

Encouraged, however, Miss Boland continued: "And there's always something in the ice box. Some goodie to gnaw. Always except now, that is. My, it's empty! Makes you just feel sorry for those poor little beetles."

That was Katherine's cue, and she gave Miss Boland half a veal loaf and was rid of her.

Sniffles became apparent about bath time, and by next morning both the children had unmistakable colds, which meant that they couldn't go to school. They played Court all day and gave Katherine twelve hours of unremitting imaginative effort.

To make it more difficult, in the afternoon mail there came a letter from the Aunt Caroline who had brought Katherine up and who meant everything to her, to say that she hadn't been very well, that the doctors wanted her to go to a hospital for observation, and that Katherine wasn't to worry.

Toward evening each of the children ran a slight temperature, which meant that they must stay in bed the following day.

"It's just one of those times," Katherine told Doug. "I can hear the Furies clapping their wings and croaking so plainly that the inside of my mind sounds like a bird-and-pet store."

"You'll call up the agency and try to get a substitute for Lena, won't you?"

"Of course. You see, I'd counted on the children's being in school part of the time when I was so noble and economical. I'm not sure I can get an accommodator nurse, though. They're rare at this time of year."

The children insisted on wearing their crowns for the day in bed, and somehow, a bedridden Queen and Princess required even more attention than ordinary invalids. Katherine had barely time off to scrawl a note to her Aunt Caroline explaining why she didn't hurry to her side, and promising that she would at the first possible minute.

That night Patty indulged in a little midnight croup, and the following morning Katherine had to refuse the one applicant the agency sent her—a bedraggled slattern who managed to suggest, by the number of references she gave and the inaccessibility of the referees, that she was Typhoid Mary in person.

When Doug came home for luncheon that day, though drilled in husbandly tact, he said, "Good night, Katherine! You look like the well-known dish rag."

"I wish I felt as durable as a good dish rag," Katherine said. "But it's just lack of sleep."

"Added to the fact that during the day you will act as though the kids were guests at a long house party which you were bound to make a howling success."

"I do not." Katherine resented that diagnosis. "I just don't want them to be bored. If I had a cook or waitress I could call on to relieve me now and then, I'd be all right, but both dour Margaret and snippy Theodosia belong to a union that has for its flag No Extras embroidered on a field of fighting red."

Doug had been considering a possibility.

"I'm going to get a trained nurse," he stated it.

"Oh, please don't, Doug. They're horribly expensive."

It was an argument which appealed to him just then, but at that moment Patty's shrill little voice came from the nursery:

"Help! The Queen's sick! The Queen's going to throw up!"

Katherine dashed for the stairs.

"Shall I call the doctor?" Doug shouted after her, already halfway to the telephone.

"Wait one second!"

Doug didn't see why he should, when a child was ill, but he did as he was told, standing impatiently by the telephone table. Katherine reappeared after an interval.

"Just drama," she reported. "There's not a thing in the world the matter with Kit Kat but a good convalescent grouch."

"Do they do this sort of thing constantly?"

"Aren't You Glad That We Forgave Our Father?"

"Well, they're not tedious children, thank heaven. . . . Come out to luncheon. Maybe they'll let us have it in peace."

"You'd better let me get a trained nurse."

"No, Doug. I simply don't feel up to entertaining one."

After luncheon the royal invalids gave a demonstration which made Katherine understand the fall of the Bastille as she had never understood it before.

"I'm the Queen and I won't hear Old Hobble-Gobble, the Turkey. I'm tired of it."

"I don't care. This is my turn and I want Old Hobble-Gobble."

"How about a brand-new book?" their mother suggested.

"Oh, good!" Kit Kat cried.

"I don't want it. I want Old Hobble-Gobble."

"Well, it's Patty's turn."

"I'm not Patty. I'm the Princess."

"I don't want to hear Old Hobble-Gobble again. I've heard it three times, and you think just because she's only a Princess and hasn't as big a crown as mine, you have to do whatever she says."

Kit Kat launched into neglected wails.

"But it's my turn," Patty wailed a little louder.

The brawl was at its height when dour Margaret came to the nursery. It was Theodosia's afternoon off.

"There's a woman at the door to see you, Mrs. Calder," Margaret announced.

"What does she want?"

"She didn't say."

"Oh, tell her I can't see her."

Kit Kat took advantage of the interruption to plunge into a fiery speech: "It's a stupid book. I have to hear a stupid book over and over just because ——"

"I'll see her," Katherine the Great told Margaret. "Stay with the children a moment, will you, please?"

The woman was sitting in the hall. At sight of Katherine she rose and bowed respectfully. She was tall, thin, a little shabby. She had tanned cheeks and green eyes, and was neither young nor middle-aged.

"Madame is the lady of the house?" she asked, with a slight accent.

"Yes."

"I inquired for the houses of the better children."

"Then you don't want this one."

"I beg madame's pardon?"

"It was a joke," Katherine explained. "I'm sorry."

"My name is Saltikoff."

"Miss or Mrs. Saltikoff?" Katherine asked.

The woman hesitated for an instant, then she said: "Mrs. Saltikoff. I am in town since only a short time, staying with a cousin here who has a position in the carpet factory. I wondered if I could give French or music lessons to madame's children. I understand the fundamentals very fluently. My price would be two dollars an hour."

"The children are upstairs in bed recovering from a mild cold," Katherine said. "Come up and give them a lesson in anything you want, and let me get a nap."

Margaret, who hated foreigners, and had an intense dislike of anyone new coming into the house, tried to be upsetting. She waited outside the nursery, and when Katherine came out, said, "You ain't going to leave the children with her?"

"Yes."

"Ain't she one of them Poles from the other side of the railroad track?"

"I suppose so. Her name is Saltikoff."

"I heard there was a lot of sneak thieves in with them. Maybe she's come to kidnap the children. You don't know her, do you?"

"No, but I know my O. Henry."

It was a puzzling response to Margaret. She gasped.

"Keep your ears open," Katherine told her. "I think the children would squeal if they found themselves being dragged downstairs. If you hear them, let me know, if it's not too much trouble."

Then Katherine the Great went and fell on her bed.

When she woke, it was well past the hour for the children's cough medicine, and she hurried into their nursery. Mrs. Saltikoff was making them name the animals in their picture books: *Le chat, le tigre, le chien.*

"Time for meddy," Katherine said.

"No," Katherine the Small bayed, "I don't want any. I haven't coughed for ages and ages, and I hate it."

"Now, please don't make a fuss," Katherine begged, and was trying to think up some reward for the girl who swallowed her medicine first, when Madame Saltikoff took the spoon from her.

"*Tiens!*" she said to Kit Kat. "If you are a queen, as you tell me, there certainly can be no question about taking your medicine. It is your duty to your people."

Kit Kat was deeply impressed. "My what?"

"Your duty to your people. A queen cannot risk her life for a whim of taste. Here, open your mouth."

Kit Kat opened her mouth.

"Would you wish me to come some other time?" Mrs. Saltikoff asked Katherine when she had been paid.

"Would you like a regular position as governess while my nurse is away?"

"I am afraid I have to be with my cousin in the evenings and at nights. In the daytime, however ——"

"Come tomorrow," Katherine told her, "as early as you can and stay as late."

"Did you like her?" she asked the children.

"Y-yes," they answered, and Patty explained: "She lets us call her Nana."

It seemed that from reading English novels the children had developed a romantic desire to have a nurse they could call Nana.

"I am issuing no guaranties," Katherine greeted Doug when he came home, "but I think I have found a jewel in the dust. Her name is Saltikoff, and she's Polish, I think, and I'm not going to make any inquiries about her. I'm sure she must have been the governess in a very good family at some time. She has those foreign-servant manners

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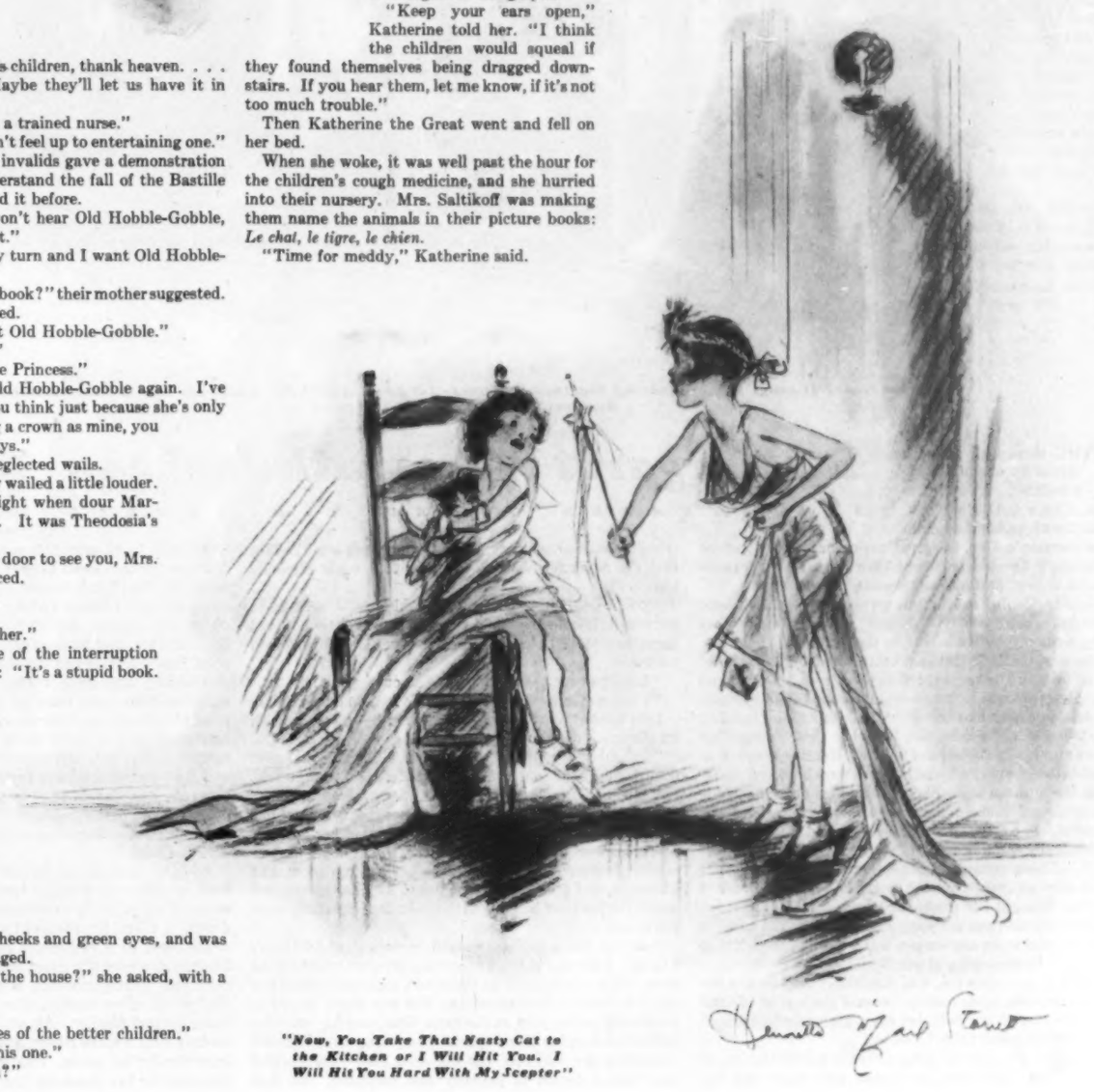

"Now, You Take That Nasty Cat to the Kitchen or I Will Hit You. I Will Hit You Hard With My Scepter"

PRINCE ON HORSEBACK

The Jewel Spoke. It Sang. It Trembled and Breathed. Adelaide Sat Looking at it, Her Lower Lip Caught Between Her Teeth, Her Eyes Bright. She Shook Her Head

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

THE three girls sat in a corner by one of the big windows. Away from them, like a turbulent sea, spread the white, blue and green of Ammerman's Acre, the great tea room on the top floor of the city's finest department store, popular rendezvous alike for society and business women.

Adelaide Quillen sat in the corner between Lola and Mercedes. Whenever you found Adelaide with other young women, you found her in the center of the group. Yet she was, perhaps, the least beautiful of the three. Lola was luxurious, black-eyed, full-figured, round and seductive. Mercedes was blond and golden and thin and chaste. But Adelaide was like the flawless October day outside. Her skin was still golden tan from the summer sun, her hair was brown, with flecks of yellow. Her lips were red as a frost-bitten maple leaf, and her eyes were blue and cloudless as the autumn sky. She was small, she was firm, she had character. She worked hard at her business and was successful. She stopped now and then and asked herself, "Is this really the way to do this, or am I just doing something?" These occasional lapses into the realm of pure reason were so unusual in the world in which she worked that they brought her credit for talent of a high order.

When Adelaide was unhappy she thought it must be her own fault, and when anyone else was unhappy, she felt that she should do something about it.

A darling, you may see, was Adelaide. And no one envied her that she made money, because she was so offhand about it. And no one belittled her achievements, because she never compelled them to do so.

But today she seemed unhappy—not terrifically so, as Lola did, with her dark eyes moist with tears and her crimson mouth trembling. Oddly enough, it was the fact that she never felt as Lola felt now that made Adelaide blue.

"And I asked him if he really could be such a brute to me, and he laughed right out and said he had never enjoyed himself more!" Lola dabbed at her eyes and appealed to Adelaide.

"Did you ever hear of anything so outrageous?"

"I can understand, sort of, how he felt," said Adelaide.

Lola pouted a little and twisted the ring she wore, with its glittering diamond.

"I shouldn't have made up with him," she made sweet moan; "only, of course, I sort of understood how he felt, too, darling."

Mercedes maintained a cynical silence, being careful not to encourage Lola in any further recountal of her amours. Mercedes worked for Ammerman's. The employes of Ammerman's were not encouraged to use the tea room, but Mercedes was privileged. Her smart hat, her gloves and purse, the fur scarf hanging over the back of her chair, gave her entrée.

Lola, too, was a business woman, as were all of Adelaide's friends. Lola was in the advertising department of a rival store. She was engaged to the store's manager, a man not yet free from his first marriage. She was also engaged to an earnest young man at the same time, and had exciting difficulties keeping them apart. The young man believed everything she told him, but the older man—the married one—was a demon of jealousy and suspicion. He was terrible to her. She liked him exceedingly and, Adelaide had no doubt, would marry him ultimately, and live for a stormy time with him.

Adelaide had known this queer, disquieting throb of self-doubt in her own heart before; though not, now, for a long time. She had felt it first when she was nine and had been warmly praised before visiting relatives because she could do the dishes alone, and set the table nicely, and look after baby brother, and because mother could always trust just what she said. She had stood, shy and pleased, in a circle of nodding, approving aunts, when her cousin Angeline had, unbidden, risen from her seat and put on a performance of a buck-and-wing dance taught her by the negro coachman, and brought down the house! Angeline was naughty. She lied, and she took things out of the pantry, and she pinched the baby and wouldn't wipe dishes. But there she was, dancing and laughing and making her heels fly in the old parlor, with all the uncles and grandfathers and cousins standing around her, cheering her on, shouting with laughter.

Adelaide had almost forgotten this feeling, which had been recurrent at times all through childhood and adolescence. College had been interrupted by her father's sudden death. A friend had secured for her a job in the advertising department of a mail-order paper published in Kansas. She had struggled along for two years, lonely and unnoticed, seemingly getting nowhere, although she did learn a great deal about office routine, about promotion and printing, make-up and display. An accident had brought her into contact with a space buyer, and she had obtained business from him for her paper. This put her on the staff of solicitors, and for two years she had worked on small accounts,

on the worst calls to be made. And then came her good break. Somebody had advised them to send a girl to see Mr. Ragle, of Ragle et Arrat, Parfums, and she had done what no one else on the paper had ever been able to do—she had sold Mr. Ragle and got a marvelous new account for her publication.

It was the turning point. After that, things were easier and easier. She learned how to sell. She was then twenty-four and she had a good salary. But an idea persisted in her head, and she went at last to Mr. Julius September, who manufactured September Novelties—a thousand and one small things, all sold at a small price in his own and other people's stores—and she induced him to put on an anniversary advertising campaign; for he had been in business a quarter of a century. Mr. September had never advertised before. He was growing very rich. The idea of prestige appealed to him. Adelaide left her paper, organized her own agency to take care of the September account, and went to work. The campaign was almost embarrassingly successful. September Novelties were sold out and the factories worked day and night to maintain the supply. Adelaide's fortune was made.

After the big anniversary sale it was a matter of settling down to routine. She got two more accounts—the High Hats, Brown Brothers, and the Three Diamond Jewelers. She could take care of these personally, and they were making money for her. She had had good luck, she told herself. She had got the breaks. But she had to be patient, she had to be wise and self-controlled and hard-working, merely to hold the place she had won.

So here she sat at the luncheon table with Mercedes and Lola, and one of them wore jonquils sent by a distraught lover, and the other twisted on her finger a ring given by a jealous and exacting married man. Angeline was dancing again, and Adelaide was forlorn.

"I never had a man friend in my life," she said with unexpected intensity, cutting across Lola's low voice with her own decisive one, "that didn't try to borrow money from me or that didn't eat all his meals at my house, instead of taking me out to dine and dance. My beaus do all their long-distance telephoning on my phone, and leave the bill for me, instead of calling me up from far ports. I never had a suitor who didn't write me fourteen pages about himself, instead of one telegram about me. I never, never had the kind of lover I want—a prince on horseback. Perhaps no one has him. Most of the men that most of the women adore are far from ideal. But there must be one. Or where did the pattern come from?"

Lola and Mercedes looked at her in uneasy silence. Adelaide was distinctly out of rôle. She was the immemorial listener of the trio. She understood, she sympathized, she advised.

"I want a man to give me an emerald just like that," said Adelaide. "I've always wanted one. I want him to leave his important affairs and go off alone just to be foolish with me over the telephone. I want him to be jealous—furious! I want everything—and I'll not get it!"

The three young women, startled, became aware of a young man bearing down on them like a ship of fate. Then they all sighed with disappointment. It was only Harry Lambert. He was a fair young man, not trim, but tall and awkward. His very manner was suppliant and not aggressive. One would never have suspected him of having an emerald anywhere about him. He came right toward them, and Lola and Mercedes groaned softly in chorus. Not because he was unattractive, but rather because he was too completely Adelaide's to bother with.

"Why, hullo, Harry," said Mercedes. "So sorry. We're just going. I'm late now. I say, Addie, here's a dollar for my lunch. You pay, will you?"

Lola put her dollar down and took her bag.

"Harry darling, why don't you give me a ring sometime?" She asked the question automatically.

Adelaide and Harry were left alone.

"I went to the office, and Katherine said you were here. I wanted to be sure that you went back there before you went home."

"You brought the pictures?"

"I left them there."

"Sit down, Harry. Push Ceedie's things away. Have you had lunch?" There was no hope for her, she reflected. Here she was, offering to buy luncheon for him. He had eaten four meals at her house the past week. "I have to wait till the check is paid anyhow," she said.

He sat down, but said he had eaten. Adelaide saw that he was impatient. She got the waitress' eye and waved the dollar bills the girls had left.

"Are the pictures good?" she asked him.

They rose and left the tea room, speaking to friends as they went out.

Adelaide's offices were in a near-by building. They were small and comfortable. One big room and three little cubbyholes off of it. Most of her agency was composed of women. She had good success with them, though the employment problem was one she had needed to think out carefully. She had found that men with real ability were unwilling to work for a woman younger than themselves. She found, too, that women of exceptional promise preferred a man boss. Still, her organization was sound. She could supply the drive and the ideas herself. She could write copy. She selected her own space without aid, and she had Harry.

Having Harry meant a great deal to her, and she knew it. The small, middle office was reserved for him, where he kept his files and where he worked sometimes on displays. But he had a studio of his own a mile or so away, by a park, where the light was fine and clear. He did a good deal of other work, but could always find time for anything Adelaide wanted.

The success of her advertising lay largely in the use of fine photographs, and there was not a better photographer in the city than Harry, for all his youth. He liked this sort of work and out-of-doors photography better than endless portraits. Adelaide had met him several years before, and when she had gone into business in Indianapolis, it had been with his promise of coöperation.

They had gradually become intimate in business hours and out of them. His affairs were always in a state of crisis. He was one of a large family all shiftless and improvident, and he was unreasonably—Adelaide thought—devoted to them. Whatever money he could lay hands on and keep from his greedy family he spent on cameras and the paraphernalia of his business. He owned a large number of fine cameras, some of them with lenses worth hundreds of dollars. He gave them exquisite care, but he bothered about little else. Adelaide told him once, in exasperation, that if he had an income of a thousand dollars a week, all clear, he would immediately, instinctively and unpreventably involve himself in some complication of circumstances which would deprive him of all but a few dollars of it.

In his office, Adelaide pulled off her hat, and he spread the pictures out before her and waited

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At Last She Said Slowly, "They are Wonderful, Harry! They are Beautiful! I Don't Know How You Do It!"

A TRIP ON THE MAGIC CARPET

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IN CONSIDERING why and how the public lost money in Wall Street in 1929, you have to cover much old ground. Whenever the public decides to make a race for easy money, it strips itself of everything that might encumber it, such as caution, study, toil, the lessons of experience, and everything else that it found useful in business. If a man has to think and labor and plan and go slow, he is merely doing his regular stint. In Wall Street he looks for a miracle. That, fundamentally, is the reason why all bull markets, in the end, and all panics, in the beginning, are as alike as two Chinese coolies on the dock, seen from the steamer.

If you are asked the same question hundreds of times you eventually formulate a breath-saving answer. When people ask me why the public usually loses money in Wall Street, my reply is:

"In the first place, the public that loses money in Wall Street is a public with a system full of gambling toxins. Moreover, it doesn't lose the money in Wall Street. It loses it when it sets out to get something for nothing. The game doesn't beat the lambs; they beat themselves. The game itself is unbeatable. The size of the roll, the nature of the deal, the mental capacity of the player cannot stave off ultimate failure. They all lose, big or little, wise or foolish, sooner or later—usually sooner!"

But although the blame is largely their own, it is impossible not to feel sorry for the thousands who lose their all. The lure of easy money may be primarily responsible, but, of course, there are other contributing causes. As things are today, the only tipster who is punished by law is the bucketeer, because he is his own direct beneficiary.

The news distributors, however high-minded they may be, employ men who—usually unintentionally—daily print misleading information or ignore the real truth about certain stock movements. The partners of reliable commission houses do not deliberately give wrong steers to their customers, but they all employ customers' men, who, being human, are vitally concerned with earning their salaries. When a man is paid for getting business he is apt to lose his anxiety over the hazards of the game as they affect the customer. He is thinking of his job. The average market-letter writer of the average brokerage firm undoubtedly tries his best to inform himself, in order to guess right. Prosperous customers are the best advertisement; guessing right means more followers and, therefore, more commissions. But, after all, the financial-letter writer's point of view is influenced by his needs. He learns to tell what he knows or what he guesses in such a way that the news or the prophecy will induce customers to trade. And of course there are still other sources of loss.

None So Deaf —

THE reason why nothing new ever happens in the stock market is that the game does not change. It can't change so long as the players are human beings going after the same old thing over the same old road. Of all generalizations, the truest is that which declares human nature does not change. Men, as they grow old, may revise their early estimates of values, for wisdom lies not so much in seeing true quickly as in seeing true always. The man who capitalizes his own experiences is wiser than the average. But if he could manage to capitalize the experiences of many other people, he would be much more than wise; and that is what he must do in Wall Street to keep from losing money. A great stock operator once said to me: "You are right in being so keen to know about my mistakes. There really is nothing like losing all you have in the world to teach you what not to do. In Wall Street, when you know what not to do in order not to lose money, you have taken the first step toward learning what to do in order to win."

In the latest and greatest of all bull markets, the big money, as usual, was made by the inexperienced who were rash and successful and ignored precedents. This applies to multimillionaire business men and supermanufacturers, as well as to clerks, teachers, chauffeurs, and small operators generally. In all bull markets, caution, in the early stages, is a capital crime; inexperienced speculators lose in the end because they are never guilty of it in the beginning. With no memories to aid him to read the signals the inexperienced speculator does not see the red light. If you tell him it is there, he sees, not your warning but your senility. He does not study values but listens to his hopes; and hope never fixes a limit to winnings. Wisdom whispers, but greed thunders. The reason so many people fail in business is that humanity is largely made up of wishful thinkers—whether or not they speculate in stocks.

The young speculator denies that he is trying to get something for nothing, and that makes him demand excuses. If he can get them in no other way he invents them, that he may convince himself he is not playing the other man's game—always a dangerous sport. Having seen for years how the average stock trader is willing to do the same thing over and over, and lose money each time, I can only conclude that the average man hears only what he wishes to hear. He never wishes to hear: "Don't!"

Any married man will agree that it comes easier to women than to men to indulge in the comfortable habit of inflicting deafness on themselves in order to shut out the unpleasant. That was one reason why so many women—nurses, school-teachers, secretaries, wives of professional men, widows and well-to-do spinsters—lost so much in the November crash. It was difficult to find a loser who had not enjoyed the possession of paper profits for months. Most of them had been stone deaf when their brokers pleaded with them to cash in.

I know the case of a woman who is bright, charming and reasonable—she is!—who took the advice of a friend and bought one of the older utility stocks at 75. She saw it rise and rise, without silly remarks about it, and waited for the signal. She was lucky enough to get it from the same friend who told her to buy. He urged her to sell when the stock was 185. She listened and sent her selling order to the brokers. What do you suppose they did? She was the one customer in their office who wished to do the wise thing; so they told her they would not execute her order, because they knew the stock was going much higher. There was no sense in not holding on and getting a bigger profit! She listened without trouble. She could not feel angry at advice to wait and be richer, could she? When she told the original adviser he scolded her. That brought on the deafness again.

"You have more than doubled your money in a short time," he said—to the air. "It should not make the slightest difference to you how much higher that stock goes. Stop thinking of what may come; it may never arrive. Let somebody else make something. Don't hold out for the last penny."

She is normally a good sport and very generous. But, not having heard, she told him: "The brokers say it is going much higher. They are sure of it."

"Are they so sure that they will agree to pay you 185 any time you want it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I do. They won't! Sell it! You've made enough."

Of course she did not sell it, because she heard nothing but "More!" The friend saw her in November. Her stock was down to 68. And the brokers actually congratulated her on not losing more than the paper profit, which they kept her from taking—110 points on 200 shares! In this case it was the inexperience of the brokers as well as of the player that caused the loss. The tip and the stock were fine. The broker proved to be the hazard she did not guard against.

What's a Good Buy?

IN THE office of one of the most popular brokerage offices in the country, I had the pleasure of meeting another most attractive trader. This was one day after the great leaders of the world of finance all had said that the worst was over. But stock prices were inconsiderately making new lows by the dozen.

The head of the firm said to me: "I want you to meet the most successful woman plunger we've ever had in this office. She came down from our uptown branch to get my advice. By the time she got here, there was only one thing to do.

"She began trading here about two years ago with $50,000, which she ran up to more than $800,000! This is gospel truth. She had a system of her own which she followed undeviatingly. It is the system used by all women who speculate, as well as by those who don't—the scallop method. That is, she took only the palatable part for swallowing purposes. I mean, she listened only to good news and took only bull tips. That meant sure profits, according to her experience. Whenever she bought, she beat the game that beats so many smart men. It didn't make any difference who gave her the tip, so long as it was a bull tip. Of course, tip taking works beautifully in the early stages of all bull markets. One day she discovered, talking to another customer, that there was such a thing as pyramiding. The branch manager says she was quite peeved because we had not told her about it

months before. I want to tell you that her profits in one or two stocks were huge. Of course, she got to thinking of profits in terms of hundreds of points—as if she had been one of the great plungers who swung incredible lines.

"You know, we turned bearish some time ago and advised our customers to take profits. We did everything to discourage bullishness. We raised our margin requirements, refused new accounts, notified everybody that we would not take any orders for odd lots and talked our heads off, but we couldn't make them cash in. If a stock went up two or three points after we advised selling, our customers forgot that they had fifty points' profit that clamored to be cinched. They told us about the two points we tried to rob them of. The lady you are going to meet couldn't hear us when we told her to sell, because she had acquired the habit of making money every time somebody told her to buy. That was the only advice that she associated welcome thrills with. The first day of the break I advised her to get out and save a part of her profit, but she had seen them rally before, and so she listened to the old voice of the bull market. Why should not what was wise early in 1928 be equally wise late in 1929? The habit had become so strong that her ears did not work when the tune changed. Now she is done. I don't know how she stands at this minute, because I don't know what prices we got for her stocks, but I doubt if she will have $25,000 left. From $50,000 to $800,000 and back again to $25,000 or less! And they blame the brokers. I want you to meet her because I want you to print her story, in justice to us. Wall Street will get 100 per cent of the blame for the panic, and we don't deserve it."

Laughing Off a Loss

HE PRECEDED me into the private office where sat the charming young trader. She was talking as we walked in. She turned quickly to welcome the senior partner with a smile. He is not very old.

"Well, am I entirely cleaned out?" she asked, and smiled again. I call him good-looking. I looked closely, and I swear it was no sickly grin. Moreover, she did not look her age.

He presented me, and then answered her: "Mrs. Blank, you haven't a share of stock to worry about." He said it too seriously, I thought. Of course, the wiping out of nearly $1,000,000 was nothing to be cheerful over, whether the customer smiled or not.

"You're not going to tell me that you told me so, are you?" She spoke reproachfully. "You know I'm not used to it, after being years without a husband."

"No. But ——"

"Yes. But let me tell you first that I had a perfectly stunning time while it lasted. I never knew before what fun it was to make money. No wonder you men want to monopolize the business."

"No. But if you had done ——"

"Oh, la-la! You remind me of my old doctor in Washington on the subject of candy. I had two years of continuous enjoyment in your office. Every time you told me not to buy, I really heard you tell me not to make money, and I didn't think that was nice. You might as well have told me to diet when you know I hate it. I didn't think we would ever have a panic again, because everybody said so, including yourself. Of course I wish I had the money in cash now, so I could ——" She caught herself.

"So you could what, Mrs. Blank?"

"So I could buy any stock now without hearing you tell me to be careful."

Of course, she was one woman in a billion—a cheerful loser! In her case the deafness was not tragical, but hers is none the less a typical case.

Toward the last of the panic I stopped at a delicatessen store. An elderly woman walked out as I went in. Everybody in the United States was just then talking about the crash and, being professionally interested, I asked the delicatessener whether any of his friends had been hit by the slump. His face brightened up instantly, so that I knew several of them must have lost everything, after months of telling him all about their profits.

It is not hard to be a Sherlock Holmes at times.

Without trying to reproduce his English, he answered: "Many hit badly? Plenty! I hear nothing else now. I never saw such a business. I don't know how so many smart people lose so much money after they made it so easy. You saw that old woman that just went out? Well, I know her for years. Her husband came from my town in Russia. He died some years ago He had bad luck and left nothing. She had to work out by the day, washing and cleaning and cooking. For years she did this. She always came here to buy, because I sell her things at cost. About a year ago her brother died. He had no family except her. He had just sold his business and was coming East; so he had nothing but cash, and she got it all—about $11,000. She was lucky. If he had left her his business she would have lost it in six months.

"Well, the husband of the woman she worked for regularly is in a bank here; some sort of inside confidential man. She told the wife about the money, and she told her husband and he got the bank's lawyer to fix things for her, and he only charged her twenty-five dollars. Then the bank man told her she must invest her money. You think he told her to buy bonds? No, sir! He told her to buy a stock that he had a tip on, and she did. When she told me I looked it up. Say, listen! That stock was dead for years, but the moment she buys, it goes up and up and up.

"Lucky? Oi-oi! One day when I was in Philadelphia she came in. Her nose was red, so my wife asked her how she was feeling; and she answered: 'My stock, that cost me $10,300, is now worth $87,800!'

"My wife nearly fainted. But she can always talk; so she gave her good advice. 'Listen,' she said to her. 'You think you're a rich woman? Until you have $87,000 in the bank you ain't rich. That money belongs to Wall Street yet. What goes up must come down, don't it? Why do you wait? Get your $87,000. What more do you want?'

"'I want,' said the widow, '$100,000! When I get it I'll go back to the old country for a wisit!' And she went away. My wife told me, and I told her: 'She's going to lose it all. She ain't got any sense.' The neighbors heard about it. Everybody knew how hard this woman had worked for so many years, slaving for two dollars a day and now she had enough money to live in a Boardwalk hotel and have manicures and facials twice a day. You know, women ain't right. If you tell them to do something, they don't. If you tell them not to do something, they don't. I knew there was no use talking to her. But her husband came from Russia, where I come from too. So I told my wife: 'Never mind what she says. You tell her, every time you see her, to get her money in cash, and then she can live any place she wants. She can even buy this store. I take off $1000 if she does.'"

Theme Song of a Speculator

"MY WIFE talked to her a million times. What does she hear? Nothing! One time my wife says: 'Why don't you sell your stock and buy bonds?' And the old woman says: 'Bonds? Oi-oi! They don't pay anything!' Then my wife says: 'Why don't you sell half and keep half to speculate with? If you got $40,000 sure and you lose the other $40,000, it ain't so bad as if you lose everything.'

"You think she heard my wife talking? No! She listened to the waves, because they say: 'One hun-dred thou-sand!' My wife says that is all the old woman heard every time anything made a noise—aeroplanes or big trucks or trolley cars—same music—$100,000! Every night when she went to bed she sang that song to herself.

"Well, the paper this morning says her stock is down to nothing. That woman has nothing too. She didn't buy good clothes or anything. For years she worked for two or three dollars a day, and when she had enough money to get $100 a week as long as she lived, she don't listen to good advice. She has to go to work by the day again.

"I know another smart feller—an engineer. He comes here. He had more than $20,000 profit. Last night he told me he lost everything, and his brother in Philadelphia, who was very rich, lost everything. Oi! I know more! All made money so easy, so they had no trouble to lose it. Is that good business, gentleman?"

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THE LIMESTONE TREE

"I'm the Youngest Here. Likely I'll Never be Nothing, So it's for Me to Put Death on Him"

THE ROSE ARBOR

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE immeasurable horror Manoah Abel had, only that minute, left under the archway to the courthouse was no worse, he saw in a searing flash of comprehension, than all that lay directly before him. He was placed midway of two appalling situations. Manoah Abel was walking in a hurried mechanical tread over Broadway toward Wilkinson Street; Capitol Square lay behind him; he had passed the one-story row of whitewashed law offices between Haley Street and Catfish Alley; he crossed Washington Street and would soon be at Wilkinson. He had no idea of what, when he saw Liza Sash, he would say. He couldn't—his brain was largely numb—think what he would tell Nancy. A vision of the Sash children—Gabriel and Sarah McKee and Eliza Rose—filled his mind. Gabriel, at most, was only a little more than four years old; Eliza Rose, the youngest, less than two. The day—it was the first week of June—was extravagantly hot, but his hands were dry like dust, and cold. A sick hatred of all life, and of dying, possessed him; waves of acute nausea swept up from his stomach and left him dizzy; he cursed in a loud, flat voice.

Manoah Abel realized, suddenly, that he had turned to the left. He saw John Brown's gardens and great brick house; he was practically at the corner of Wapping Street. James Sash had built an ornamental wooden fence, painted white, about his grounds, and Manoah opened the latched gate with a blundering hand.

It was worse, even, than he had thought it might be—Liza Sash, in a rose-covered muslin gown, was on the lawn before her house. Nancy, in pale green, was close by. Caroline and Amanda, the negro nurses, had Liza's three children about the bench under the great holly tree. Liza Sash saw Manoah first.

"Nancy," she called cheerfully, "here is Manoah. He can't stay away from you an hour. I don't know how you'll get along, make any money, after you are married. It will be very hard on James and the law."

She started to walk toward Manoah Abel; then, suddenly, she stopped in the graveled path; a puzzled expression took the place of her gayety.

"Manoah," she said, "something has happened. Something is the matter."

Nancy quickly came up to them. She laid a hand on Liza Sash's shoulder. "What is it?" she asked them both.

Manoah said nothing. He couldn't, then, speak. It was all too unutterably terrible.

Liza was white. "It's James!" she exclaimed. She put out an arm as though to shield herself from an invisible impending blow. "He has been hurt. There was an accident." Her voice grew sharper, shrill.

"Wait, darling," Nancy told her. "Perhaps I had better talk to Manoah first."

Liza Sash pushed her violently away. "I know," she said; "I know. I can see it in Manoah. James is dead. He has been killed."

A profound momentary silence enveloped them. Manoah heard Gabriel Sash talking with a child's eager rapidity. One of the nurses softly laughed. He remained silent; his gaze was lowered and his hands still clenched. Without warning, Liza Sash screamed. She screamed so loudly that Manoah, shocked to the limit of his endurance, thought she must be heard at the courthouse.

The piercing sound of her voice might almost have stirred in James Sash's murdered consciousness. The nurses, the children, gathered in a stricken group. An audible sobbing filled the air left unbearably still by the dying away of Liza Sash's cry. Nancy held her stepmother with a rigid arm around her waist.

"You must let me go," Liza explained to her; "I must be with James."

Manoah, at last, was forced to speak. "I am sorry," he said stupidly; "you can't do that. It—it happens to be impossible." He turned desperately to Nancy. "I didn't want to tell you like this. You must see I couldn't help it."

She asked, "Is he dead?"

Manoah nodded. Yes.

"But Liza can't be with him?"

He shook his head. No.

A whiteness like fine powder settled upon Nancy's face. "Was it a duel?" she asked.

Manoah, for an instant, lost control of himself: "Jarrot Bensalem assassinated him."

He stopped with a violent choking effort. Nancy Sash went on in a lifeless voice, "Mr. Bensalem had a knife." She swayed with her eyes shut. Then she turned to Liza Sash. "You must come into the house. We'll go together. There is nothing else we can do. Manoah will tend to everything."

Liza wouldn't listen to that. She must be with James, with her husband, she repeated. If he were dead, he was still her husband. She still needed him. He would want

her close beside him. She began to struggle, her face drawn and unnatural, with Nancy.

Nancy said to Manoah, "You will have to help me."

He put an arm around Liza Sash; they half urged and half carried her into the house.

The hall, at the middle of afternoon, was pleasantly cool. The doors on either hand were closed and the light subdued.

"Where shall we take her?" Manoah asked. "Into James' office?"

"No," Nancy replied decidedly. "It would be better to get her upstairs, in her own room, now."

A heavy burden sagged into Manoah's arm—Liza had fainted. He laid her in the enormous bed, with great high posts like trees of square, polished mahogany, she had shared with James Sash. Then he stood awkwardly watching the spasmodic crying that distorted Nancy's features. She motioned for him to leave the room.

"Send Cassia here," she managed to say. "If you can, Manoah, wait for me. Don't go away from the house; don't leave us, unless you must."

He waited for Nancy Sash in the small drawing-room at the left of the hall. It opened into the dining room, a formal interior with an indigo-blue-and-yellow rug from China and stiff chairs upholstered in Turkey red. Heavy window hangings of blue brocade were drawn against the heat. Manoah Abel paced across the room and back, he sat on the edge of a chair, and then he fell to pacing once more. His whole being was still vibrating, sick, with the horror he had witnessed; he saw again Jarrot Bensalem's inhuman copper-colored face; he heard James Sash's bravery of words and agonized protest; the rest was mercifully lost. A surge of men had closed about the end of the struggle, gathered from the courthouse and the square, from Broadway and Lewis Street. He had recognized Hugh Innes and Harry Thornton, without hats from the sitting of the court, Achilles Sneed, Jeremiah Green, the new Baptist preacher, John J. Marshall and Lewis Major, who was a magistrate. It didn't matter whom he had seen, Manoah told himself.

He said aloud, experimentally, "James is dead." That, for him, Manoah Abel, was a frightful calamity. James had brought him every benefit that his life held. He had first, rescuing him from the narrow confinements of existence in Bardstown, instructed him in the law; then, long before Manoah had justified such a good opinion of his ability, James had brought him to Frankfort to be his partner. He had come there to practice and live, Manoah recalled, early in 1814. Five years ago. He had not been a complete failure, the truth was; the prospects for their firm were increasingly brilliant; but now there was no firm; Jarrot Bensalem had ended it with a knife. Nancy Sash came quietly into the room; her face was heavy with suffering, but she had stopped crying.

"I don't know what to ask you," she admitted; "I don't know how much I can stand."

An overwhelming passion of grief stripped Manoah of all his self-control. He slipped down on his knees beside her and buried his face in the pale, scented material of her dress. An occasional short sob escaped in a battle with his emotions. Nancy Sash softly touched his bowed head. The rapid footsteps of the children, the heavier tread of the nurses, passed through the hall. Manoah recovered command of his feelings. He rose.

"I can tell you this," he proceeded, gazing down at Nancy: "Your father was warned by all his friends, but he would not carry a weapon. I don't have to tell you how he hated such things. He never, with Jarrot Bensalem, had the shadow of a chance."

Manoah Abel's room was at the back of the Sash house, on the second floor; windows opened on the garden, falling away to the river, hidden by the close summer foliage; and, after James Sash's funeral Manoah sat there for a long while, gazing thoughtfully into the flower-scented evening. A pale glimmer along the leaves showed that the moon was rising. He considered, mostly, James Sash, a man of extraordinary fineness. His opinion was not the result of an especial affection; every notable citizen from that part of Kentucky who could attend the funeral had been there. On all hands the expressions of appreciation were superlative: a man of the mildest temper who, forgetful of everything but the necessity of his state, had gone to war again and again; an individual of the greatest imaginable humanity who yet, as a lawyer, was inflexible in the service of justice. Justice, Manoah added, and not politics or preferment. An incorruptibly pure and elevated spirit, he told himself.

That, in a way, led to his death. James Sash, at a time when such principles were both rare and difficult in Kentucky, had remained a Federalist. He had been an enemy to Jefferson and supported Henry Clay. More than that, and leading directly to his assassination, he had belonged to the Anti-Relief Party. Well, Manoah thought, so did he, but his convictions had only a part of the candor that had upheld James Sash. James had never believed in paper money; that was, in money without adequate—without, as a matter of fact, any—security. Judge Bibb and the Relief Party, and Jarrot Bensalem, had completely differed from him. They, when it was evident that hard times were upon them, wanted more money—cheap money—and a financial warfare had immediately risen between the debtors, who demanded relief, and creditors, who would not support any scheme that lessened the value of the sums owed to them.

The Relief Party, however, had been overwhelmingly victorious in the state elections of 1817; the legislature had passed a law chartering fifty-nine new banks and an additional immense issue of bank notes. Panic was the result. A period of universal speculation on borrowed capital, the purchase of land at extravagant prices, the finest English clothes and Lexington coaches that cost a thousand dollars were succeeded by the present complete disaster. The Bank of Kentucky, a source of pride and stability throughout the state, had been irreparably damaged; the two branches of the United States Bank, at Lexington and Louisville, forcing the redemption of the local notes in specie, had, with the Philadelphia merchants, further reduced the available hard money; private note shavers who, only a little while before, were content with a margin of 10, or even 5 per cent, now demanded 95 per cent profit for honoring the depreciated state notes.

All this, with a large emigration from the commonwealth—the slave owners moved into Mississippi and Louisiana, the laborers to Ohio and Indiana—James Sash had clearly foreseen and insistently announced. Well, it had killed him. Manoah Abel's mind turned to Jarrot Bensalem, married to James Sash's aunt, Flora. Jarrot, and Flora, too, for that matter, had always disliked James, Manoah realized. Jarrot in particular embodied everything James Sash mistrusted. The antagonism of principles that had existed between them reached back to the moment of their first encounter. Jarrot was as bitterly Republican as James had been a rigid Federalist. Manoah recalled many scenes of disagreement in his father's house at Bardstown. Naturally he had never cared for Jarrot Bensalem; now, inevitably, he hated and detested him. Jarrot—there was no other word for it—had murdered James.

A comparative triviality—it concerned the state bank at Bardstown—had brought this about. James had denounced its establishment, with a hundred thousand dollars' capital

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"You Won't Hurt Us," She Whispered—"Father and Me"

VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Send This Girl Out of Here," Callahan Ordered Peremptorily as He Adjusted a Chair on the Opposite Side of the Flat-Top Desk

III

THE morning following Old Tim's conference with Boden and Cato, and the upsetting discovery he had made in connection with his daughter Pat, opened a series of events which molded anew not alone the lives of his own household but those of an army of politicians as well. The aged boss, after a sleepless night, had made his own decision.

Having made it, it was typical of the man that his tremendous vitality and determination must assert themselves in action. Though he had seen night gray into day before he sought rest, he appeared before the astonished Morton shortly after eight o'clock. The butler was busying himself in the library when the old man entered. He looked up in amazement. With an impatient flirt of his hand Old Tim dissipated any needless conversation.

"I want my breakfast," he demanded. "Hell's bells and gingerbread, Morton! Get me my breakfast."

The butler seized the broom with which he had been dusting the hearthstone and started for the door.

"Orange juice," Old Tim called after him. "I want orange juice. And two eggs—boiled eggs. Three and a half minutes. Some thin toast and a pot of chocolate." Morton stood like a graven image, astonishment alive in his countenance. As though enjoying the discomfiture of the man, Old Tim added, "Yes, by gorry, and you'd better bring some orange marmalade too. A man can't work without food."

Morton nodded acceptance of the order. With a subconsciousness that was quite obvious, he drew a large silver watch from his pocket. He consulted this wonderingly and his eyes shifted automatically from the dial to the clothing in which Old Tim was garbed.

There were black rubber-heeled shoes which the boss had not worn in months. There were gray-and-black-striped trousers, a black cutaway coat and waistcoat, a starched collar and a cravat which was black, with a faint silver stripe. In the center of the cravat reposed a single beautiful pearl.

"Well, you jackass," Old Tim snarled, "what are you gaping at?"

"I didn't know you had any work to do," Morton answered directly.

"Election only nine weeks off," Old Tim barked, "and me with nothing to do?"

"You did nothing last election," Morton insisted. Then he took a step forward and the broom, early morning evidence of his calling, hung at his side like a sword. There was in his eye a look of battle.

"You're going to do something to Miss Pat," he charged. "What is it, Mr. Callahan? I want to know what you're going to do to her."

"Get my breakfast!" Old Tim ordered savagely. "Do you hear? Get out of here and get my breakfast! I'll have it in the dining room. Tell Mason, the chauffeur, to be at the front door at 9:30 sharp with the limousine. Now get out of here and do as you're told."

He raised one withered hand and pointed with its forefinger at the door. The man had become so dominant that he was fear-inspiring. His eyes glistened, his lips trembled angrily, his shaggy brows and white hair seemed fairly to bristle.

Morton cringed somewhat and hurriedly turned away. As he passed through the door Callahan called after him, "Have Mrs. Knowles wake Miss Pat. See that the girl joins me in the dining room not later than nine o'clock."

"I'll tend to it at once," Morton responded. All the resistance was gone from his tones. It came to the man that when Old Tim Callahan was himself none there were who could curb his will; and it came to him, too, that Old Tim once more was himself.

When, some forty minutes later, Patricia Callahan came hurriedly down the stairs and entered the library, fear characterized her every gesture. She knew not what to expect from her irascible parent. Though Morton had told her of the morning's developments, her father's appearance was a source of surprise to her. She saw him cleanly shaved, meticulously brushed. It might have been that ten years had fallen out of his life and carried him, and her, back to the days when Old Tim actively ran the politics of the city. So she paused a moment, mystified, just inside the door.

Old Tim rose from his chair and smiled at her gently. He held forth both his hands. "Come in, chickie," he invited.

The girl felt suddenly contrite. She went to her father, caught his hands and slipped inside his arms. She had been ready enough to battle him. Perhaps Old Tim had seen this and outwitted her. Her carefully screwed-up courage fled her suddenly and she was on the verge of tears and hid her face against his shoulder.

A huge tenderness came upon Old Tim, but his naturally resolute make-up quickly asserted itself. He slipped a hand under the girl's chin and raised her head. Deliberately he kissed her.

Then he said, "What's done, child, is done. And let me give you a little lesson you must never forget. Never hang your head. The fellow who looks down, goes down. We gotta go where we're looking. Always look up. An immediate attitude of defiance has stopped many a fight I might have lost had it actually come to fighting."

The girl attempted to answer him, but her throat contracted and her eyes swam with tears.

Still holding her chin firmly, Old Tim went on: "Don't you think, child," he asked, "that your father knows a thing or two about life? Don't you realize that I've done my share of drinking? Yes, and, when occasion demanded, lying as well?"

He laughed cacklingly, but there was, too, a gentleness in his tone. Playfully he shook her chin with his hand, then he caught her to his breast and swayed her gently there.

"Listen to me, chickie," he terminated. "Only one man ever on earth was perfect. What test would there be of love if none of us had faults?"

They stood thus, there on the great hearthstone, when Morton appeared to announce breakfast. A look of delight crept into his face as he saw them there together.

"Breakfast, Mr. Callahan," he announced. Then, as an irresistible afterthought, "If I might say it, you're the strangest man I ever knew!"

"Yes," Patricia Callahan amplified in muffled tones, "and the sweetest. And, by all odds, the smartest."

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim snapped. "Shall I be standing here all day while there's a million things waiting to be done?"

He turned, and, with one arm still around his daughter, led her out of the hall and so to the dining room. Morton followed at a respectful distance, and as he walked his head swayed dubiously and his flat face became flatter with a look of utter incomprehension.

By not so much as a single word during the meal did Old Tim Callahan mention the night before. While he sipped his orange juice he made constant reference to the work he had that day to do. He referred to it always as work and never became definite enough to indicate its exact nature.

Morton served the meal submissively and Patricia's manner portrayed vast relief in that the anticipated scene with her father had magically transformed itself into understanding and affection, the existence of which had for years been a secret to the girl. It was toward the end of the meal, when Old Tim spoke again about Mason and the limousine, that he became definite. Morton assured him that everything was in readiness. Then he spoke to his daughter.

"You are dining at home tonight, chickie?" he asked.

"If you wish it, dad," she answered.

"I do. I'm having some gentlemen in for the meal. You'll enjoy them." He turned sharply to Morton.

"Dinner at eight," he ordered. "I want a good dinner. Do everything right up to the minute. See that there's lots of silver on the table, and some nice flowers. I want the best wines we have in the cellar, and if everything don't go off smooth and like it ought to, I'll raise plenty of hell."

Morton nodded. "I'll do my best," he avowed. "Is there anything special you'd like?"

"Only the best of everything. You know what I mean when I say I want this right. The men I'll have here know and appreciate the better things of life. I want them to see that we have them; that we know how to use them."

"I think I understand," Morton nodded.

Old Tim rose and walked around the table to his daughter. She, too, stood up, and the boss kissed her on both cheeks. That morning her father had given her more evidence of affection than she had seen in him the past five years. By it she was somewhat overwhelmed.

"Look your best and prettiest tonight," he counseled her. "One of the men I plan to have here is Norman Trago." He finished with a quick smile.

"I'm so glad," Pat cut in earnestly. "I always enjoy him so much, dad. He's just as cynical as he can be, but it's an honest cynicism as well as a wise one. Somehow one doesn't mind it from him." She smiled. "His snow-white hair and his soft voice—everybody loves him."

A look of envy crept into Old Tim's eyes, but he made no response except to ask the girl if she was acquainted with the other guest.

"Do you, by chance, know Hector Sparr?" he queried.

"Sparr? Hector Sparr?" the girl asked. "No, I don't think I do, daddy."

"He's a big shot socially," Old Tim said casually. "And he's been serving the city politically for some time. He's got a lot of personality. You'll like him."

Pat laughed in anticipation. "He'd better watch his step with Mr. Trago around," she ventured. "What that man can do to the average politician is a caution."

"It'll be an interesting dinner," Callahan said quietly. "Hector Sparr will be the next mayor of this city. I'm going to make him that. As for Trago, he's going to be chief magistrate. Neither of them knows it, but I've made up my mind that this is going to be so."

Before the girl could answer he turned to Morton.

"I want my gold-topped stick and my hat," he snapped. "Remember, Pat, dinner at eight sharp. And look your best."

Then, without another word, he turned and strode into the hall. As he passed out of the room Morton glanced at the girl and shook his head in complete mystification. Pat tossed her shoulders in agreement, but her eyes were soft.

As Morton handed Old Tim his hat and stick and opened the door for him, the boss said, "My library is apt to be a busy place for the next two months. See to it that I can use a secretary in there if I wish. . . . Hector Sparr might telephone me today. If he does, see to it that he's here at three sharp this afternoon." He paused a moment, brows knitted.

"I ought to be back in a couple of hours," he said then. "During that time I want you to dig out all my old card files. I mean the ones with the names and addresses of district leaders, police captains, assistant district attorneys, bail commissioners, professional bondsmen."

"I understand," Morton nodded. "The ones in the little red boxes."

"Right," Callahan grunted. "Get those out and dust them off. And remember this," he added harshly: "any talking that's done to outsiders, I'll do."

Morton nodded. The aged boss hooked the hat onto his head at a pert angle. He pulled once at the tails of his coat, then seized from Morton the gold-topped walking stick and stepped jauntily through the front door.

"I'll be back," he repeated, "in two hours. In case you should want me on anything of importance you can get me on the telephone."

"Very well," Morton nodded. "Where can I call you?"

Callahan whirled back and faced the butler. He grasped the walking stick at its center and raised it so that the glistening gold top was on a level with his eyes.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he cried querulously. "If you had a brain in your head, Morton, you'd know without asking. Didn't I just tell you I was going to make

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Patricia, Obviously Embarrassed by Her Father's Thoughtlessness, Turned to Meet the Young Man

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The Russian Five-Year Plan

DURING recent months the press of Europe has contained many reports from Russia, and comments on affairs in Russia, with particular reference to the political persecution of the Right and the program of industrialization with the aid of foreign capital. Just why domestic private capital should be repressed in a time when foreign private capital is being sought to enter Russia is something the outsider cannot fathom. Russian finance has always been as strange, and as violent, as Russian revolution. Leaving domestic capital to its fate in Russia, the world is directly and indirectly interested in the program of industrial, agricultural and social reform set up a couple of years ago. On paper, it was the most farseeing and elaborate scheme of reconstruction ever proposed, in enactment or in propaganda. This program is called in Russia the Pyatiletka.

It is first to be observed that the plan is based on a diagnosis of Russian conditions that is not original with the Soviet authorities. The basic defects of Russia were recognized long ago. As illustration may be cited a book on Russia written early in the century by Mendeleef, in which was set forth the declaration that Russia was overagricultural and agriculturally overpopulated. The Czarist régime profited, rather than otherwise, by that state of affairs, and thus resisted reform, which also seemed to have no support in military circles. The Soviets have thus started a reform long overdue in Russia.

The finance of the five-year plan is a massive array of figures. The Soviet ministers are masters in addition; they delight in arranging to spend money years before they have it. The expenditures proposed, if available, during five years amount to the sum of eighty billion rubles. Using round figures, for agriculture and forestry go twelve billions; for transport, electrical installations and communications, thirteen billions; for trade and industry, twenty-five billions; and for housing, health, insurance and social ameliorations, thirty billions. At the rate of progress up to the present, it would take several times five years to make the changes even if the money were available, due largely to lack of trained workers and educated technicians.

Part of the money is expected to accrue from savings derived from the increasing national income, but for the most part—in the early years especially—foreign capital is necessary and is being sought in all countries and in innumerable ways. Just how foreign capital is to be kept inviolate while domestic capital is violated, is one of the practical problems of the Soviet administrators.

The plan includes mechanization of agriculture, with increase in outturn per man, rationalization of urban industry, development of mineral resources and expansion of export trade. If successful, it implies vast effects on the foreign trade of other European countries, and on overseas countries as well. If successful, it means a movement of population from country to town in Russia. Russia has a heavy birth rate, and the population must in some way be spread out or the effects of overpopulation on the land will become intensified. Few countries have faced problems larger and more difficult than those of Russia.

Savings Accounts Versus Investments

ACCORDING to a report prepared for the American Bankers Association, the number of depositors in savings banks declined during the fiscal year 1928–29 from 53,188,348 to 52,664,127, with a loss in deposits of $195,305,000. This seems to have been the first time in two decades that the sum representing deposits in savings-bank accounts declined. As a bare figure, it looks large; but it does not bulk large when one recalls that the total of savings-bank accounts is not far below twenty billion dollars. Nevertheless, it is a departure, and therefore deserves attention.

The hasty inference that this reduction in savings corresponds to losses on the Stock Exchange may be dismissed. Some savings have been lost in speculation; of that we shall be better advised when the savings accounts are known for the end of the current fiscal year. A better explanation is that depositors have turned from savings-bank interest to investment returns. Certainly during the year 1928–29 many small capitalists placed their savings in employe stock ownership, in customer ownership, and in building-and-loan associations. The concept of thrift is undergoing change. When the volume of savings reaches a certain dimension, the owner turns to investments. To some extent, owners turn to speculation, from which diversion many of them have learned a lesson. We venture to predict that a year from now, when the figures for another year have been made available, it will be found that the decline in savings accounts has a positive rather than a negative explanation and meaning.

Taxing the Source of Income

IN CASTING about for reasons to explain why the stock market got out of hand, many are disposed to blame the Federal tax on capital profits, which is disguised as an income tax.

The market would have gone down, tax or no tax. But the course of the stock market does serve to bring up the whole question of the soundness of a tax on capital-value increases, for now it is about to be demonstrated that many large incomes will not pay taxes on 1929 earnings because the owners have lost money in the market, and not because the incomes are smaller. And hence, for reasons quite unconnected with income, the Government will lose money. That is always the way with any tax which is unsoundly based—it is never the money-maker which at first it appears to be. Eventually it defeats itself.

The tax on capital gains rests on no theory which we accept in our Government. We have not, as a people, at any time decided that it is wrong to have property and that anyone who is so fortunate as to sell a capital asset for more than he paid for it should be penalized. The tax would be explainable if we had decided that it is wrong for anyone to have anything and that slowly the Government should arrange for taking away all property. That theory we have repudiated by tremendous majorities whenever and howsoever it has appeared.

The tax on capital gains can have no defense. The increase in value of a capital asset is not a profit in any proper system of bookkeeping, but an addition to capital, and one who spends the supposed profit is spending capital. The moment the taxing of capital begins danger looms, for a start is made toward destroying the root of income, which is the same as the root of prosperity.

The British found this out rather quickly. Their income taxes are very heavy, but they avoid most scrupulously the taxing of capital, except in the estates of decedents. The Labor Party had a theory that the cost of the war could be written off by taxing capital, and that used to be one of their main bids for power. They said that a big tax on capital would wipe out the war debts and let the country take a fresh start. They had an elaborate scheme for this taxing, for of course very little of the capital of a country is in money and cannot quickly be turned into money. But when the plan was nicely worked out, the accountants had their inning. They showed that, although the tax might be paid, the property of the country would be so decreased that the income taxes would not for many years be enough to pay the ordinary expenses of government. Since then nothing has been heard of the capital tax in England.

The British had planned to go the whole journey. We are merely nibbling, and in doing so we are probably decreasing the actual return from income taxes. Many men now manage to have year-end security sales to establish losses. These unnecessarily upset prices, while now, on account of the big drop in stock prices, we shall see a great cut in income taxes solely due to trying to tax something which is not income.

The value of a capital asset does not, in the long run, increase except as the income from it increases. By waiting, the Government would get more money than by rushing in. One of the acts of the Congress, when it gets around to cutting the rates in the income-tax schedule again, might be to apply logic to the whole scheme and cut out the tax on capital gains.

The Judiciary

IN EVERY consideration of the crime wave imperfections of legal procedure have come in for unfavorable attention. Defects in the rules and administration of law are pointed out by many authorities, but no little of the difficulty lies not with the mechanism but with the men who handle it. There are notable exceptions, of course, but the plain truth is that too many of our judges are selected for party services or other political considerations. It is strange that in England, where politics concern the average man more keenly than here, the judicial office is but slightly affected. Or perhaps that is the very reason. If Americans were more intelligently interested in politics, they might realize, as the English do, that the bench is one place to be kept out of politics.

"The business of being a judge is a highly skilled profession," says an eminent lawyer. "It is no job for novices or bunglers. It is beset with opportunities for mistake and mischief. It needs exceptional qualifications of temperament, experience and knowledge of the law. Only men who have demonstrated that they possess these qualifications should be selected."

Speaking generally, actual eminence or distinction at the bar is not necessarily rewarded by judicial office in this country. Possibly lawyers of this type cannot afford the pecuniary sacrifice which is sometimes required. But, as a rule, leaders at the bar have had a successful practice and have been able to lay up something. Many of them are not out to make great fortunes and would be willing to accept judicial office if such office were understood to be what it ought to be—the reward of eminence in their chosen profession rather than acceptability to the political powers that be. Men are at times appointed or elected to the bench who are politically eligible, but are actually unknown to members of their own profession.

No doubt most of the judges in one great city which has witnessed recent judicial scandals are men of high character. But one or two derelictions give the whole system a bad name. There are a few judges who are not only unfit for the bench but are men of exceedingly low associations. This comes from tying up certain of these offices with the grafting ward-heeler type of politics. No investigating commissions or new laws are needed. The condition is obvious to all, and only an aroused public opinion will result in its improvement.

The Baby Market

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLEN B. T. PYLE

DID you know that in this land of the free and home of the brave there is a great baby market? And the securities which change hands, under due process of law, are not mere engraved slips of paper promising certain financial dividends, but live, kicking, flesh-and-blood babies; babies for adoption; common-stock babies at no par, issued by Nature, that great speculative promoter, with no dividends absolutely guaranteed, but a chance of high appreciation in the value of the security as the years roll by, and tremendous bonuses in the shape of love and rich experiences attached. At present it is a big bull market, steadily on the upward trend, and the demand far exceeds the supply.

There are all types of baby securities to choose from in this market—beautiful babies, ugly babies; brilliant babies, dull babies; healthy babies, sick, handicapped babies; babies with blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes; with golden hair, black hair, curly-locked and straight; babies thin and babies fat; babies three days old, three months or years old, and all the way stations in between; babies with full family histories and babies with no family history, without age, name or birth certificate, unknown waifs tossed into area ways or dumped into garbage cans. But Nature is a grand old optimist and collects her investment stuff not only from the immediate parents but from the whole collateral stock in the family outfit; and often she dowers these little speculative issues, wildcat stocks, with greater beauty, health and brains than is meted out to the infant whose birth has been duly authenticated by book and bell. For it is a fact, confirmed by doctors and experts in this baby market, that these little obscure mites arriving out of the great unknown are very apt to be unusually lovely, healthy and intelligent; born in the shadows, they seem creatures of sunshine, and so appealing that they are often adopted into the finest homes of the land.

There are all kinds of investors in this market. Women who won't touch anything but absolutely gilt-edge securities. They arrive with their doctors and lawyers, and demand health certificates, mental tests for intelligence and a complete family tree. Conservative investors, these. Other women investors are willing to take some risk. "I don't want to know about the baby's background," they say. "I am afraid it will make me prejudiced. Tell my husband all about it, and if he is satisfied it's all right with me. What I want is love, experience and some risk."

And there are some golden-hearted optimists, believers in life and the power of love, who do not care for the gilt-edge securities. "Give me a handicapped child," they say. "The others don't need me." And they adopt some little orphan Annie from a foundling home, a hard-boiled egg with the temper of a fiend, who bites and kicks and swears and tears her drab uniform to strips in a black rage, with no family history, no age, whom a kind-hearted policeman salvaged one dawn on a windy pier. A highly speculative investment, without doubt. But little Annie in her new home environment, surrounded by wise affection and care, often turns out to be the stone which the builders rejected, a grand investment in the end. In this great, free, open market the investors may be of high or low degree; in fact, they represent a cross section of the entire social scale. A woman sweeps into the office, wrapped in furs, her liveried chauffeur waiting outside. Childless, she longs for the universal yet always unique experience of having a baby to cherish for her own. The next comer may be a street-car conductor, a grocer, a multimillionaire, a diplomat's wife, a dressmaker, a stockbroker and his wife, a minor government clerk, a college professor. And a bachelor professor into the bargain. Shades of the comic strip! Do bachelors want babies too? They do!

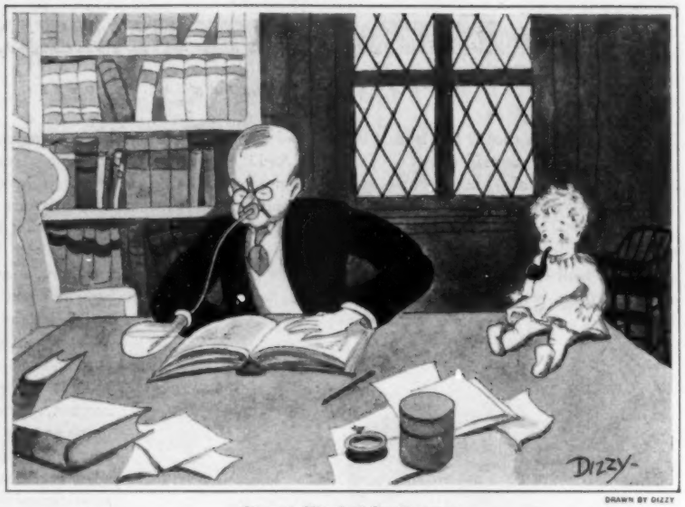
The most popular types of securities, by long odds, are little girls. Little baby girls are in great demand; they rarely linger long on the lists. The experts explain this dark mystery by saying that the girl babies are more feminine, alluring; they are grand little self-advertisers and they know instinctively how to strut their stuff. They get away with murder even at the age of a few months. They stretch out their dimpled arms, gurgle at some secret baby joke, smile a divine toothless smile that makes the heart turn over and starts a mist to the eyes, blow air bubbles from moist little cupid-bow mouths or wiggle their miniature toes; and women and strong men go mad, become besotted with adoration and want to kidnap them on the spot. The men are worse than the women; they absolutely lose their heads; their insanity is delightful, piteous, absurd. Having acquired a baby from goodness knows where, they will rush home from their offices and solemn business conferences, with the mendacious excuse of "an important engagement"—which engagement resolves itself into giving little Miss Coquette her evening bottle! Or playing choo-choo cars down on the nursery floor. But why do they all want girls? Is it because a girl is always a daughter, whereas a son, when he grows up and marries, belongs to another woman? Is it because girls are peculiarly framed by their Creator for companionship, pleasure, foolishness and delight, while the boys are wanted to carry on the family name, shoulder responsibilities, and toil and moil out in the world, and no matter how hard they try, they

(Continued on Page 85)

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

"Yes, These are Colorado Spruces. Some of the Tallest Trees in the World Come From Colorado"



DRAWN BY DIZZY

Absent-Minded Professor No. 563,785

As She is Spoken

AND what did you think of the Rocky Mountains?" Dorothy asked Flossie. It was the first time they had met since both had been West.

"Oh, I thought they were darling," Flossie replied. "And those big trees in California, weren't they too cute for anything?"

"Yes," Dorothy admitted; "I thought they were simply darling. You went to the Yosemite Park?"

"I hope to tell you I did. Wasn't it darling?"

"Too cute for words."

"We saw the cutest waterfall, but I've forgotten where it was."

"And the darling plains, they're the giraffe's adenoids."

"On some of the reservations there were the darlingest Indians," Flossie continued; "and I thought the Bad Lands were cute, didn't you?"

"Just darling," Dorothy agreed.

"There was the cutest view from some of those Colorado mountains," said Flossie. "The way you could stand there and look off for miles and miles was just simply darling, I thought."

"The sunsets were cute, weren't they?" Dorothy queried.

"Perfectly darling," Flossie admitted. "And one morning I got up horribly early and watched the darlingest sunrise."

"The cowboys were cute," suggested Dorothy.

"Oh, darling," Flossie exclaimed. "Honestly, I thought they were too cute for words."

—TOM S. ELROD.

Anthony's Heroes

I ALWAYS put my toys away
Wherever they belong;
I eat my spinach every day
To make me big and strong
Just like Papa and Tunney.

I eat my prunes at breakfast time,
My cereal when I sup;
Because I'm going to be when I'm
Grown all the whole way up
Just like Papa and Tilden.

I love to hear my Papa play
The many tunes I know.
He plays on the harmonikay,
And up I'm going to grow
Just like Papa and Heifetz.

I make up songs that I can sing
About my maple tree,
My dog, my cat, and everything;
And I am going to be
Just like Papa and Shakspere.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

DRAWN BY P. BARLOW

"Mister, Have You Seen Anything of Two Lions—One Wounded?"

Preprandial Paradox

BELIEVE it or not, but the rising generation is hard to get out of bed.

To Have and to Hold

IT WAS a very happy wedding. The mother of the bride was delighted because she was not losing a daughter but gaining a son. It would be nice to have a son. And it was comforting to know that they were going to live so near—she could see them every day. And already she was planning the Sunday dinners that they would enjoy together.

The father of the bride was delighted because he had always wanted a son. Someone to talk things over with of an evening. Someone to play golf with. Every Saturday he and the boy would have a round. Take him to Pinehurst next winter, maybe. And in the summer they could play every day.

The mother of the groom was delighted because she was going to have a daughter. A dear daughter that she would be able to help and advise. She was glad the children were going to live so near, she could be in and out so often. And then there would be the Sundays. Of course she would have them for dinner every Sunday.

The father of the groom was delighted because now the boy could settle down and be a real help to him in the business. More of a companion to him too. He was glad they were settling so near home—they could drop over nights for a rubber of bridge. And Saturdays they could all go places together in the car.

And the young couple were delighted because at last they were going to have their own home where they could live their own lives and just be together forever and ever, all by themselves.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE.

(Continued on Page 83)

OUR RESTLESS MODERN APPETITES DEMAND . . . *change!*

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CHANGE. New brightness. A fresh appeal to the appetite each day. Now as never before these are needed to keep your meals fresh and attractive. What wonderful helps are the 21 delicious Campbell's Soups, with all their fascinating variety and irresistible flavors! Ever welcome is that famous favorite—Campbell's Tomato Soup—the soup your appetite never forgets. 12 cents a can.

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Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef
		Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

He Succeeded in Getting Her to Make Three Clean Hits in Succession With Her Pony at a Gallop

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

XVII

ALTHOUGH Hallam had stated that he was all in, implying the need of rest, he did not go to his room with the intention of immediately seeking sleep. What he had meant, in all honesty to his secret self, was that he wanted and needed to be alone.

There are days when every individual is forced to strike a balance, to take an accounting with himself in the blotted and disorderly ledger of life. To the young, these recurrent periods, incurring drastic erasures and corrections, always come as a surprise, carrying all the shock of what youth believes to be a unique discovery. It takes long years and many tribulations to pass from the thought that any given emotion can never have happened to anybody else to the conviction that all emotion is a repetition.

Laura Dumont and her brother looked on Hallam as a boy, while he not only considered himself a man but honestly had regarded Nona Brent as something so immature as to have justified his classification of her mentally as barely emerging from the embryonic stage. He now faced the double necessity of a reappraisal of her as well as of himself.

He conceded the ledger to be all wrong, but when it came to saying just where, or why, or how, immediately he was at a loss. Given what he had considered to be an integral divisor, he had done his sums with confidence and ease. One could have put up with any change in the dividend—that which was to be divided—but when you found yourself up against a simultaneous switching of the coefficient, where were you?

Toward morning he abandoned a solution and contented himself with a conclusion. If he could make up his mind where he now was, what did it matter through what labyrinthine byways he had arrived? Whatever else was shrouded within the penumbra of indecipherable reactions, one development alone stood out with a clarity which brooked no quibbling—he was in love with a girl, a person, a manifestation, an incipient goddess, whose identifying label was Nona Brent.

As a direct consequence to this deduction, on the following afternoon he dressed himself in his neatest suit, resurrected a hat, carefully selected a pair of gloves, picked out a favorite stick and went around to call on Miss Brent. He was informed that she was not at home. He repeated the performance on four successive days and then, surrendering to an ancient convention, he asked for Mrs. Brent and was promptly received.

"Mrs. Brent," he said frankly, in the pause following the usual preliminaries, "has anybody told you I've been trying to see Nona for the last four days?"

"No, nobody has said anything about it. But I'm not surprised you've failed, since I've hardly succeeded myself."

He looked up at her, too mildly surprised to put a direct question. "Life's a queer sort of thing, isn't it?"

"It always has been, hasn't it? That's why we keep on doing it."

"I know, but that isn't what I meant. Take the way I met you; that wasn't exactly ordinary, now was it? It seems to me that ordinary things ordinarily happen only to ordinary people. The minute something extraordinary comes along, you'd better sort of look around for an unusual person. You're unusual, Mrs. Brent."

"So are you, Mr. Hallam, but I wish ——"

"What?" Since she still hesitated, he pressed for an answer. "What do you wish?"

She smiled and frowned at the same time. "The next time you come, I wish you'd please wear that old gray suit."

"Really?" said Hallam, his face lighting up with a radiant smile. "That's the nicest thing you could have said."

"Oh, no," she demurred.

"Yes, it is," he insisted. "It sort of implied you were getting used to the idea of me. Were you?"

"How could I help it? I haven't seen much of you, but you've been with me just the same, morning, noon and night. I knew you were riding with Nona. There was nothing to that especially; it was the mystery she made of it. I wasn't ever to ask any questions, not even to think them, or the world would come to an unhappy end. You were an ogre; something between a backyard scarecrow and a Jovian thunderstorm."

"It seemed necessary at the time, even important," he half explained; then swerving back violently to the personal, he asked anxiously, "You don't like me?"

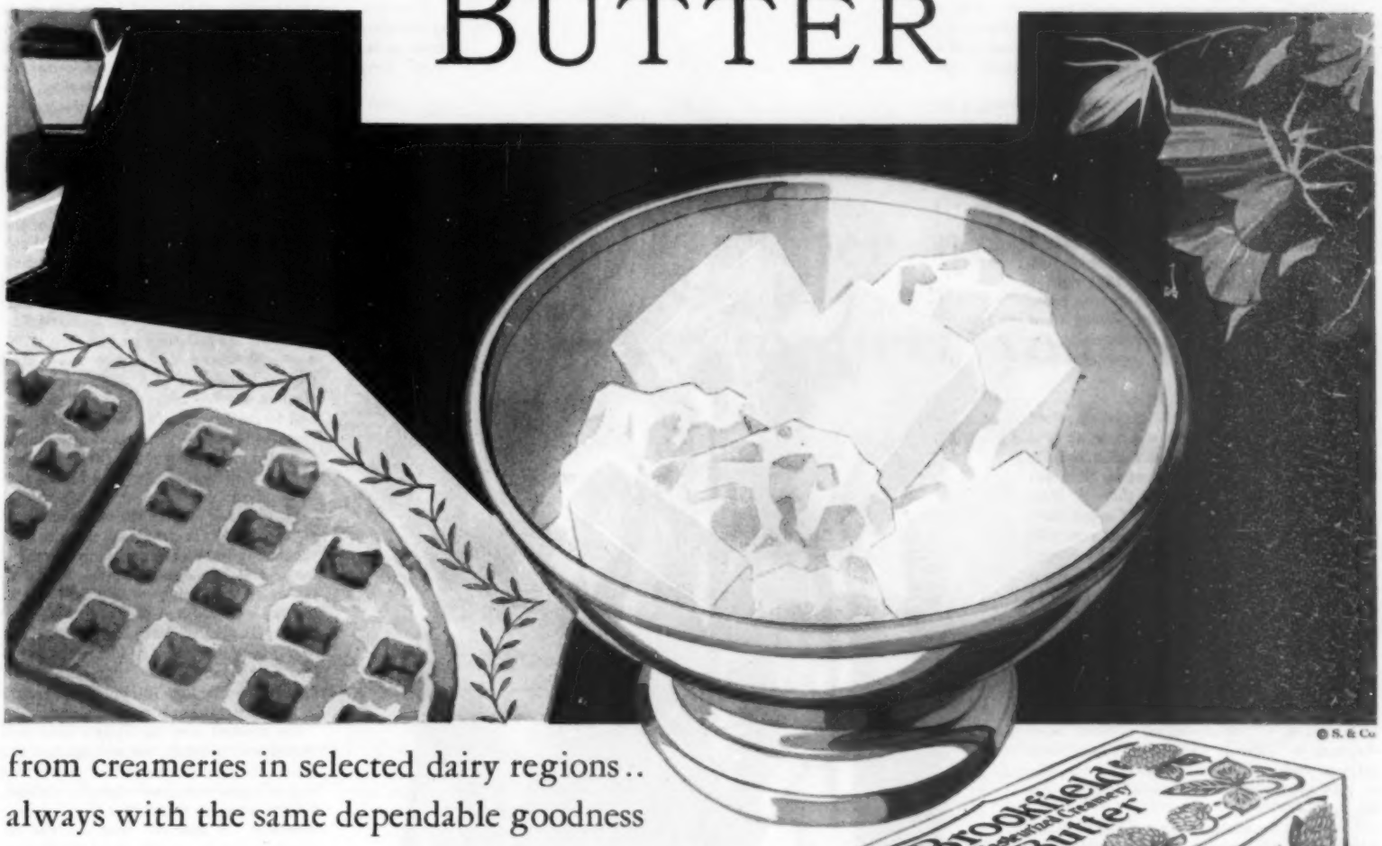
"Do you mean that for a leading question or are you merely playing for time in the vain hope that Nona will make an appearance in person?"

"Both," he answered, smiling again. "Do you like me or don't you?"

"Instinctively, yes," she answered soberly, "but you can hardly expect me to say how I think you'd wear."

(Continued on Page 30)

The cool freshness of new churned BUTTER



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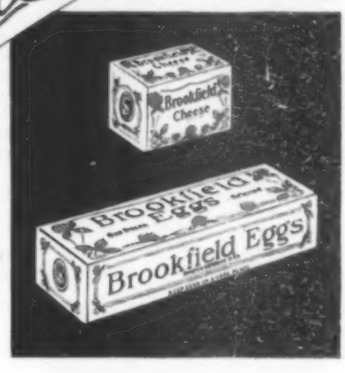

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FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 28)

"No, of course not," he admitted, frowning, and then his expression changed as his thoughts veered into quite another channel. He gave her a slanting boyish glance. "What's happened to Nona?" he asked.

"I wish I knew," said Mrs. Brent with an unexpected touch of eagerness, as if she had been waiting for and welcomed the question. "You see, I've scarcely seen any more of her than you have since that night."

He looked around vaguely. "She hasn't gone away, has she?"

"More or less," said Mrs. Brent, the corner of her mouth twitching. "She's gone to bed." She answered his frown. "I mean she's gone to bed definitely."

"When did it happen?" he asked solemnly.

Mrs. Brent surrendered to a ripple of laughter. "I'm so glad you came in! You can't possibly understand what it's done for me. If you knew how miserable I've been you'd guess what a strange sort of pleasure it is to laugh. Do you remember what Nona said?"

"When? To me or to you? I keep remembering a lot of things she said."

"I mean about being herself, and the rest of us could all go to the devil."

"Yes," said Hallam, his brows puckering. "That must be the speech that made such a hit with the old man. It's a funny thing, Mrs. Brent. Up to that night I'd always felt Nona was frightfully young—I mean, a lot younger than just being ten years or so less than I am. Then that night—I mean here, when I saw her up in your room before the general inquest—she seemed all of a sudden to have got the edge on me." He looked up with pardonable consternation. "She was old."

"Old?" questioned Mrs. Brent.

"Oh, not withered old," he explained; "old like sound wine, aged in the wood, or like the calm eternal hills. They don't look old, do they? Not on your life; and yet we all admit they're one of the oldest things there is. How do people do that sort of thing? You get them settled in your mind one way; then you take your eye off them for a minute, and bingo! Here's somebody you never met before, looking perfectly stunning in a sort of glorified Knight Templar cloak, and never cracking a smile!"

"I've had it happen to me over and over again," said Mrs. Brent sympathetically.

"Have you?" asked Hallam eagerly, sensing the intent to comfort. "But that's not the worst of it," he continued. "Ever since she took to being as old as the hills, I keep getting younger and younger. I don't like it. If I can't stop, pretty soon I'll be bawling for a nurse."

"You and I must have some sort of common bond," said Mrs. Brent smilingly, "because that's also exactly the way I've been feeling." Her eyes turned grave. "I don't suppose you've ever had any children, Mr. Hallam."

"No, ma'am."

"It's invariably an extraordinary experience."

"I don't know why I should have thought so," said Hallam, puzzled, "but I got the impression Nona was an only child."

"So she is, in a way. That's what makes it so extraordinary; she's about a dozen only children."

He nodded understandingly and then cleared his throat: "Do you think you could spare one of them? I've been meaning to ask."

"It all depends," said Mrs. Brent. "I could spare the present Nona almost without missing her. You see, I don't know her at all; I don't know her any better than you do. The only thing I've heard from her since you saw her last is that she's being herself and that all she asks is to be let alone. Yes, there was one other thing—she said she preferred to have Marie bring in her meals."

"Meals?" asked Hallam. "Does she eat?"

"Three times a day."

He nodded thoughtfully, and arose. "I feel awfully grateful to you, Mrs. Brent; I don't know why, but I do. Would you mind if I came in to see you again sometime?"

"I'd love to have you."

"Tomorrow?"

The blankness in her face turned quickly into a smile. "Certainly, Mr. Hallam. Tomorrow."

"In the meantime you might call up Mr. Dumont. Sometimes he pretends I dropped on him out of the sky, but he really knows more about me—where I came from, what I've got and that sort of thing—than I know myself. Then, of course, there's Laura Dumont, but she's prejudiced."

"It's very fair of you to remind me of that," said Mrs. Brent, "but aren't we being a little premature? You don't have to answer, but you might think over the question. Perhaps you'll take it as friendly warning."

Three days later he was again at the house in the Rue Marbeau. The only difference between this and the two previous afternoons was that since he was accompanied by Miss Dumont he was shown into none of the formal reception rooms but into the boudoir, that catch-all for all the intimacies of Paris. Without knowing quite how or why, in the brief interval which had intervened since the evening when Sybelle's inanimate body had acted as a mysterious solvent, he had come to accept Mrs. Brent unquestioningly as a friend, if not as an ally.

When He Took Her Home That Evening, He Grasped Her Chin in His Left Hand and Kissed Her Mouth Lightly

No longer did he regard her as the exponent of the ravenous division of the newly rich, nor speculate specifically as to the exact quality of her social appetite or that of her sometime associates. He was beyond asking questions either of himself or of a theoretical universe. All he knew was that Mrs. Brent had come to symbolize a pillar upon which one could lean without fear of its ever giving at the knees.

You didn't argue about an established oak or the Rock of Gibraltar; you could take your choice, stub your toe on them or lean against them, but never bend or push them over. Even Laura Dumont, whom he had worshiped for more years than he could remember, had not quite that quality. She had strength, of course, but it was the kind of strength that has little sympathy with the weaknesses of the strong. If you leaned against it, it might, for your own good, suddenly sock you in the jaw.

Feeling quite at home by reason of the familiar old gray suit—now pressed, however, and as sweetly clean as Nelson could make it—he amused himself in various ways. He glanced through an open door and perceived that the bed looked different from the last time he had seen it; it was not turned down, nor were Mrs. Brent's things laid out for the night. He went to the side table, as Nona had done, and found a cigarette. Standing in the open window, he smoked it dubiously, and after only a few puffs, threw it away. It tasted rotten; everything tasted rotten.

He couldn't look at the two women or at the bench in front of the dressing table or at the bed or anything else without seeing Nona in pale blue, belted at the waist, the flaring collar of quilted silk set like a trembling foil behind her curly head. He glanced frowningly toward her room; then turned his head to gaze at the two women, so opposed and yet so complementary one to the other. They seemed to have forgotten his very existence.

He strolled over to Nona's door and pretended to listen, his ear against the panel, his hand on the knob. He turned it slowly and was conscious of a childish delight when he found that the door was unlocked. A moment later he was no longer facing it; it was at his back, and had closed as softly as it had opened.

With two pillows and a cushion propped behind her, Nona was sitting erect, a large tray across her knees. He could catch only a ravishing glimpse of a filmy night dress, petaled with lace at the breast, but he stared his fill at a diminutive bed jacket which gave her shoulders such a line as to make his eyes grow round with wonder. The last time he had seen her she had seemed a fairly good-sized girl; now she was apparently little!

Perceiving that she was looking at him fixedly, he felt an obligation to say something, and sought at random for words in the fog of his brain.

"I've been coming here every afternoon for months—years." At a threatening shrug of her shoulders he continued rapidly, "I just wanted to tell you about things, about changes that have taken place, buildings that have gone up, and how your mother and I have been growing old together." But realizing by the hard gleam in her eyes how flat his frivolity was falling, he changed quickly to a practical tone: "Have you finished with that tray?"

"Yes," said Nona, "that's an idea. You can take it away, but please don't come back." She watched him solemnly as he lifted the tray, carried it to the broad window sill, set it down, and stood with his back to her, slowly enumerating the

(Continued on Page 33)

664

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	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six	...	...	A	Arc	A	A	...	...
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 8-cyl.	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
" other models	...	...	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil ARCTIC

THIS IS A REALLY SIGNIFICANT THING

IT IS SAFE TO SAY that motor car discussions are going on somewhere in America every working, waking hour of every day in the year. They are nearly always lively discussions charged with the electricity of intense interest and personal preference.

The tang and freshness of the subject has not waned one iota in twenty-five years. It has not been lessened a particle by the advent of any or all of the inventive triumphs such as radio and aviation recorded in the same period. Interest has simply intensified and spread as ownership has widened out into larger and larger circles. Amiable and good-natured differences of opinion assert themselves whenever a motor car group gets together—amiable and good-natured differences of opinion concerning most cars but *unqualified, unanimous, universal agreement concerning one car and its companion-car.*

Separated from all other facts, and studied even for a few moments, this is the one great outstanding fact in all motor car discussion—no one questions or quibbles or quarrels about the all-inclusive superiority of Cadillac and La Salle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 30)

empty dishes it contained. "The window seat is no place to leave a tray," she said sharply. "Please carry it down to the pantry. Please!"

He turned quickly.

"You're scared, Nona—you're actually scared!"

"I'm not. Why should I be? What time is it?"

"That's what I'm wondering," said Hallam, and added with a backward toss of his head, "What meal was that? Luncheon, high tea or supper?".

"How do I know if you won't tell me what time it is?"

"It's four—after four."

"Then that was luncheon and supper. Now that I've told you, Mr. Herring, or Hallam, or whatever your name happens to be today, you'll please get out of my room."

"I can't, Nona," he said earnestly. "I've simply got to talk to you."

Her eyes hardened. "Hallock—is that your name—Hallock?"

"Yes," he answered, frowning, "that's my first name. When my people are sore or want to make me feel important, they call me Hallock; when they feel affectionate, they cut it to Hal. While we're on the subject of names, please let me say that I didn't start out to be mysterious or anything fresh when I called myself Herring. Up to a few days ago it was absolutely necessary I shouldn't be connected with Mr. Dumont in any way, especially by news hounds and social magpies. My entire usefulness depended on my establishing a reputation for being a nondescript wastrel, welcomed unsuspectingly by certain circles after the flowing bowl had done its work—on them. I couldn't even let on I knew German or ——"

"Please stop!"

"Why?" he asked, astonished at her tone. "What have I said that ——"

"Can't you understand I don't want to hear you say anything—that I won't put up with your taking it for granted that I went to bed, and stayed here, just to bring you around? I'm not so dumb I didn't know it would bring you around! But whether you believe it or not, that isn't why I did it. Do you know why I'm here?"

"No."

"I'll tell you; you want to hear, so I'll tell you. I'm not dressed for any part. I'm naked—naked with shame for the girl who was so poisonously young, so unformed, such a general idiot that she spent the happiest and unhappiest days of her life chasing you up and down the paths of the Bois." Her lips trembled violently. While at this moment she knew absolutely that she loved him she nevertheless felt a desperate necessity to wound him, to sweep away at a stroke the entire edifice of their haphazard relations and start again from bedrock. She hadn't thought it out—it had simply come to her as clear as sunrise that in denial of all that had gone before lay her only sure hope, and his. "But the reason I hate you," she continued with a searing intensity, "the reason I'll always detest the sight of you, is that you choked her to death. Now will you get out?"

He sank helplessly on the farthest corner of the wide bed and stared at her blindly through wet eyes.

"Please shut up, Nona—please. The Bois? I won't say I loved you the night you pulled me in off the street, because that would be a lie. But from the first minute I saw you in the Bois—that's different. I've been lying to you every day, and I've been trying to lie to myself. From the minute I saw you making a stable nag look like a charger, I knew I was going to love the life out of you. Nona, please listen. Is a wall-eyed tarpon, hurling himself at the sky to shake a hook, a fool? If he is, then that's what I was. But you beat me, you whipped me to a standstill. Do you know when?"

"I don't want to know—I don't—I don't!"

"That night at José's. I might have got clean away—I might never have known—if I hadn't seen you lapping up drinks, and suddenly gone pink-eyed with rage, as if you'd knifed me—only me. What made you do it? But why doesn't matter. What matters is that it fixed me so when you danced like—like tears rolling down a kid's cheeks, my heart came tearing out of me."

She sank back, her eyes closed, her arms flaccidly relaxed at her sides. "Oh, go. Please go."

He threw himself forward and caught one of her hands. "I love you, Nona. It isn't only my heart; it's my head and all my insides. I'm beaten black and blue. I can't think of anything but you, and I don't want to. I haven't any legs, arms, hands or feet. I'm just a wretched horrible smear that loves every hair on your head, every breath in your body. Don't you believe me? Won't you?"

"No," she whispered, screwing up her eyes to stop the tears. "It's too late. I wanted to love you terribly, but I don't any more."

Had she written out the words and read them she would have perceived that they contained a lie; and yet, spoken, they were profoundly sincere. How could that be? Could a lie be the truth and the truth a lie? A dazed look crept into her eyes as he caught her other hand and dragged both of them against his face. Then, before she knew it, he was holding her in his arms. "I don't blame you. This isn't a game we're playing, Nona; we're telling the truth. I believe every word that comes out of your mouth, and you've got to believe me. When I look back and see the self-satisfied jackass I was, I wouldn't blame you if you cut me up into little pieces and fed me to the cook's dog. But I'm not him any more. Please believe me. Please love me."

"I can't," she almost sobbed. "I—I won't!"

"Why? I know a thousand reasons, but you've got to tell me."

"Because you spoiled it all," she whispered hoarsely. "I'd always thought I was something clean, fresh, lovely. It wasn't conceit; I had to think I was lovely. Then you showed me, you proved I was nothing—just nothing. Anybody can stand being knocked about, but words hurt. Nobody in the world can stand words."

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't!" And suddenly he was holding and kissing her, and she was kissing him between her sobs.

The door opened and Mrs. Brent came in, followed by Miss Dumont. The two women stopped and remained rooted in their tracks, breathless, embarrassed, powerless to move, though each wished fervently to be any other where than there. Mrs. Brent was the first to recover the faculty of speech.

"I'm sorry we came in, Nona," she said evenly, "but it's too late to pretend we didn't."

There was no panic; Nona released herself only slowly, and Hallam arose as if he were merely intent on being polite.

"I guess it's all right, Mrs. Brent," he said.

"Don't you know?" asked Miss Dumont sharply.

She was flushed and angry—angry at herself and at him.

"It's up to Nona, isn't it?" he answered furiously, turning red in his turn.

"Nona," he continued, "will you marry me this afternoon or tomorrow?"

"No."

"When?"

"Never. Do you think I can be driven into marriage just because—because ——"

"That's all right," he said quickly. "You don't have to tell anybody else." His cool command of himself and the situation surprised her into calm. "If you won't marry me," he continued casually, "can I see you tomorrow or next day?"

"You can see me whenever you like," said Nona, speaking with the detachment of one half out and half in a dream. "There are lots of things I'd love to do. I'd like to learn to play polo. I'd like to ride in a roadster at a hundred miles an hour. I'd like to dance all night, just once. But I certainly don't want to marry you tomorrow or next day or any day at all."

"That suits me," he said quietly—"all of it but the last. I'll be around for breakfast."

He went to the door leading into the hall and held it open ceremoniously for Miss Dumont. When they had gone, Mrs. Brent started toward her own rooms, but came to a stop and turned.

"Nona, I give up. I don't understand you—I'll never understand you. While there was a chance that Mr. Hallam was a groom, a waster, a nobody, you couldn't take your mind off him. Now that he's turned out to be everything that a girl could want, you let him smother you with kisses, and as soon as you can catch your breath you say you won't have him—you'll never have him!"

Nona walked slowly to the window, raised both her arms, seized the curtains as high as she could reach and stood staring into the sky.

"It will take him at least a month," she murmured.

"What was that, Nona?"

"I said it would take him a month."

"For what? What do you mean?"

Her head thrown back, her eyes closed, Nona swayed on the draperies. "Nothing—everything."

"I'm tired of being mystified," said Mrs. Brent, taking a step forward. Then her tone changed. "Those curtains weren't intended for a swing. If you don't ——"

Nona leaned back and pulled. The brackets gave way. The heavy carved and gilded valance board with its maze of rods and cords toppled to the floor, the crash dulled by the masses of stiffened damask. Nona sank to her knees and gathered great armfuls of the billowing silk. Her head dropped forward as though all the tendons in her neck had parted simultaneously. Her shoulders twitched and she began to sob hoarsely.

In an instant Mrs. Brent had gathered her in her arms and lifted her, scarcely conscious of any weight. She strode to the bed, sat down on it with Nona in her lap, and began to rock her. "Sweetheart, darling, what does it matter? What does anything matter except you, my own dear girl?"

"I meant"—sobbed Nona—"I—I meant ——"

"There, there, darling. Never mind what you meant."

XVIII

FRANCE in May. Not the France of the shortest line between two starred points—Paris to Chartres, to Blois, to Tours, to the battlefields, or Cannes in exodus to Paris—but France of the smooth byways eschewed by sight-seeing *chars-à-bancs* in a hurry. Turn your back on *la grande route* and take to the *petits chemins*. They wander rather than go anywhere, and by seldom climbing a hill, are forever presenting the surprise of the thing around the turn.

No violence; only the smiling peace of a nesting country, of age-old walls and sagging roofs, of defended trees marching beside fields tilled by hand, eternally brought up on the bottle, so to speak. Here orderly forests may engulf the little road within a wavering sea of imprisoned beauty, or opening a vista, grant a glimpse of some gem of architecture like a lingering sigh from a day that is passed. The smell of the turned earth mingles with the drenching fragrance of lotus trees in bloom.

It was of this France that Hallam dreamed regretfully as he planned his great capitulation. She wanted to dance all night, arrayed in casque and sports shirt to knock a ball around, and then to travel a hundred miles an hour, probably in a put-puttering, diminutive and impudent hog of the straight road. Well, let her have it all. Hand it to her. Buy a string of polo ponies for a two weeks' caprice and run the guts out of a car on every drive. But hand it to her with a difference, with the *haute monde* for an accomplice and the grand manner for his foil.

Old and fading phrases, knocked into cocked hats by the democratic urge of the new modernism, but still somehow redolent and hence possibly potent. Was her ultima Thule—the best people, the fastest ponies, the speediest car—an Icelandic mirage, drained of warmth and blood? What of it? Hand it to her, but not on the solid-gold platter of ostentation. In that vague and reiterated qualification lay his only hope. If she woke to it, good; if she didn't——

Nelson interrupted the uncertain train of his thoughts.

"Mr. Dumont is breakfasting, sir."

"So early? I didn't know he'd slept here."

"He didn't, sir. I think his idea was to drop in to breakfast with you, sir."

"Tell him I'll be along in a minute."

Hallam completed his toilet and repaired to the library. What did the old man want? Why had he postponed his sailing? Why hadn't he gone home as he had planned, to his annual struggle to find somebody who would go on a cruise on his hotel of a yacht? As for himself, it had been understood that he was to have a holiday during the vacuum sure to follow upon the plethora of duties entailed by the prolonged struggle of the late conference.

"Morning, Hal," greeted Mr. Dumont. "You look unusually dressed."

"What's the matter with me?" asked Hallam, trying to survey himself downward without the aid of a mirror.

"Nothing, and that's it. You're as beautifully turned out as a bond salesman; I'll go further and say I tremble for fear you're going to sell me a motor car."

"I'd more likely borrow one from you," said Hallam, "if any of yours was fast enough. Buying myself a car happens to be one of the dozen things I've got to do today."

"Tell me some of the others."

"I've got to find some guy too poor to keep his string of polo ponies and arrange to take them off his hands."

"That's always easy. What else?"

"I've got to see Laura and persuade her to parade me around to Anita Wheeler's. You know. She married that one-and-only topnotcher, the Comte de Bogalliés. I want her to throw one of those parties that make all other parties look like the paint off a tin whistle."

"If your reason is equal to your cheek, she'll do it gladly, but don't forget no pack of charity hounds has ever been able to bay down the wall to that lovely sunken garden. But perhaps it isn't charity?"

"In a way it isn't," said Hallam thoughtfully, "and then again it is. I'm in a hole, sir."

"How deep?"

"As deep as they make them. I'm in love."

"In love, Hal?" exclaimed Mr. Dumont, startled out of his calm. "My dear boy, that is serious. It isn't necessarily serious to be in love, but it's always serious to tell about it. Who is she?"

"The girl who was around here the other night."

"Not really," murmured Mr. Dumont, frowning. "My little friend Sybelle, eh?"

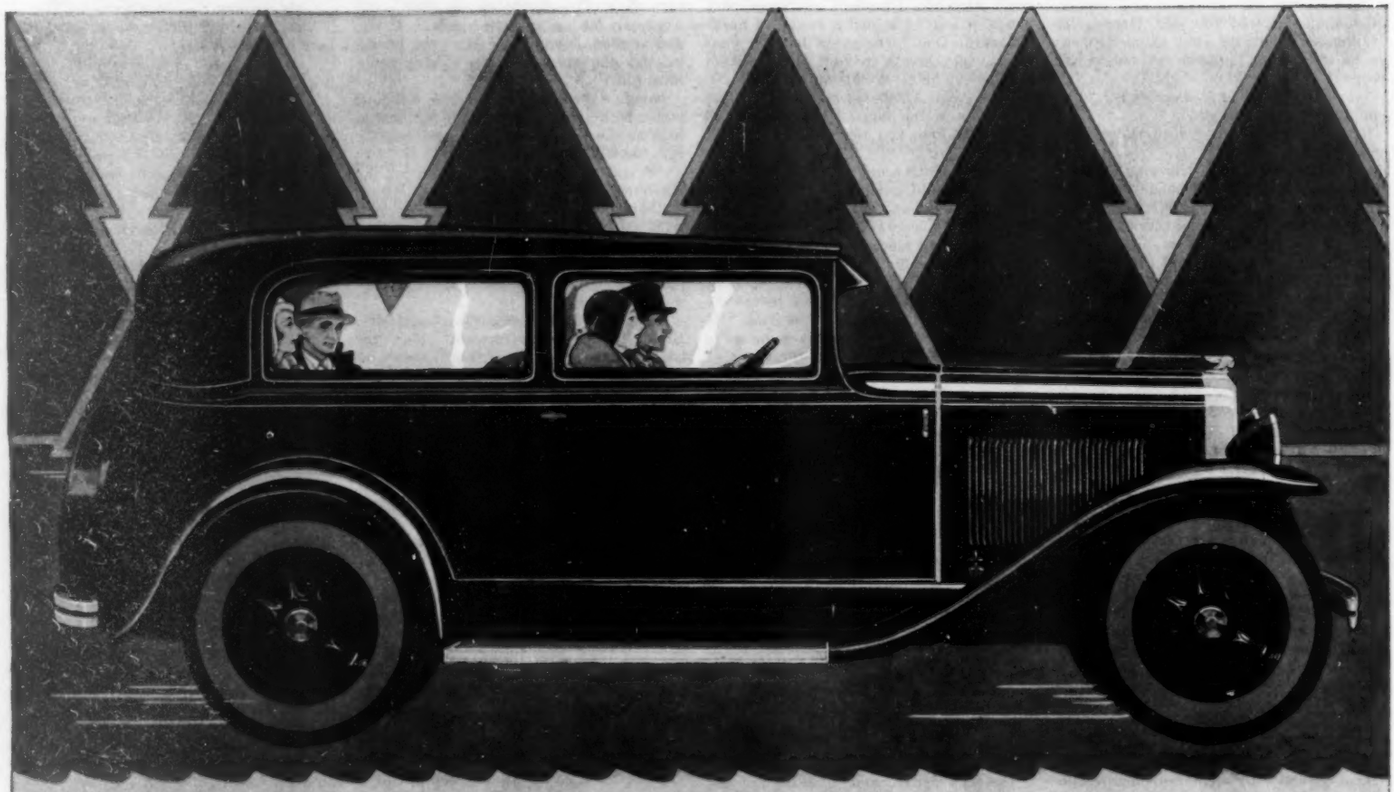
"Are you joking?" asked Hallam with a glare. "Because if you are, sir, I'm in no mood for it. I'm in love with Nona Brent."

"That's better," said Mr. Dumont, nodding his head slowly. "Without being invidious, I might say I was preparing myself for the worst, but hoping all the time for the best. She's a fine girl, Hal. What are you worrying about?" He frowned again. "You haven't asked her and got turned down, have you?"

"Yes, sir. She doesn't want ever to marry me, but she's willing to let me dance her all night, teach her polo and drive her at not less than a hundred miles an hour. After that I hope she'll want to learn to swim, or aquaplane, or fly, or sing, or something."

(Continued on Page 37)

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



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UCC

(Continued from Page 33)

"I see," said Mr. Dumont, his brows still gathered. "Well, I'm going to give you one of the oldest of all sure-winner tips. When you're buying anything with a woman in mind, whether it's a house and lot, or a string of glass beads, take her along. Sometimes you may think it costs more, but it's the only way you can hope to get your money's worth in information as well as affection—and the information is the part that counts."

Hallam shook his head. "This is a special case, sir, and I've got to meet it according to my own lights. But if you could help me out with Mrs. Brent——sort of sound her out, tell her about me——Oh, you know, sir; run up my stock to about ten times its earning power—"

Mr. Dumont did not attempt to disguise his surprise. "Wouldn't that be clowning it a bit—a bit *vieux jeu?*" Then he smiled. "But of course I'll do it. I'll have Nelson get out the yellow kid gloves and the gold-topped cane, and I'll go round this very afternoon. Now don't get sore. I mean it in earnest, Hal. Leave it to me and I'll guarantee to land the mother for you."

"It isn't that exactly," said Hallam, making an unsuccessful effort to answer the smile. "I think she's for me already, but I don't want it to be a slipshod business. I don't want Nona to get the impression I'm trying to snatch her, but on the other hand, I don't want anybody to think I'm being snatched."

"The point's as deep as it's well taken. You've got a head on your shoulders; let's hope you manage to keep it there."

During the next few weeks Hallam devoted himself to giving Nona such a rush as made the efforts of all other suitors, either her own or her friends', present or past, pale into insignificance. She had anticipated trouble, not altogether unwelcome, in keeping him in his place. She had every reason to believe he would prove importunate, masterly and conceivably overwhelming. But the reality first stunned her and then gradually assumed some of the lesser qualities of entertainment.

Never before had she seen anyone so in earnest, so single-minded as to purpose and method—that the professed goal should actually seem to recede, to fade from mind. At first his profound absorption in fulfilling her expressed wishes to the letter rather chilled and frightened her, but eventually it became a study in itself, and then a source of amusement. It seemed incredible that anybody—least of all the former Mr. Herring—should be able to carry subjection to such an extreme and remain consistently so solemn about it.

The period, it was true, was marked by landmarks in the way of smiles; milestones, one might almost have called them. The first, accompanied by a sigh of relief, came on the day he succeeded in getting her to make three clean hits in succession with her pony at a gallop. The second occurred when on a straight reach on the road to Dieppe, with open country on both sides and in the middle, he had edged the speedometer on his car up to the hundred and sixty mark and held it there for a mile or more.

"How did you like it?" he asked, grinning in spite of himself.

"Great," said Nona, "but I never get any meaning out of kilometers. Were we going fast?" His face fell so abruptly that she felt remorse and added hurriedly, "But of course we were!"

"Eight kilometers make five miles," recited Hallam dully. "A hundred and sixty divided by eight is twenty, and five times twenty is a hundred. It's lucky you asked me, because if you hadn't, you'd never have known you'd got your cake and eaten it."

"I'm sorry, Hal. I didn't mean to be a pig—really I didn't."

He slowed down the car. "Did you call me Hal?"

"I think so. Yes, I know I did. Why?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to make sure."

"You don't mind, do you? What's all the fuss?"

He did not answer, but when he took her home that evening, he grasped her chin in his left hand and kissed her mouth lightly, like—like a conductor collecting his fare! She in her turn said nothing, but there was a half smile on her lips as she ran up the stairs almost to collide with the guests who were issuing from the dining room. Mr. Dumont—the last—caught her hand and linked it in his arm.

"Come along, Nona. Give an account of yourself."

"I mustn't—I can't!" she cried laughingly as he forced her within the doorway of the drawing-room. "I ought to comb my hair."

He held her firmly. "There's a look of lapped cream about you. It doesn't show on your lips half as much as in your eyes, but I'd be willing to bet you've been up to mischief."

"No," she said, sobering and shaking her head.

"Yes," he insisted. "There's mischief and mischief, and though it's foolish to attempt to name the particular brand you've been indulging in, nothing will persuade me you haven't been torturing the blind."

She looked up at him, genuinely startled, and prepared to break away. "You're an uncanny dear," she said over her shoulder, "but not quite smart enough to remember that it's torture to torture the blind."

The party was a small one—eight in all. There was the head of one of the departments in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a smooth man who had the air of having been further soothed by Mrs. Brent's dinner and having the sense to be aware of the cause. He was listening to Mrs. Dexter Lewis and feasting his eyes on the Comtesse de Bogailles.

An outstanding member of the embassy staff was present, famous outside the service, and infamous in, for the fact that in conversation he never availed himself of the formula: "Did you know Smith at Bogotá? I knew Smith. Did you know Jones at Teheran? I knew Jones. Did you know the Browns at Brussels? I knew the Browns," through dinner, beyond dinner, far into the night. A correspondent renowned throughout the world, though he had never used his name, made up, with Mr. Dumont, the tally of the men, and Miss Dumont completed that of the women guests.

Madame de Bogailles, chancing to look toward the door, caught her breath, and with reason. Stirred by the chill winds of the night, Nona's hair, cheeks and eyes seemed to be alive with the pulsations of a vitality transcending mere youth. She was radiant, not as a lamp is radiant but rather with a glow that absorbed light into itself, stealing from the heavenly bodies that which it could not, if it would, return. Even her slim body, etched in a film of knitted wool, swayed as if it sprang from a living root.

"What an adorable child, Laura."

"She's the one Hallock raved to you about," said Miss Dumont dryly, "and you don't even remember!"

"Remember? But how could I? I hadn't seen her, had I? Do call her over."

A moment later she was holding Nona's hand between both her own and drawing her into the deep embrasure of a window. "So you're Nona. I'd heard of you, of course, but Mr. Hallam was too explosive. You're not explosive at all."

"I'm sorry to be forced by honesty to give myself away," said Nona, "but I do blow up." Her eyes danced. "Only I come together again!"

"Jean!" called the comtesse to the famous correspondent as she forced Nona to a half seat against the balcony. "Come here."

"At your orders, *ma chère*."

"Look! Is she lovely?"

"No man, face to face with the undying soul of beauty, can tell a lie. Mademoiselle is adorable."

"She has a tongue as well. Make love to her, Jean. Let yourself go. Let's pretend I'm not here, shall we?"

"You ask the possible and demand the impossible. What man could forget your presence, madame, even before a shrine? Shall I kneel?"

"No, no! Do it standing. Talk to her, but say only the permissible."

"Mademoiselle, you have heard. I stand before you with strapped knees and a chained tongue. Were I permitted to kneel, I would only kneel, but were I permitted to speak, I would say that your eyes were stolen from the pools of wisdom and your hair from the snares of the god of love. We are jesting, mademoiselle, but were Madame de Bogailles out of hearing, I could tell you in all earnestness that your beauty gives birth to courage while your youth strangles the new-born child. I close my eyes and love you; I open them upon despair."

"Please don't let him go on," said Nona, with a quick movement toward the comtesse.

"You don't like it?"

"No; he's very nice, but though it may sound silly for me to say so, he uses words that don't belong to him."

"Did you understand, Jean? She doesn't insult you; she merely tells you that when we women are in love, all voices but one make themselves ridiculous."

"It is just," he asserted with a shrug of the shoulders. "Madame, lacking the one voice, the power of words you and I have read so much about becomes a colossal absurdity. Mademoiselle, I close my eyes and kiss your finger tips."

As he withdrew, Nona turned with an upward lift of her face toward the comtesse. "What makes you think I'm in love?"

"Aren't you?"

"Of course I am. But just the same, sometimes I wonder, and that's maddening."

"We all do, my dear. Love isn't one of the constant elements like fire or water, though you're always hearing of people diving into it or walking through it." Her sensitive mouth twitched into pleasant curves without smiling, and even the gravity of her eyes seemed a liquid caress. "Being in love is the most complicated of all the arts, the most absorbing. It takes practice, persistence and a sort of watchful shrewdness, and since it can never be taught, I'm making a fool of myself!"

"No!" cried Nona, answering her laugh. "You—you couldn't."

"As soon as Beau gets back I want to give a party for you. Will you come?"

"Yes, indeed," said Nona with the lightness of total ignorance. "But who is Beau?"

"Beauregard de Bogailles. I'm married to him."

"Oh!"

Nona felt her face suffusing with color. Why couldn't she keep her mouth shut, and wait? Why did she always have to ask the one question that would proclaim her ignorant and an alien? Mr. Dumont was coming toward her as if he had sighted a signal of distress.

"Well, Nona, what did you do with Hal? Pack him off home?"

"No," said Nona, recovering her smile, "he just went. Will you tell me something, Mr. Dumont? Does he sleep with the car or the car with him?"

"Neither. He hates it with an unholy hatred. He says it's made of putty and unless you turn a corner wide you'll bend every rib in its body."

"Then——" began Nona, and stopped.

"I think Hal in that car is one of the strangest things I've ever seen," murmured Madame de Bogailles as she reached out to touch Nona's arm lightly in token of farewell. "It ought to be labeled Phenomenon of Love."

As she left them, Nona turned to Mr. Dumont with a frown. "What's the matter with Hal?" she asked in earnest. "What's come over him?"

"From you?" demanded Mr. Dumont, startled into vehemence. "You ask that?"

"You can't blame it on me, Mr. Dumont, if that's what you mean. I haven't done anything to him—not for ages. I've just been sitting around or standing in the corner under a dunce cap. He sort of kissed me tonight, but I didn't even kiss him back."

Mr. Dumont's face cleared itself of clouds and lighted up with enjoyment. "Kissed you, eh?" he inquired thoughtfully.

"Only sort of. He's been as serious as three crows on a fence. Is that the way he usually is? I mean is it normal for him to be a grouch except when he's Mr. Herring? Because if it is——"

"One minute," interrupted Mr. Dumont. "I'm of the masculine gender, and old, and I have to clean the boards as we go along. Did you really like Mr. Herring better than the present Hal?"

Nona considered the question long and thoughtfully, the light slowly dying out of her face. She looked up at him with wet rebellious eyes and her lip trembled as she answered, "Yes, I did."

"Then listen. All you've got to do is to call him Mr. Herring."

"To—to myself?"

"To yourself and to his face."

"I don't see——" began Nona doubtfully.

"Neither do I," he interrupted. "It's just one of those things you're willing to bet money on without knowing why." He started to take his leave.

"Oh, please," said Nona, grasping his hand but holding it, "please don't run away."

"If you put it that way," he laughed, "I'll telephone Nelson to pack me a bag and bring it over! Quit worrying about Hal, Nona. He's the kind who will surely work out."

"It isn't only Hal—it's me, it's mother, it's everything. It's—it's even Sybelle."

"Sybelle!" he repeated, frowning, as he turned her around and drew her to stand beside him in the window. "What brought her into your mind?"

"Was I right or wrong the other night? I've been wanting to ask you, and you're the only one who can tell me. Was I just being a selfish little beast? Because if I was, then I'll have to do something about it, and you'll have to tell me what."

His grip tightened on her arm while he considered his answer; then he said definitely, "You were absolutely right."

"Oh." She sighed her relief.

"There's a sort of sane brutality that never hurts anyone," he continued. "Let's admit something in Sybelle worth saving—saving from herself, I mean. It doesn't necessarily follow that there's any obligation on you to do the job or even that you would be the proper one to have a try at it. Do you know why I was so surprised at your bringing in her name?"

"No."

"Because her case has been pestering me night and day. There's something unusual about her—a reasonable mind."

"Sybelle! Reasonable!" gasped Nona.

"There, there. I didn't say she was reasonable; I said she possessed a reasonable mind, which is as different as sweet peas from pumpkins. I can imagine her soul yielding to statistics."

Nona's lips broke into a slow smile. "Are you thinking of trying the theory out on her?"

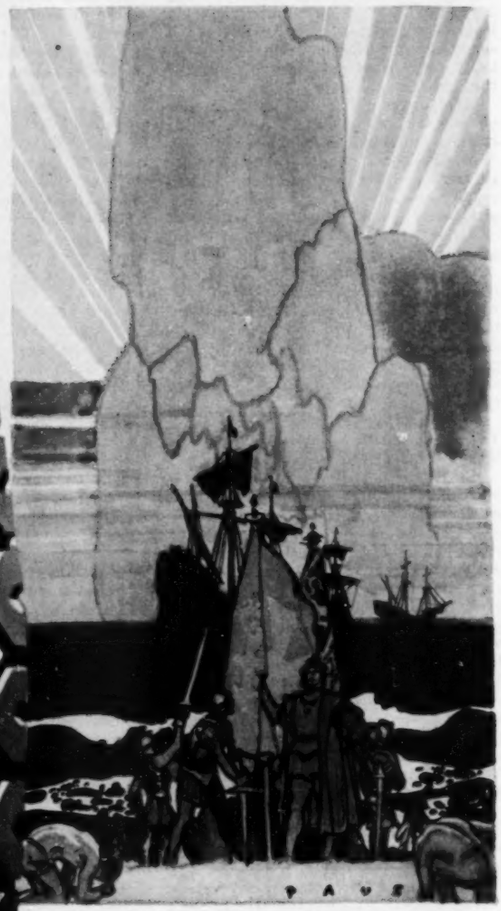
"Yes," he replied surprisingly, "I am. I know you're enjoying the joke, but it isn't a joke. I've had a mania through half my life for salvaging values. I would rather any day drag off the rocks a concern ruined by colossal waste or mismanagement than give birth to a completely healthy economic child."

"I simply can't think of Sybelle as a bankrupt railway or a department store about to close its doors. She's—she's too wickedly lovely."

"Can't you?" he said with a mildly puzzled frown. "I can. Or a water-logged ruby mine or a pinched-out lode waiting for a hard-headed geologist. I'll tell you the sort of thing I can imagine as appealing to her, Nona. I think I could talk to her in

(Continued on Page 40)

PATHFINDER:



A hardy pathfinder was Christopher Columbus. He dared to do what other men said was impossible. Mankind has benefited immensely by his daring.

A quality tire within the reach of all

Copyright 1930, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

the sort of tire that makes you say

"that was money well spent!"

Pathfinder Tires today are worthy of the two names they bear—"Goodyear" and "Pathfinder". In them you will discover a great new measure of value at an attractively low price.

Any car could welcome the performance of a Pathfinder tire.

It has a dependable way of rolling out mileage; it's just as stout and tough as it looks to be.

At the time you pick it out, you'll probably be interested to see that the greatest name in rubber is on the side-wall. Its full name is Goodyear Pathfinder. And you'll probably be glad to know it's built with that famous cord material, Supertwist.

But once that tire is on your car—you'll not need to look any farther than your speedometer to be proud of the judgment which told you to buy it.

The best news is saved for the last—and that is *price*. Low? It's hard to find a lower! Goodyear dealers everywhere feature Pathfinder prices, because they know when you see one of these tires you'll want to buy it.

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 37)

curves and cycles. Take happiness, now. If you're going to look on it as a series of pockets, each to be discovered by blind chance, it's one thing. But if you think of it as a fixed curve, an immutable parabola sharing in a universal law of ascent and decline—why, then it's something else. The seasons of the year, any plant, any life, all wax and wane, don't they? And to a reasonable person it might seem that the human heart is subject to the same sort of determination. If that's so—I mean if even you can just believe it's so—then you pin a static quality on happiness. You place it reasonably as an aspiration. You know where it is, how long it's going to stay there, and that it's entirely up to you whether you reach for it or not."

"Supposing you do reach," murmured Nona; "then what?"

"Then you climb, and how high you get doesn't depend on any innate agility, but on a capability which is subject to conscious and calculable increase. If you can think out the difference ——"

"I can," whispered Nona, pressing close against him.

"That's extraordinary!"

"Why?"

"Because it proves your mind is at least a second cousin to Sybelle's."

"And to yours?"

"Closer than that." He looked down at her with twinkling mischief in his serious eyes. "That you and I were once one goes without saying, my dear, but we were split asunder by an eon and the comet Hallock."

XIX

ON THE morning after her mother's dinner party Nona awoke to a feeling of uncomfortable tenseness. She tried to reason with herself, to induce the malleable mood in which Mr. Dumont had left her, but she recoiled from the effort as if the thought of him had struck a gong. That was it—she was a gong, a cymbal, a taut string—something that anybody else could play on, but that couldn't play on itself. Why was it so easy to talk to Mr. Dumont and so difficult to talk to Hal, or her mother, or anybody else, or herself? Perhaps you had a reasonable mind only when somebody reasonable was soothing you.

She dressed with care. Because she realized her impatient mood, she bent her will to patience in the way she put on her things.

What did it matter if they were only sport clothes? Their informality made it all the more necessary that they should carry the illusion of freedom, however she might feel inside. As she went down to join Hallam she thought to herself that it might be all right to pin a static quality on happiness, but wasn't it, after all, just about as sensible as the advice first to spread salt on a bird's tail if you want to catch it?

But that wasn't quite fair; Mr. Dumont had at least given her a starting point, a handle. The first time she grasped it, relapsing as though by accident to the name of Herring, Hallam reacted mildly enough, but the second time it was as though she had touched him with a red-hot goad. He plunged on the bit, threw himself around, and otherwise exhibited all the signs of a spirited horse under a goring spur—and to rowel anything or anybody was more than she could bear.

"What are you asking for now?" he demanded, his face white and his eyes blazing. "Are you wishing I was somebody's groom, or a drunken sot, or a government spy? Because if you are, I'm through with you if it floors me for the rest of my life." He cast her a wild glance. "You're lovely. You're as beautiful as some new kind of hothouse plant left out on a freezing night. You're like an icicle—something it would be a thrill to break and crunch. I never understood murder before—never! I love you so much I'd like to kill you. I won't, but I can understand its being the only pleasure left on earth—to choke you and be done with the whole silly business."

She let her hand fall lightly on his arm. "I'm sorry, Hal," she murmured. "I won't say it again."

"Take your hands off me." He controlled himself with a desperate effort and continued more calmly, "There are times when to touch anybody is like pulling a trigger, and I guess that was one of them. All the fat-headed books that are written about people in love! I wish I could tell the world! I say it's—it's ghastly. If war is hell, give me war, where you've got a choice between getting killed or running away!"

"You can run away," breathed Nona, trying to shrink farther into her corner of the narrow seat. "What's stopping you?"

"I tell you I can't!" he shouted. "I can't!"

She felt miserable and yet happy—happier than during all the days they had been rushing around together. Though they were openly at war, though they stood with drawn swords, by some paradox of the emotions he seemed nearer to her than ever before. Here was somebody she knew, somebody she had loved and could always love in spite of his cantankerous ways; and yet, just when, with Mr. Dumont's aid, she had found the key to his old familiar self, here she was promising to throw it away! What was the use of struggling? How could she possibly hope to make him understand her when she could not understand herself?

"You'd better turn back," she said presently.

"What for?"

"You haven't forgotten we're going to the De Bogailles', have you? I've got to dress."

"Damn that party!"

He turned the car, backed it within an ace of the ditch, lifted it out with a roar and sent it hurtling back over the way they had come; and yet tonight was to be a night of nights for Nona, and should have been for him.

She had had time to learn, mostly by indirection, exactly what a De Bogailles party meant within the holy of holies of Paris. Others might excel in grandeur, rattle the dry bones of mere lineage, feed their thousands or rent a lake in the Bois for such a Saturnalian revival as would make Rome blush, but to none was it given to attain to the whispered fame of the Puits en Fleur, the hidden glory of the Hôtel de Bogailles.

"Thank you for bringing me home," murmured Nona formally as they swung around the corner into the Rue Marbeau.

"Do you want me to come and fetch you?" he asked with equal coolness.

"No, I'd rather you wouldn't. You see, I have to go so early."

"Of course. I'd forgotten it was being given for you."

"Had you?" she asked shortly as she stepped from the car. She started to say more, but changed her mind and turned away.

Two hours later she descended alone before an imposing façade, forbidding in its simplicity. It stood flush with the street and sounded a note of exclusion, of inhospitable denial; but once one had passed its portal and ascended the stately stairs to the reception floor, revelation threw wide its arms with a breath-taking suddenness. Here were joined expanse and intimacy, a combination beyond the reach of the tyros of any age or clime.

"My dear child, you take my breath away!" exclaimed Madame de Bogailles. "You're a pillar of shining fire in a pearl-gray cloud of smoke. Stand away from me. You make that dress divine!"

"But I didn't and don't make it," laughed Nona; "it makes me!"

"Beau, hide that paper," commanded the comtesse. "Be sure you put it out of sight, and then come here."

Beauregard de Bogailles obeyed to the letter, but without haste. As he crossed the room Nona had an odd feeling that she was beholding perfection in the sense of completion for the first time in her life. No young man could have given such an impression of accomplishment, no old man so vital a sensation of gloved power. His features were too fine to bear up under analysis and there were faint pouches under his eyes, but his head and body were so nobly cast as to swamp detail.

"So this is the girl!" he said in liquid English. "I congratulate my wife, Miss Brent."

"How wonderful of you to remember my name," said Nona, "when I didn't think you even knew it!" Her eyes wandered from his face, dragged away by the desire to look around which had been tempting her from the moment of entrance. "It's lovely here," she breathed; "too beautiful."

"Let me show it to you before they pull it to pieces," he suggested promptly.

"Do you mind?" asked Nona dutifully of her hostess.

"No, my dear. He's been stolen so often before that once more won't matter."

The two lingered rather than walked down the length of the broad rooms. De Bogailles never deliberately showed anything. He might hesitate in his joy at a springing spray of flowers, fresh from the gardens, or he might pause in reverence before some tapestry, slowly fading through the ages, but he did not speak of things. He was too imbued with a more evanescent art; though never obviously enough for her to realize it completely, he talked to Nona of Nona—only of Nona.

They came to a balcony and then to the terrace with its balustrade of lichen-stained marble. Below them stretched the far-famed Puits en Fleur, the sunken garden with its emerald lawn, its heaped shrubberies and towering trees, all bathed in a deep blue radiance thrown up from artfully placed masked lights.

Only in France has a fountain ever added grace to nature, and here again was artifice transcending artificiality, painting the lily with success, imposing its translucence on the pale beauty of the night. Nona's throat grew thick, too thick for speech, but De Bogailles was not disappointed, much less offended. He glanced at her face and found it eloquent with a wordless appreciation which repaid the accumulated thoughtfulness of years. A servant appeared from nowhere and murmured an unhurried message.

"My wife wants you now," said De Bogailles to Nona. "Can you find your way back?"

"Oh, yes, and thank you; at last I've found my tongue and can thank you!"

She walked in a dream, and in a dream was she to continue. There was nothing stilted in the way she was permitted to receive with the Comtesse de Bogailles, no sense of being on exhibition, of being lined up. They chatted to each other and occasionally with a newcomer, but in spite of the frequency of arrivals, there never was the congestion of people at a loss as to the next step. They entered and were absorbed as naturally as the spread of a flow of water. Guided by loveliness or claimed by interest, they dispersed only to regather in friendly clusters.

Before Nona could think of getting tired or bored, her hostess turned to her with a humanizing smile. "Now beat it!" she whispered in a half-forgotten vernacular. "The ones I most wanted you to know are all here; and besides, I see somebody waiting for you, actually champing on the bit!"

Nona also had been aware of Hallam without appearing to be so. His well-tailored evening clothes, in such contrast to the loosely hanging coats he usually affected, gave him a surprising slenderness and length. He was tall, erect, immaculate and young—amazingly, seriously young.

As she moved hesitatingly toward him and saw his face light up at her approach, she could scoff at herself for having found perfection in De Bogailles. Hal wasn't perfect; he was tantalizingly above and beyond perfection. Bemused by her own natural elation, she saw him mistily and yet quite clearly as containing within a dazzling sphere the satisfyingly broken and uneven elements of a vivid untried destiny. He was youth, but in no callow sense—youth in the acceptance of that which lives undyingly, and as yet has not lived. In the moment before they met she could feel that he also had been translated, that he was as far from being the provoking enigma of the afternoon—of many afternoons—as she was removed from the category of an icicle.

"Nona," he murmured rapidly, "how dare you be so gorgeous! It isn't fair to the world at large. It's like leaving your jewels around to make the servants' fingers itch. I wouldn't think of asking you to dance; I want to hide you. Come into a corner behind a blind of flowers."

Her heart fluttered with happiness in her throat. "Don't be silly, Hal; I'm really nothing when you look around. Let's stand here, shall we, and just watch?"

She was floating within an elation too crystalline to be bewildering and yet verging upon the dreamland of illusion. Never before had she grasped the apotheosis of woman as something tangible, ethereally present within flesh and blood. There were women here who looked as if the petal purity of their skin, the languor of their eyes, the fleeting evanescence of their smiles, had come into bloom for this night alone—as if they lived secretly to unfurl only to the apexes of life.

Without being beautiful, beauty could still be of them, an element at their command. Elvira Novaes y Ribeiro, seen in profile, was indubitably ugly, but face to face she blazed with the fire of a tropic sun. The Duchesse de Bondreux moved like a pallid wraith, a death's-head thinly veiled in transparent flesh, yet to be permitted to shadow her, to be enrolled as an attendant upon her wit, was to become illustrious. Long features, long fingers, long thoughts, emaciation illumined into charm by the sole light of her living eyes. Lesser figures glowed here and there with a more intrinsic beauty, surrounded by their commensurate satellites, but she in herself could create a present though unseizable sense of the human ultimate.

No less in the men did Nona suspect an embedded derivation, an ascendancy due not to merit alone but to a habit of ease. Only slowly did she awake to the discovery that though here was a Hollander and there an Englishman, though Slav might cross tongues with Aryan, the boundaries of race had become reduced to the proportions of so many accidents. Instantly she caught a flash of the unmeasured truth that there is a social element which transcends all geographical limitations and, superimposing itself upon the crude foundations of humanity in the mass, breathes an air of its own.

The puzzling thing was that its assimilation, far from swamping the individual, lived only by reason of individuality. Wasn't De Bogailles a case in point? His brains and his clever tongue were his own, but his manners had drifted down to him through generations as a fixed science of values in which courage, for instance, ceased to be a virtue and became an obligation. He lived by rule, and conceding the rule to be infallible, no combination of events could catch him at a loss. And yet, though De Bogailles could only be De Bogailles, he and these others talked a common language and shared a common sphere.

Adonises were scarce, it is true, as if the public mode for gigolos had demoded looks among self-respecting rivals. One could imagine too much grace of face and figure as actually a handicap against inclusion in a circle where to be the object of doubt—or worse, to be in doubt—predetermined banishment. The vague outline of that thought was alone enough to startle her into seeking for some vestige of that world which through force of circumstances her mother had been led to seize upon as a first stepping stone.

Where was the slyly malicious Fontebello eye or Tommy Ivor's ready cuff and pencil? Where were the spread-eagle Sterlings,

(Continued on Page 43)

ALEMITE AUTOMATIC

The New Scientific Development in Chassis Lubrication

Driving starts fresh oil flow—
stopping stops it

No levers to pull—nothing to do
but drive—100% automatic!

2000 *miles to a filling*

All you do is fill this glass reservoir with 1½ pints of oil each 2000 miles.

HERE is a system of chassis lubrication that has upset all previous standards of centralized lubrication service and efficiency.

It is years ahead in conception—it has revolutionized all former methods of centralized chassis lubrication.

It has reduced this ideal principle of chassis oiling to a degree of simplicity and certainty hitherto non-existent.

This new way completely eliminates the human equation in methodical chassis oiling.

It oils the vital spots automatically. Lubricates them with a continuous flow of oil when the car is running. And that oil flow ceases when the car stops.

There are no levers to push in or pull out. No handles to turn. There's nothing for the driver to do but drive.

It is the *first* and *only* system which supplies this *continuous oil flow* to the bearings during every second the car is running. With every bump, every surge and every vibration of the car in motion, a proportional amount of lubrication is *forced* through the system into the bearings. When the car stops, so does the flow of oil.

Thus the bearings are always properly lubricated. With the quantity of oil fed into them always in proportion to the need. So there can be no alternating periods of dryness and overflow. Thus this common fault of less advanced systems is entirely eliminated.

Moreover, this is the *first* and *only* system thus far developed, which offers car factories and motorists the advantages of complete co-ordination in chassis lubrication.

America's foremost lubrication engineers are behind Alemite Automatic. It was developed by Alemite. Tested by Alemite through 5 years of actual service in the field. And is now offered by Alemite as one of the most revolutionary and important departures in the automotive field since the coming of the electric starter.

Alemite Special Chassis Oil

A scientifically compounded fluid lubricant of extra heavy viscosity, assuring correct lubrication of chassis bearings at all times. Flows freely and continuously through Alemite Automatic System. Maintains proper pressure at all temperatures.

A Transparent Reservoir Filled as Easily as Your Gas Tank

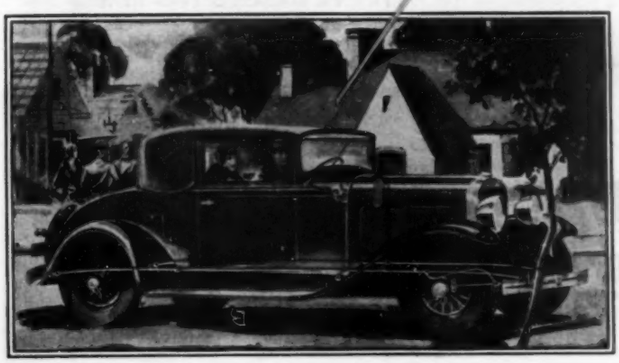
All the oil for the system is contained in a rugged glass tank which requires filling on an average of only once every 2000 miles. And through which, without guesswork or trouble, may be seen at a glance the oil supply on hand.

Only when that tank runs dry will your chassis bearings fail to get the 100% automatic and 100% continuous lubrication so essential to car-saving and comfort.

Alemite Corporation (Division Stewart-Warner), 2642 North Crawford Ave., Chicago. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont., Canada.

New Nash Adopts Alemite Automatic

Nash engineers after exhaustive tests have adopted Alemite Automatic for the new Nash Single Six in the Nash "400" series for 1930 as offering Nash owners the ultimate in scientific chassis lubrication.



ALEMITE AUTOMATIC
CHASSIS LUBRICATION SYSTEM
Lubricates as You Drive

TRUTH IS NOT STRANGER THAN FICTION

This heater can cut your fuel cost in half

With a lot of solemn history turning out to be merely entertaining fiction, it is no wonder that this is a skeptical age. Take that famous promise—"This invention will save you half"—of anything. Be as skeptical as you like of that one, but remember that truth is not stranger than fiction, merely rarer. You can figure almost to the penny how much of your annual heating cost you can save with a Spencer.

If you use the large sizes of anthracite you can halve your annual coal bill by burning No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite in the Spencer. If your fuel costs more than anthracite, your Spencer saving will be proportionately larger.

Until the Spencer Heater was invented, thirty-two years ago, all boilers were made with flat grates. The Spencer Gable-Grates slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. This permits the efficient use of small size fuels, which are low in cost because ordinary heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily.

The natural way for fire to burn is up—and the Spencer lets fire burn up-hill. The natural way for things to fall is down—and fuel rolls down from the Spencer magazine to feed the fire below. Fuel feed is truly automatic, for gravitation needs no motors or machines to make things roll down. A uniform temperature is assured, for as changing temperatures require more fire or less, the fuel feed is automatically controlled by the fire's demands.*

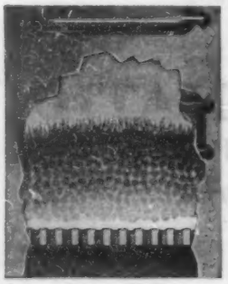
The Spencer Heater for an average home is illustrated above. Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

The Spencer adds convenience to economy because it requires fueling only once a day. Home owners anywhere may now have clean heat from smokeless fuel, for where anthracite is not available, coke in a Spencer gives more uniform heat than soft coal in ordinary heaters, at a cost no greater—and generally less.

Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Uphill." It describes in detail how the Spencer Heater, for steam, vapor or hot-water systems, can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

*Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash – heater must again be refueled



FIRE BURNS UPHILL .. FUEL ROLLS DOWN ..

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
*The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine **

(Continued from Page 40)

marching ever, though not onward, to the music of their clinking iron men? Where was the lovely Sybelle, ringing her incessant soft-voiced changes on lousy and swell, and swell and lousy? Where was the oily-eyed, oily-skinned and oily-mannered Mr. Selin?

Not here, nor there, nor anywhere. Forced for an instant into visionary presence, they dissolved, receded, faded and were gone. To name Jack Dearwater was to remember cambric tea. Even De Puy—to think of De Puy was merely to wonder mildly as to his brand of rouge. But Elizabeth Tracy? Nona felt a quick contraction of the heart. Yes, Miss Tracy's spirit might have walked erect with the best, if only it hadn't been busy riding down her sixty years, chasing them desperately through the embowered alleys of the Bois.

Gone, all gone, but not in a moment or in an hour had Nona arrived at the abrupt knowledge of a complete and definite severance. She had taken her first step toward it hours ago, when she had left Anita de Bogailles to stand as an entranced observer with Hallam at her side. But since that moment loads of things had happened. How many hands had held hers, how many arms encircled her waist, how many voices murmured adoration in her ear?

She had been gloriously, excitedly, thoughtlessly happy—but need one think to be happy? Riding the crest of her emotions, her body had drifted, swirled, dipped and climbed like a puff of thistledown playing in the wind, but in spite of her dancing feet her mind had remained steadily grounded. She might gasp at a shadowed vista within the sea-blue illumination of the trees. She might throb to the music through the rhythm of a perfect partner. She might even listen now and then, but only to fasten one more stubborn tendril on the wall of understanding.

Wherein lay the secret of Anita de Bogailles' unvarying triumphs? Here was a party that would have stiffened the ink in any journalistic pen, and she could almost hear some disappointed recorder's plaint: What was there to write to the papers about? Where was the trained gorilla? The million-franc mountain of favors? No bursting fireworks—no anything. Only people who grouped themselves as instinctively as bees swarm. Old codgers like Mr. Dumont and his sister, steadfast matrons like that Mrs. Brent—Mrs. Brent of the Brent-Prince Melancours one-round bout—content to take their joy in a faërie scene. That was French for you—take it out in watching the children play!

But the point was that they didn't have to watch them play. There were a dozen other things they could do. They could lose or win money, eat or drink, stay or go home. But they stayed, and if they stayed, it was because time was not of the essence of the hour. It was the subtle art of absences that made them happy to be there—absence of the obvious, of the discordant guest, of strident hag or dogged buttonholer, or commonplace or freak. Anita, bowing as an equal to inexorable Nature, subscribed steadfastly to the survival only of the fittest. Adding a shrewd knowledge of human chemistry for good measure, never would she under any pressure call on oil to mix with water.

Nona could not have stated the case in so many words, yet she felt its solution, and having arrived at a satisfying conclusion, however vague in terms, it was only natural she should look around for Hallam to tell him about it. First she sought for him tentatively from slanted eyes, ready with an invitation; then openly, and finally with a touch of panic. She left her latest partner dangling in air from the stub of a truncated phrase.

"Mother, have you seen Hal? Haven't you really? Have you, Mr. Dumont?"

She recoiled instinctively before the unexpected presence of Sybelle Trumbull, but such a strange Sybelle! What was it? What had happened to her? She was still a flower, but instead of making you think of a swamp, she reminded you of a swaying gentian. It was as though you had known her only as a dirty child—lovely, but dirty—and somebody had given her a bath.

"Hello, Nona."

To see Sybelle smile without petulance was to feel one's own lips grow inexplicably, treacherously tremulous. "Hello, Sybelle. Have—have you seen Mr. Hallam?"

"No, I haven't. I came quite a while ago, but the only man I've seen is Mr. Dumont."

"Is that a reproach?" asked Mr. Dumont, his eyes twinkling down at her.

"You know it isn't," said Sybelle with a sudden gravity. "I'd have paid out millions to be here if I'd had them, but as it is I can only adore you and hand over arms, legs, body and a withered heart."

Nona laughed happily, only to have her gayety die in a quick constriction of her throat. She turned away, swept the room with troubled eyes and, her panic seriously on the increase, sought out her hostess.

"Oh, Madame de Bogailles, did Hallock say good night? Has he gone?"

"No, my dear; I won't even tease you. Do you see those curtains? They mask a door, but the door is open and you'll find Hal just beyond it."

Nona hesitated. "Would it be awfully rude if I said good night for both of us now? I mean for Hal and me? I have a feeling perhaps I won't be able to come back."

"No, you darling; it wouldn't be rude at all."

Alone in De Bogailles' most private den of an office, Hallam was sitting on the extreme edge of the couch, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his heels resting on the floor as far away as his long legs would reach. His head was thrown back in the opposite direction, but as Nona entered, his chin sank forward and he fixed her with a glazed gaze.

"What are you doing in here, Hal?" she asked.

"You can see, can't you? I'm doing what I've been doing for the last two hours."

"Oh, Hal, don't be cross! It's been such a glorious party!"

"Glorious!" He leaped to his feet and tore at his hair. "You call this a glorious party? Did I ever get once around the floor with you? When I cut in and cut out and cut back again, did you ever know I'd been gone?"

She stepped up to him and seized him by the arms—and it was as if her mother were seizing the healthy ghost of Zephaniah Brent.

"Stop, Hal." Her lip trembled, but immediately steadied. "I've said your good night for you. You're going to come with me and we'll talk this thing out in my own way."

"Where?" he asked sullenly.

She did not answer. She turned him about, urged him through the door opposite the one by which she had entered, and found herself in the main hall. From that point she led the way, down the stairs, out into the street, and along the interminable line of waiting cars.

"Are you crazy?" asked Hallam. "You certainly ought to have a wrap, and I brought a hat."

"You have no business with a hat," said Nona decisively.

He stopped short. "Listen; if you're going to start calling me Herring again ——"

She seized his arm with both her hands. "I'm not—I'm not! Didn't I promise you I wouldn't? Are you coming with me or aren't you? Make up your mind, because you'll only have to do it this once in all your life as far as I'm concerned."

With her ardent gaze intent upon him, his eyes wavered and softened, losing their glare. "Of course I'm coming with you, Nona."

Mrs. Brent's chauffeur stepped forward and touched his cap. "Here you are, miss. We brought it around."

"That's fine, Charles," said Nona. "I don't need you any more, but watch for mother. I'm sure she'll be out very soon."

Hallam was staring at a collapsible coupé, old but proud, a former monarch of the road and still an incomparable aristocrat. It was low-slung on such a long chassis that its top looked like a little hut in the middle of a cantilever bridge. It suggested first cousinship with the Duchesse de Bondreux, for age could never rob it of its smartness, nor could anything short of collapse of its smooth-running, hand-tooled insides ever break its heart.

"What's this?" he asked blankly.

"You can see, can't you?" mocked Nona, then she sobered. "It's my idea of a car. I saw it advertised the other day, and when I went around to look it over I felt all funny inside. I wanted to kiss it."

He looked at her strangely. "Did you?"

"I haven't yet."

"No, no! Did you really want to?"

"Of course. Why not? Isn't it an old darling? Just get in and finish out your grouch."

"I have finished it," said Hallam thoughtfully. "Are you going to drive?"

"I'm going to drive out and you can drive back. If you think it over long enough you'll realize that's exactly fifty-fifty, half and half. Here's a sweater for you, and I'll wear the cape."

Before she took her place at the driving wheel she loosened two ratchets with agile fingers, pressed two springs, and laughed with delight as the top collapsed backward, still obedient to a life-long habit. Then she folded down the window posts and slipped into her seat.

It was three in the morning and the long streets away from the brighter lights were almost deserted. The car had a right-hand drive with a five-notched clutch—four speeds ahead and one reverse. Its two tons and more of weight started slowly, but once it got to rolling, it could have gone a mile on the level without an engine. And as for ease! Even on the *pavés* of the Route de Chantilly it cradled one's body with a universal embracing caress. Eighty kilometers an hour through a city is enough for anybody, and fifty miles is what it did.

They rode in silence, but silence like a seed that is planted, to germinate, sprout, grow and bloom as inevitably as any other plant. Dawn was creeping into the domed sky as they plunged into the sea of the great forest. Nona turned left, she turned right, she turned left again, but each time it was into a narrower way. Somewhere the sun arose and day was born, palest green, shimmering and tender. The huge oaks scattered and withdrew, but only to yield to lesser trees, cascading petals, dripping bloom and an overpowering, heart-rending fragrance.

The car rolled to a stop, the idling engine tapped on for a moment and ceased. The cloak slipped from Nona's bare shoulders as she threw her head far back, lifted her arms and let them fall. Her upturned face, her closed eyes, all her quivering body, drank of the pale morning and the perfumed air.

Hallam leaned over her, his hands white at the knuckles from the force of his grip on seat and steering wheel, but they were no whiter than his face. He looked upon her throat, marveling at the infinitesimal inequalities, the all but invisible indentations, which cause texture to feel, breathe and live.

Her eyes opened to mingle with his, not with a startling insistence but with the onrushing flow of a river. They swept into his brain, through his bones and around his heart, possessing him, holding him utterly.

"Nona!"

"Hal."

"Please love me."

"I do."

"Then why—why ——"

She threw her arms around him; the warmth of her yielding body pierced his breast like an incandescent barb as she clung to him, her cheek pressed hard against his face.

"I told mother—I tried to tell her—it would take you a month to find out how much I loved you, and how much you love me."

(THE END)

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Graham Mc Namee

With the signing of GRAHAM McNAMEE, he of the "smiling voice," UNIVERSAL'S News-Reel accomplishes another seven-league stride. McNAMEE has become our "Talking Reporter" and the News-Reel thereby becomes as interesting almost as a play.

America's millions have listened to the clear voice of McNAMEE, broadcasting football, baseball, prize fights, and events of national importance. Whenever his name is announced as broadcaster in any event, the response is immediate. His is the voice of good-fellowship, the voice that turned the microphone into a living thing and gave it the human ring.

The many great daily newspapers throughout the country, which are a part of the Universal News-Reel, and are using their news resources to help make it great, are delighted with the signing of McNAMEE. So you will be. And I advise you to look for the Universal News-Reel. Ask for it, speak to your favorite theatre about it and mention what you have read here.

Hell's Heroes

A remarkable epic of the Western Desert, written by that master of absorbing, exciting, enthralling fiction, Peter B. Kyne. This play in which three bandits discover an abandoned baby in the heart of the desert and undertake to save it, is the most unusual play the screen has seen in many moons.

The Bad Man and The Baby

I am receiving many splendid letters from many cities and towns in reply to my request for volunteer correspondents who are deeply interested in moving-pictures and eager to help their townsmen secure good entertainment. Why not be one of these yourself? Write to me personally.

I will gladly pay for ideas which are acceptable for Universal pictures.

Sincerely yours,

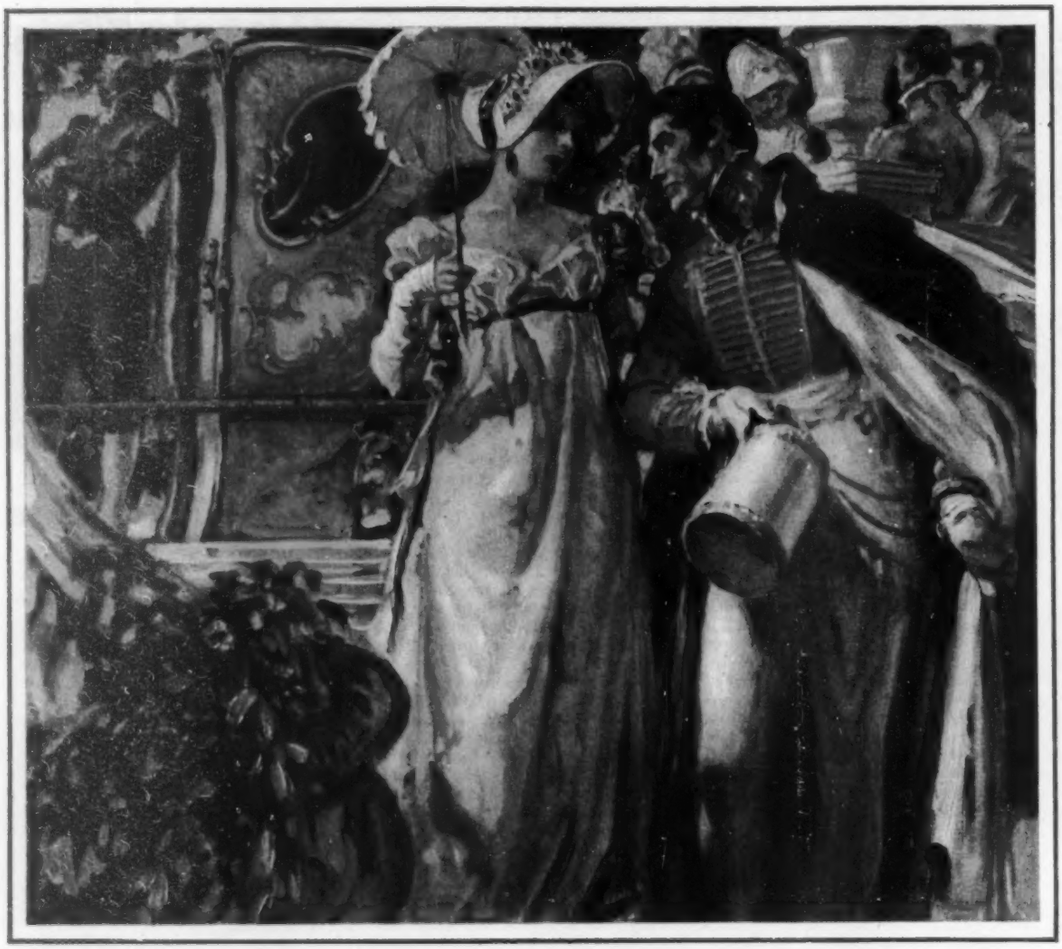
Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave. New York City



LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

Milady of fashion, in the day of dashing Hussars and court intrigue, went her social rounds in her elaborately decorated and luxurious Sedan chair

PACKARD pioneered the straight-eight motor in America—leads the world in the production of fine eight-cylinder cars—outsells all cars in the field above $2000.

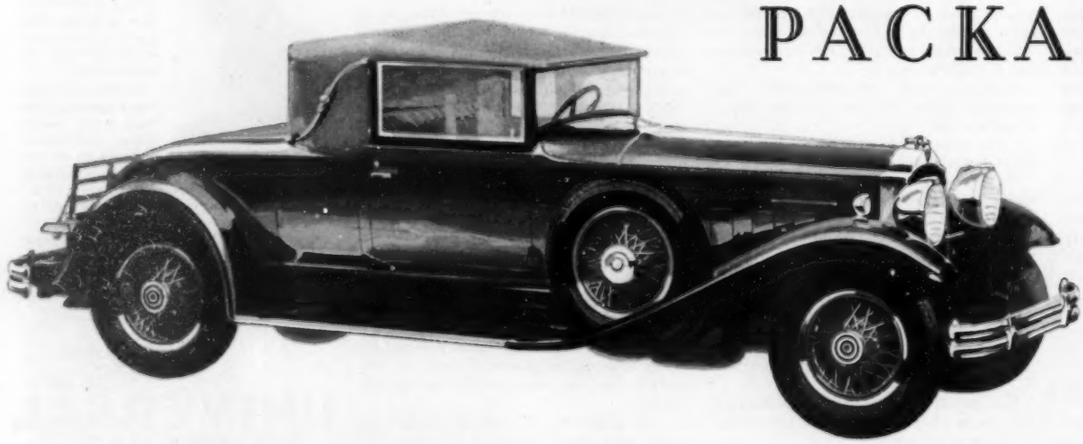
It is significant, as an indication of superior motor design, that Packard's greatest period of growth followed standardization on eight-in-line cars exclusively.

Two out of three who buy Packard cars today give up other makes, while but one owner out of twenty ever gives up a Packard for *any* reason—proof that the satisfaction of Packard owners is enduring. Packard well may say, "Now, more than ever, Ask The Man Who Owns One."

Packard Eight cars today are outstandingly more beautiful, more comfortable and convenient—more luxurious in both appointment and performance—than any of the famous Packards of history. Three complete lines are available. They cover the entire fine car field and dominate it!

Among the most popular of the eleven models offered in each of the three Packard lines is the practical and distinguished Convertible Coupe—pictured below on the 145½-inch De Luxe chassis.

PACKARD



A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

OUT-OF-DOORS

Trapping the Wary Chink

WHEN the Nebraska Game Commission decided to trap ring-neck pheasants that spring we believed we would capture possibly a thousand birds during a period of thirty or forty days. Much to our astonishment we eventually bagged slightly over fifty thousand birds within a period of twenty days!

At that time pheasants were costing the hunters of our state around three dollars each. Stock was shipped in each fall from Eastern game farms. Somebody got an idea that it would be cheaper and give us hardier breeding stock if we could trap the birds from several counties where they had thrived exceptionally well and transplant them in other parts of the state where they had not yet got a start. We found upon investigation that partridges were trapped each fall in Central Europe, but we were unable to find where anyone had attempted to capture the wary chink on an extensive scale. Nevertheless, we decided to try our luck.

After a short study of the birds and their roosting places, we concluded that the trapping would have to be done at night. It was impossible to get near the birds in the daytime or to induce them to go near a baited trap. Furthermore, we found that the birds roosted as a usual thing in fields and near patches of timber. They scattered out when they turned in for the night, with the result that the trapper would have to cover considerable territory if he were to get many.

The fact that the birds could be secured only from fields and pastures brought up further complications. What would the farmer say if our trappers were to come into fields and tramp about over them at night? He would hardly consent to such an undertaking. Then we got another happy thought. Why not let the farmer and his boys do the trapping themselves? This was decided upon and permits were prepared. Any farmer living in either of the two counties designated for trapping could secure a permit to trap the birds. The state would in turn pay him one dollar for each live bird turned over to the game wardens.

With Light and Sound

At the beginning, only a few farmers asked for permits. Some of those who secured the privilege to take the birds tried it out and gave it up as a bad job. The chink was too smart. But one farmer stuck to the task. He rigged up various traps and put them in his fields. But invariably they were empty when he went to look at them. Upon our suggestion, he began to try his luck under cover of darkness. It was believed that the birds might be driven into a large net stretched across a field. But this was impracticable and too expensive. However, the attempt led to a new plan which eventually was successful.

While the farmer was driving his automobile across the fields one night, he noticed that he flushed a bird. He thought he would drive around a bit and see how close he could get to a bird without it running or flying. He had not experimented very long before he found that the chink invariably ran or took to wing upon his approach—except when the lights of the car were upon it. There was an idea! He went home, got his son out of bed, rigged up an old searchlight and went back to the field. Much to his delight he found that he could drive very close to the bird just so long as the light was played upon him and the engine in the car kept running. If either the light beam swung away—even for a few seconds—or if the engine stopped running, the chink made his getaway. The combined light and sound of the engine turned the trick. The birds had no doubt learned in roosting about farmyards and along roads that automobiles were dangerous only when they stopped.

The next step for the farmer was to get hold of a light net and fasten it to the end of a pole. This he did the following day and that night he and his son, together with a daughter who was now pressed into service, made their way back to the field. The daughter drove the car, the boy operated the light and the farmer stood on the running board of the car with the net ready for use. It did not take the three long to get a bag that night. Twenty-three birds were captured in less than three hours!

Of course the method of trapping the birds was improved. The farmer who worked out the plan found that owing to the birds rising almost perpendicularly when they took wing, it was necessary to have a very light net which he could bring down over his quarry. He also found that his searchlight was not strong enough and that it was necessary to have a wire loop around his net instead of an iron one to keep from injuring the birds. But in the main he had solved the problem of trapping the ring-neck, and for his trouble he and his family were eventually paid over nineteen hundred dollars!

Altogether Too Many Pheasants

Naturally, it was not long after the discovery by this farmer before his neighbors found out his secret. But by this time the nesting season was at hand and it was necessary to stop trapping until the following spring. It was a year later that the real fun began!

Our rules the following spring required trapping to begin at a certain time. Long before the opening day requests for trapping permits began to pour in. Before we could get them shut off, over sixteen hundred farmers had secured permits. These trappers were instructed to trap at night and the following morning to deliver their birds to game wardens stationed at the respective county seats.

On the opening day, just a little after eight o'clock, a game warden rushed to my room at the hotel.

"Come down right away, chief," he said excitedly. "I've never seen anything like it! Honestly, chief, there's a line a mile long waiting to unload their pheasants."

We hurried down to the yard where we had arranged to receive the birds. Well, the game warden hadn't overstated the case a great deal! Reaching all the way through the little town and out into the country was a line of vehicles—automobiles, wagons, buggies—waiting to check in their birds. Sandwiched in between the vehicles were boys on horses with birds tied to the saddle and men on foot with sacks of birds over their shoulders.

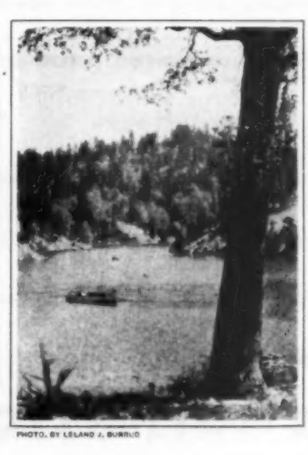


PHOTO. BY LELAND J. BURRILO

We had provided one hundred shipping crates, which we believed would be ample. As fast as crates were filled they were to be shipped to sportsmen's organizations, where the birds were to be liberated and the crates returned. It did not take us long to discover that our one hundred crates were woefully inadequate. By noon they were all filled and there were still dozens of farmers waiting to turn over their birds.

Thereupon we set out to rent empty pens, houses, barns—any place in which we could hold some of the hundreds of birds coming in. Among other places we were able to secure one large storeroom. From all appearances it seemed to be just what we needed. We put two hundred birds in it, where we expected to hold them until the following day or until our supply of crates was replenished. But, unfortunately for us, some boys went up to the window of the room to see the birds. They frightened them, with the result that over fifty were smothered. The entire two hundred piled up in the corner like stampeded sheep.

At the end of the second day a hurried inventory brought out the fact that we had over five thousand birds on hand and not a crate in sight. Wild pheasants cannot be held very long without high mortality. Though we had all the carpenters available in town at work on crates, we realized that we would lose many birds if we did not move them immediately. Another happy idea! That night we got on the long-distance telephone and called several dozen sportsmen's organizations throughout the state. We told them that if their organization could have a truck at a certain place the following day we would give them all the pheasants they could haul back. The only strings to the offer were that they come the following day, that they have their own crates and that they liberate the birds on their return home. The demand for pheasants was great, and the next day we moved out the entire five thousand.

It was believed that after the first day or two the number of birds brought in would decrease. But here was where we had again figured to our sorrow. The number brought in each day increased at an alarming rate. And as the birds came, our housing problem grew more acute. Then the county agent came to us.

"Why don't you fellows order in a poultry car and use it?" he asked, surveying the overflowing pens of birds.

Filling the Poultry Cars

The idea took root quickly. We went to the railroad agent and ordered a poultry car. We found that the rules of the railroad permitted us to hold a car three days by paying a daily charge of five dollars. When the first three days were up, we told the agent to take his car. A few minutes later we ordered another. Now it would have been poor business for the railroad to take away that particular car which we had been using and bring in another for us! The result was that we used two of these cars for the rest of the time we were trapping. By tacking canvas on the outside to keep the birds from being frightened, we found these cars just what we needed and enabled us to hold a large number of birds on hand without great loss.

And so, within a period of twenty days we trapped, crated and transplanted slightly over fifty thousand birds. They cost us about $1.20 per bird—considerably less than we had been paying, and we got a better breeder, since these birds were accustomed to our state and its conditions. And, needless to say, the farmers were pleased, for we paid the sixteen hundred and their families over fifty thousand dollars.

—FRANK B. O'CONNELL,
Nebraska Game Warden.

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

Two minutes is all a "B. T. A." asks. They fit into any odd niche of time. They're just your favorite 15¢ cigar split into 10 little shares. Just as fragrant. Just as flavorful. But one-tenth as long. And one-tenth as wasteful. Try a tin of ten today.

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

THE LAUGH INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

With his brief case full of proof sheets—his samples—the syndicate salesman, much like any other traveling salesman who may be selling soap, sardines or socks, starts out on the road. He has a given territory, and, as he travels over the same route year after year, he develops pet customers, good towns and bad towns, and gets to know editors and publishers by their first names. In the smaller towns, especially, the coming of the syndicate salesman may be a welcome event. He brings to the editor gossip of other newspaper offices, the shop talk of the trade and inside stuff about the great and near great which does not find its way into print. He is the troubadour of the newspaper world, and tales that he tells may be often as instrumental in selling his product as the merits of the product itself.

One reason why the salesman is so important is that the editor can never be too sure about the merits of any strip or series and may be swayed by logical argument. A storekeeper can tell to a nicety which of his articles are selling and which aren't, but an editor has no such clear-cut record about the separate features. He must rely largely upon his own judgment, although he may reënforce it by reports from the circulation department or by questionnaires distributed to readers.

When the editor doesn't believe a certain comic strip is going over, he often resorts to the device of leaving it out of the paper for a few days. If there is no complaint, he takes it for granted that the feature is dead wood and drops it out definitely. But often there is an avalanche of protests and orders to stop the paper, and the editor is dazed to learn that hundreds of readers are buying his paper not for the carefully gathered news, not for the scholarly editorials or the brilliant critiques, but for some apparently inane comic strip.

The Price of Being Funny

The prices paid for newspaper comics, as for other commodities, are governed by the law of supply and demand, but usually a scale is predetermined which varies according to the circulation or size of the territory covered by each newspaper. The price for a single given strip may range from a few dollars a week, paid by a small country newspaper, to $250 or more a week, paid by a New York or Chicago newspaper, with another $250 being paid for the Sunday page developed from the series, or $500 weekly for both strip and page. This is about top price, and only a few strips command it. But it will be seen that in these cases some large newspapers may pay more for merely the local rights to the work of a single cartoonist than they pay for the exclusive services of a famous columnist, dramatic critic or editor. The weekly bill of a number of the biggest newspapers for their daily and Sunday comics may run to several thousand dollars.

Appearing simultaneously in anywhere from a few score to hundreds of newspapers, the syndicated cartoons bring to the comparative handful of men who produce them enormous returns. By this time every schoolboy knows that a number of comic artists have bigger incomes than the President of the United States. For the hundred or so comic strips and panels, the fifty Sunday pages and the various lesser syndicated cartoons which appear throughout the country, the gross receipts annually amount to about $5,000,000. Of this amount, about $1,500,000 is paid for the work of the first ten men alone.

Pinch-Hitters for Cartoonists

Although no definite listing can be made, the ten most successful series would include Mutt and Jeff, by Bud Fisher; The Gumps, by Sidney Smith; Bringing Up Father, by George McManus; the daily and Sunday series by Rube Goldberg, Fontaine Fox and Clare Briggs; and perhaps four of the following, the order given being arbitrary: The Bungle Family, by Harry Tuthill; Gasoline Alley, by Frank King; Barney Google, by Billy De Beck; Tillie the Toiler, by Russ Westover; Little Orphan Annie, by Harold Gray; Polly and Her Pals, by Cliff Sterrett; Moon Mullins, by Frank Willard; The Nebbs, by Sol Hess—lines only—and Skippy, by Percy Crosby. The now very popular Believe It or Not, by Robert Ripley, if listed as a comic series, might also come in the first ten. In all cases, the gross earnings of the series and not the incomes of the cartoonists are referred to, and it is quite possible that several strips not mentioned may come ahead of some named. Any listing would be a guess, as syndicates do not divulge their figures.

Though a large share of the receipts for their work goes to the syndicates, the men named, as a group, are probably the highest paid body of workers in any single field of the written or graphic arts. Their incomes are frequently supplemented by royalties for the use of their characters in motion pictures, animated cartoons, musical shows, advertisements, songs, toys, and so on; the value of these outside rights being based on the popularity and permanency of the strip. An established comic strip, it will be seen, is a valuable piece of property—so long as it keeps on running—and it is to the interest of both cartoonist and syndicate to see that it does.

As has been previously noted, if a cartoonist gets sick or can't go on, another man is sent in to fill the breach. He is variously referred to as a "pinch-hitter," "ghost," "swing man" or "understudy." Usually he can imitate the cartoonist's style, technic and even the language and humor so cleverly that not even the editors of the syndicate can tell the difference offhand, and very few readers ever suspect that the original cartoonist has not done the work. Sometimes the cartoonist employs the understudy himself, but most large syndicates have swing men who are detailed to do the work of one cartoonist or another as the occasion arises.

The idea man is also a staff member of most big syndicates. In the case of several cartoonists, the idea man supplies their lines almost entirely. Sol Hess, a Chicago jeweler, first began suggesting ideas to cartoonist friends as a lark; then became the idea man for a syndicate, and finally launched his own strip, The Nebbs.

The question may be raised, "What happens to a strip or series when a cartoonist dies?" This has occurred only twice in recent years, so far as I know, in the case of a series of any importance. When W. R. Allman died, his strip, The Doings of the Duffs, was allowed to lapse for a while, and then was revived and is now being continued by another cartoonist. When T. A. Dorgan—Tad—died, another problem was presented. Considered by many as the cleverest of comic artists, Tad was so individual a worker that when he died there was no one to fill his shoes. So the principal newspapers in which his work appeared have paid him the remarkable tribute of continuing to run his old cartoons over again, perhaps until some genius arises to take his place.

Pinch-hitting and ghosting have been the training schools for most of the newer cartoonists. One single series, still running, which I personally carried on for several years, has also been the alma mater of eight other cartoonists who now have strips of their own. Almost every successful comic-strip artist has been developed either within the field itself or has come up through newspaper ranks where he first built up a feature in his own paper. It is rarely that outsiders break into the field. Thousands of strips are submitted annually and not more than a scant few are accepted.

Where One Head is Better Than Two

The difficulties of the comic cartoon are underestimated not only by amateurs but by professional humorists and even cartoonists in other fields. Many of our leading humorists, who were struggling along on a mere $30,000 or so a year, have been beguiled by well-founded stories of $150,000 and $200,000 incomes of some comic artists and have tried their hand at the game. In almost every instance they have failed.

It would be telling no tales out of school to say that Montague Glass with his Potash and Perlmutter, Ring W. Lardner with his Bush League Bearcat, Anita Loos with her Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and H. C. Witwer with his Samson and Delia, were among the stars who tried putting their characters into comic strips and gave it up sooner or later. Will Rogers also tried his hand at writing the lines for a comic strip and quit the job after a few months. Rogers, versatile though he is, can't draw, and soon found that he wasn't happy in any rôle where, figuratively speaking, he needed someone to twirl the rope for him while he talked.

Combination strips, with one man writing the lines and the other doing the drawing, are difficult undertakings. If they were not, it would be a simple matter to find men who write dialogue superlatively and others who draw superlatively, and let them work together. The perfect strip is the product of one man. A combination strip can only attain success where the writer and artist coördinate their efforts perfectly for an indefinite period, and this does not often happen. Among the many team strips that have been launched, a few have gone over, these including Ella Cinders, The Nebbs, Show Girl, or Dixie Dugan, and Gus and Gussie.

Keeping Up to Schedule

No woman cartoonist has ever broken into the front lines of comic strips, although a few strips by women are running with fair success. Fay King has been extremely successful with a combination daily cartoon and humorous article, but failed when she attempted a comic strip. The newspaper cartoon is a form of art in which women do not seem to be entirely at home, the comic strip apparently demanding a type of humor and technic which is essentially masculine. Though other fields of art and writing are now full of women, that of cartooning remains largely one for men.

Many gifted people have failed of success with the comic strips because they have not been able to put themselves on a production basis. The cartoon series must be standardized and produced with unfailing regularity, and the cartoonist must be able to keep his drawings and ideas at a fairly even keel. He can never lose sight of that yawning space in scores of newspapers that must be kept filled by him every day. The bugbear of his life is his schedule. To be on schedule with most syndicates the cartoonist must be three weeks ahead of publication date with his comic strips and from six to eight weeks with his Sunday pages, to allow ample time for engraving and distribution.

But cartoonists are perhaps more than human, and syndicates have to resort to all sorts of devices to keep their noses to the grindstone. As resourceful a taskmaster as the industry has ever known was Rudolph Block—Bruno Lessing—who, until a few years ago, was comic-art editor of the Hearst syndicates. At the end of every summer, when most cartoonists are far behind on schedule, Block would order a forced march. With almost military discipline, he would gather up a dozen of his comic-art stars, wrest them from their homes and firesides,

(Continued on Page 48)

WAIT FOR ME
WASN'T THE MARCH HARE MAD - I THINK HE WAS AWFUL MEAN TO US
THE DUCHESS WAS HORRID
THAT BABY GOT ON MY NERVES - AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE
OH, SEE THE BIG LOOKING GLASS! AIN'T WE PRETTY?
COME ON EVERYBODY. I STEPPED RIGHT THROUGH-
WE MUST HAVE LEFT ALICE IN WONDER-LAND
WOOF - I'M GLAD NOW SHE CAN'T SIT ON ME AGAIN
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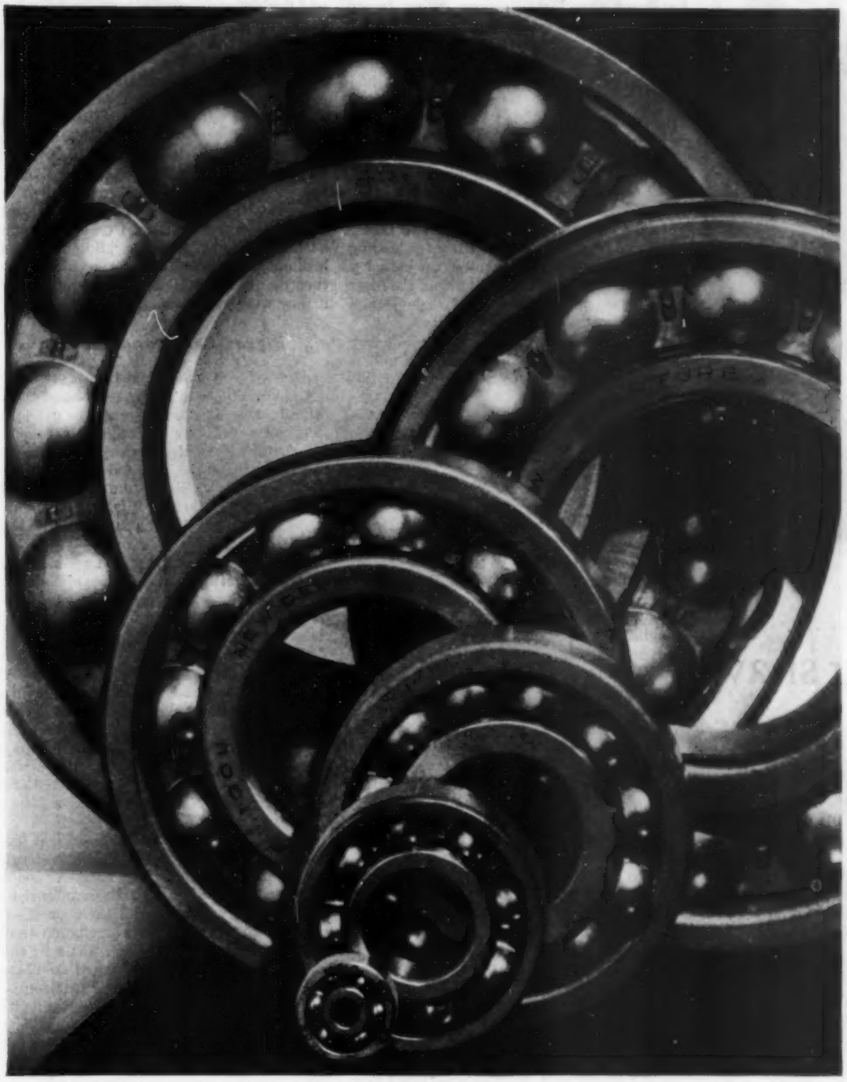
A Slang Taboo. In This Strip, One of the Few Drawn by a Woman Cartoonist, the Children are Not Permitted to Use Slang, or Mothers Would Object Because of the Bad Example. Any Slang Expression Used Must be Put in the Mouth of the Dog Character. This is Illustrated in the First Panel of the Strip

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

A SPECIAL STEEL THAT ENDURES the merciless punishment of speed, stress and shock without perceptible wear—balls and raceways that defy the imagination with their matchless perfection—these suggest the superlative quality of New Departure Ball Bearings. And they explain, too, why engineers select New Departures for long, hard service wherever the wear and waste of friction are to be eliminated to the last possible degree. For pure, rolling motion is frictionless and

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Small-bubble lather

...means a longer-lasting shave

. . . . because small bubbles go down to the base of the beard . . . soften each whisker right at the skin line . . . your shave is closer, lasts longer.

THERE is no mystery about why Colgate shaves last longer. They are *closer* shaves . . . that's all! And the reason they are closer is simply that Colgate lather is composed of *small* bubbles that carry large quantities of water down to the base of the beard . . . vastly different from the large, air-filled bubbles found in ordinary shaving cream.

The moment you lather up with Colgate's, here is what happens:

1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon *now*. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

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(Continued from Page 46)

or night clubs, march them off to Atlantic City, fairly lock them up in some luxurious hotel and keep them working at their drawing boards twelve hours a day for two weeks straight.

Here was as unusual a procedure as you'll find in the history of any creative art. Imagine celebrities known to millions of newspaper readers, with incomes to make railroad presidents envious, being forced to work like naughty little boys kept in after school! They had the most expensive suites to live in, elegant servants to wait on them, the finest foods for their tables, but, just the same, for the time being they were merely birds in gilded cages. However, Block got results. When he marched his high-priced brood back to town, they were all on schedule or considerably ahead.

While Block was keeping his stars on a production basis, M. Koenigsberg, then head of the Hearst syndicates, was busily engaged on the sales end. He was a leading factor in putting the comic-strip industry on a big-business basis, and one of the most interesting phases of the industry developed under him was the export business.

Today the sales of American comic cartoons abroad run into several hundred thousand dollars yearly. Our leading strips appear in newspapers all over this laugh-thirsty globe, and one might say that the sun never sets on the American comic strip. While the drawings remain the same everywhere, the balloons, or captions, are translated into innumerable languages, including the Chinese and Japanese.

South America is one of the best markets for our comic strips, scores of newspapers there presenting them to their readers with the balloons in Spanish and Portuguese. England is another good customer, several of our strips having huge followings in English newspapers, despite our much-emphasized difference in sense of humor; but it is interesting to note that the English have not gone very far in producing comic strips of their own.

Norway and Sweden are eager buyers of our comics, and here it is surprising to learn that the Scandinavian sense of humor is almost like the American. Germany, also, with its postwar thirst for things American, has become a profitable customer for our comics. A striking exception is France. The American comic strip has not yet been able to break into the French newspapers. The French will have none of it.

A Naturalized Citizen

Uncle Sam can have no complaint, however, because foreign countries are much more hospitable to our humorists than we to theirs. As a matter of fact, so distinctly national is the American comic strip that only one born or reared in this country can make a success of it. Several foreign cartoonists have tried. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather put his famous Ole Bill into comic-strip form for a while, but it was short-lived. A pantomime strip, Adamson's Adventures, by Jacobsen, a famous Scandinavian cartoonist, was also syndicated for a while and then dropped.

Thoroughly American though it now is in humor and technic, the newspaper comic-cartoon series can in no sense claim to be an original American product. Many of the ideas for our early comics were appropriated from English and German sources. The syndicate business itself was an English idea. The principal characters for the oldest existing American comic page, launched at the beginning of the century and still running in two separate forms, The Katzenjammer Kids and The Captain and the Kids, were modeled after the characters in a German comic series drawn by William Busch.

The very first comic page in America was R. F. Outcault's Hogan's Alley, later The Yellow Kid, which appeared in the New York World in the late 90's. Other pages followed, and, in 1904, Otis F. Wood, a pioneer in cartoon syndication, working with the McClure Syndicate, launched the first syndicated Sunday comic supplement. This included the pages Billy Bounce, Simple Simon, Spiegelberger and Make a Noise Like a Nut. The first syndicated comic strips did not appear until several years later.

Since their early days, the newspaper-comic series have gone through many changes. The first comics were wildly exaggerated affairs in which slapstick comedy and burlesque drawing played the principal parts. Then began a humanizing process. The characters began to look and talk more like real people.

There followed family strips in which everyday life was depicted. Gradually cartoonists and editors began to learn that it was not necessary to have gags or even strikingly funny situations in a strip, so long as the reader's interest could be maintained. They discovered the magic element of sympathy: If the reader likes a set of characters, they can go on for days at a time saying nothing clever, doing nothing brilliant or exciting, and yet he will follow their doings with almost as much interest as if they were members of his family.

Bigger, Better and Funnier

As soon as it was found that a strip did not have to be even funny to be successful, other forms of reading began to be put into strip form. Today we have educational strips, adventure strips, story strips, mystery strips, and so on, and while in the trade they are all listed under the general heading of comic strips, it is the real comic strip which still emphatically leads the field.

From the cartoonist's standpoint, the business of getting out a comic series is becoming harder every year. In the early days, all that was necessary was to keep in close touch with the comic weeklies, vaudeville shows and wise-crack centers—and, on a rainy day, with Joe Miller's joke book—lifting the jokes and converting them into comic-strip form. This formula no longer works. The cartoonist now has to rack his brain for original situations and snappy lines, and, in the case of continuity strips where a running story is maintained, he encounters almost the same difficulties as the playwright.

The quality of the drawing, too, has improved tremendously. Most of the veteran comic-art stars who lead the field never could have got started today with the amateurish-looking stuff which started them on their careers. But it must be remembered that they were pioneers, and with little in the way of precedent to go on, had to blaze their own trail. Every comic artist now uses devices, technic, figures, faces and situations that have been carefully developed over a span of years, and no man in the game today can claim to be strictly original.

It is hard to predict the future of the syndicated comic, but it is safe to venture that there will be important changes before many years. Some of these will be brought about by new mechanical processes. For one thing, today it is not possible to have a comic series based on current news events, which would be most appropriate in a newspaper, because by the time the strip is drawn, put into mat form, sent to editors through the mail, cast and printed, the news element would be long stale. It seems logical to suppose that this process will be greatly speeded up. In a few years, perhaps, cartoons may be sent over telegraph wire or by radio; a few hours after a cartoonist has drawn his strip it may be on the air to all parts of the country.

Newspapers themselves, through increasing technical difficulties, some caused by their growing bulkiness, are bound to undergo great changes which will affect the cartoons, and there will be changes in the national humor and viewpoint. But the day will never dawn when Americans will stop wanting to laugh, and so long as there will be men who can draw funny pictures and write funny lines the laugh industry will be safe.

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FREE OFFER—To demonstrate the remarkable action of Liquid Wax in preventing dust accumulation on furniture, S. C. Johnson & Son make this unusual offer. Dusting, like many other forms of household drudgery, can now be handled scientifically. Recent tests confirm the fact that Liquid Wax, the new-type furniture polish, eliminates 50% of needless toil.

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AIR TRANSPORT

(Continued from Page 7)

routine of transport flying would be reassuring, but it would not be news.

There will always be hair-raising stories of the air, for the air now holds the greatest of all opportunities for adventure. But to compare the dangers of that branch of aviation to air transport would be equivalent to comparing the perils of an Arctic expedition to a voyage on the Leviathan. When you sail for Europe, you do not think about the numerous accidents to small coastwise-shipping vessels. Neither is your trip marred by remembering rare maritime disasters. When you go driving in your car, the week-end automobile fatality list is not uppermost in your mind. Why should the accidents in entirely unconnected phases of aviation or an occasional accident to a transport plane deter you from traveling by air?

A Pilot's Idea of Settling Down

It is a well-known fact today that, though public patronage is constantly increasing, the majority of people have never been in an airplane. A great many have held back because of their impression that flying is still too dangerous and that there are too many accidents. It is useless for us to claim that we can eliminate all accidents from flying any more than we can prevent them from occurring in railroading and motoring. The experimental and pioneering branches of aviation will always be dangerous. Consequently, it is a question of comparative safety in the type of flying you engage in; and in comparison to the number of passengers carried and miles flown, the records of transport operators should inspire confidence in anyone.

Let us leave the passenger for a moment and consider the flying crew—the men who are in the air every day, a hundred thousand miles or more a year. Are they a group of daredevils who value their lives at little or nothing beside adventure? There are such, but they are not seen around the transport lines. Strange as it may seem, a passenger plane is considered by pilots as something that corresponds to a home and family. When he is tired of irregular hours in a more or less hazardous occupation and when he wants to marry and settle down, the pilot usually seeks a passenger line with its multi-motored planes and elaborate organization. As far as accidents are concerned, he considers them left behind with his wilder days. This viewpoint did not exist a few years ago. Pilots then felt that they were in a dangerous occupation and that over a period of years the chances were against them. The public, on the whole, still has this old feeling, but it is only natural to suppose that it will require a longer time for the mass of people to change than it did for the men who are so closely connected with the industry.

The average person does not realize the precision and detail with which the organization of a modern air line is worked out. The passenger purchases a ticket, boards the plane and is off for his destination. There seems to be nothing complicated about it, and there is not for the passenger. Hours before he boarded the plane, however, preparations for the flight began. Weather reports were gathered from stations over the entire country and translated into a general forecast. A few minutes before leaving time the stations along the line of flight reported existing weather, and a secondary net of stations a hundred miles to each side reported approaching weather which would be encountered later in the day. A group of experts had gone over every part of the plane and engines. Before the pilot was cleared to take off, the weight of his load was thoroughly checked to be sure that it was not too heavy to continue flight in case an engine failed.

In the air the passenger sees only fields and woods, with now and then a town or a river. He is not aware of the completely organized airway below, with its fully equipped intermediate fields and night-flying beacons. It seems to him that the plane is completely isolated from the rest of the world, yet its position is reported every ten minutes by radio, and the latest weather forecast is received from the ground station in return. All these things and many others combine to make the difference between the comfort and safety of flying on the transport lines and that of unorganized aviation activities.

As the Public Gains Confidence

The advantages offered by the air-transport lines are constantly increasing. I believe the fact that they can exist at all under present conditions indicates a brilliant future. There will be periods of depression and readjustment following too rapid expansion. But the fact that an operator can make a profit at present flying one twelve-passenger plane a day over an organized airway at less than fifteen cents per seat mile indicates what he can do in the future with thirty or fifty passenger planes leaving hourly and serving an air-minded public. The passenger lines now in operation are receiving a regular increase in patronage, yet the improvement which may be foreseen in them over the next five years is tremendous.

There was very little passenger flying on regular schedule in the United States prior to 1927, yet in 1929 every important city had its air-line connections and you could purchase air-rail tickets for points in Canada, Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies. I think there is little doubt that within the next few years there will be scheduled flying across both the Atlantic and Pacific, connecting the continental lines of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. In fact, I do not believe it is too visionary to predict that the time is coming when, except for short distances, all first-class passengers will travel by air.

PHOTO. BY E. A. MCKINLEY

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

(This is sales bulletin number two from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Intended, of course, for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in The Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

Champion Dealers and Their Service to Motor Car Owners

So far as Champion Spark Plugs are concerned, your customers are divided into two classifications—those who are using Champions and those who are not.

Naturally, you are interested in both classifications, not merely from the standpoint of sales, but more particularly from the standpoint of the service you can render them through Champions' better performance.

That service is important, because better performance is important to any car owner.

All of your customers, we are sure, know something about Champion Spark Plugs, whether or not they are now using them. Only a few, however, realize how much better performance Champions actually give. You can, if you will, impress Champion advantages upon them very forcefully.

It is merely a matter of your telling them about Champions, and the reasons for the remarkable preference which the public has bestowed on Champions throughout the whole world.

Every motorist, of course, is going to judge spark plugs by what they do for him in performance.

You know that Champions actually do make an engine smoother, that they actually do improve power and speed, and put a new kick into get-away and acceleration and hill-climbing.

Every one of your customers will listen to you, for every motorist is interested in performance. A new set of Champions will give him this better performance.

It is this better performance which makes Champions the preferred spark plugs in every realm of racing and record achievement. It is this better performance which gives Champions their overwhelming preference among the world's motorists.

It is probably true that few motorists realize what an additional savage strain and stress the modern engine imposes upon spark plugs, and that the necessity for changing plugs by the set at least every 10,000 miles is more important to performance now than ever before. Spreading that knowledge is a very valuable service to your customers.

Of course, you realize that Champions will continue to function indefinitely. But your customers should learn that to maintain topnotch performance and economy even Champions should be changed every 10,000 miles.

Unless we are much mistaken, you will find the average car owner ready and willing to do anything within reason to better his car's performance.

The cost of a new set of Champions is slight, but the difference in a car is great. It is this difference which makes Champion the choice of the majority of the world's motorists year after year.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 11)

"She has her father's eyes," McTavish muttered, crossing the patio at Nor Nicolas' heels. It was like a vault here, except for a whisper of dead fig or vine leaves chasing one another across the pebbled pavement, ornamented at the center by a mosaic—a star-shaped design of the leg bones of the very mule whose demise had resulted in Nolasco's first stumbling on his silver mine. This mule, smelling his way across a sloping stone shelf, had slipped; and Nolasco, throwing himself from the saddle, had luckily twisted his fingers into a tuft of wire grass, torn it partly out by the roots, and so laid bare the vein of silver which had just here spurted to the surface.

The mule had fallen into a mountain torrent a thousand feet below.

"That animal should have been born a bishop," Nolasco had said more than once a little whimsically to Father Ambrosio, who might have returned from the episcopal palace with a request for money for charitable uses; but in the light of events, Ambrosio thought of the mule rather as an emissary of the devil.

It was the silver that had brought Don Ramon Picarte, son of the Intendente, into the house as a suitor; and when the mine was lost, and the fellow no longer showed his rascally countenance here, Ambrosio privately could not think of the loss of the silver as an unmitigated curse.

"Enter," Nor Nicolas said deeply, stopping in front of the fluted cedar door of Paulita Nolasco's *sala*. The room was really spacious. There was a large-figured Brussels carpet on the floor, and the three or four long gilt mirrors on the whitewashed walls had tables and candles under them. The windows were small, square, and very high up, close against the wide planks of the lignum-vitæ ceiling. Plaster for a ceiling in this land of constant earthquakes was not to be thought of. The very posts of the house were of lignum vitæ, and Rodd noticed a decanter of quicksilver on one of the tables. Quicksilver, sooner than anything, reflected the first remote shudders of the dreaded *terremoto*. A man here, Rodd thought, ought to be frank and rapid in his acts and statements, since he might be called on to live the rest of his life out in twenty seconds, or perhaps at most half an hour.

Paulita Nolasco looked as if she could meet even that test creditably with her intrepid eyes. She was in white silk, her braided hair in a pretty corona across her brow, and stuck with three or four golden heads of wheat. Her feet, in slippers of silver tissue, were set for warmth on a robe of gray-and-white ostrich feathers; and at her elbow a single coal glowed in a silver bowl.

Father Ambrosio was here already; but he did not at first move when she sprang up to take McTavish's hand.

"I have brought with me Captain Rodd," the inn keeper said blandly.

"Captain Rodd? From Salem then?" Paulita cried. "From where else possibly? I can read Salem in your eyes. I have known so many of your colleagues. Now we shall have stories. Captain, you will smoke? *Qui vive sans tabac n'est pas digne de vivre.*"

With a pair of golden tweezers, she held to her lips an *hoja*—a little cigar with corn-husk wrapper—and lighted it at the coal.

"Excuse the hand that offers it," she let fall graciously after a puff or two, and Rodd's fingers touched hers clumsily in effecting the transfer of the tweezers to his own hand. With a prickling along his spine, he remembered that it was by chance that that horse colonel had met Paulita's sister. Well, there was no help for it. He spoke Spanish well enough, from his Cuban voyages, but now he could think of nothing appropriate.

The truth is, an effect of danger not connected with earthquakes seemed to fill the air, which had likewise an agreeable odor of burnt sugar. Nor Nicolas filled the doorway like a tribune, frowning, with his miner's cap of scarlet velvet, in shape like a whaleboat bottom up, drawn down in front nearly to the tip of his nose.

"You are directly from Salem?" the Señorita Nolasco asked, motioning Captain Rodd into a Spanish-leather chair.

"From Salem."

"And you go where?"

"To Lima. To Peru," he fabricated; but, to give himself a loophole, added, "And from there to Canton, China, with copper, silver and quicksilver."

"Ah, what strange adventures. My journeys have been only into the mountains; to my father's silver mine, you know, when it was open."

"I don't need to tell you that the señorita can ride a horse," McTavish said. "She can gallop full tilt round a post and never take her finger off the top of it. As her father could."

"That is no credit," Paulita smiled. "Before I could mount, even, I would climb to a horse's back by his tail, when I was that high."

"Captain Rodd will understand that. He is a miner himself. For the experience, he has worked in the silver mines of Patagonia," McTavish supplied. A look, guarded but alacritous, betrayed Paulita's special interest in this announcement.

"Then he will know what a gamble silver is," she said. "I shall have to show him the ore cabinet Professor Domeyko has given me. Señor, this way."

The cabinet was at the side of the room nearest the garden of delights, and just at the side of the tall door leading out into the garden. Captain Rodd's examination of the ore was cursory. A slight perspiration had broken out on his brow. He heard Paulita's agreeable voice without attending to it. He was thinking that there might have been something prophetic in that fury of Madame Pharoux's harp.

When mules had their packs shifted in narrow quarters at high altitudes, it was necessary to hoodwink them with a poncho, and Rodd felt that now he himself would do better to have a veil dropped between him and this specimen of the *sangre azul* of Spain. His introduction here was by deception, and he was beginning to find that his Salem conscience could not stomach it altogether.

He made an excuse of relighting his cigar, which had gone out, to get back into the neighborhood of his friend McTavish. The innkeeper and Father Ambrosio had got, somehow, onto the subject of earthquakes. *Horroroso*, Ambrosio said, dropping the lids over his gentle, speculative eyes. He believed that these revolts of nature might be God's judgment on the wickedness of men. Certainly there was no good reason to declare a holiday among the moral laws to match them. They were perhaps a reminder that nothing but precisely these—the moral laws—could hang secure. And was it not by actual direction from on high, that, during the last *temblor*, Ambrosio had gone into the cathedral of La Merced and come out with an image of San Antonio on his shoulders?

"I have it in my room now," he assured McTavish.

"Show him, Father Ambrosio," Paulita commanded.

"As you wish, señorita."

Nor Nicolas moved aside to let the two men pass, but at once filled the doorway again with his giant's shoulders. The candle at the door shone on his wide blue trousers, coming to his calf, and held above the hip by a broad band of red leather with a long sheath knife fixed to it a little truculently. The wide collar of his calico shirt was turned over the neck of a tight blue-velvet jacket, and the whole effect was of a monstrous child. And this suggestion was hardly banished if you looked into the naïve blue of Nicolas' somber, wide-apart and wondering eyes. Around his waist were twined three strips of rawhide, from which the bolas—three leaden balls, tarnished with dried blood—hung and knocked together dully.

"It would do me no good to have those balls flying round my neck," Ned Rodd thought at the very instant when Paulita said crisply, and very evidently to get rid of him, "Nicolas, it is time for lemonade and figs."

If Edward Rodd did not have the master muleteer's bolas actually spinning, loop on loop of rawhide, round his neck, at least Paulita, by her swift banishment of these three men, had contrived something not unlike it. Rodd felt his breath a little short; he had a confused sense that La Serena, the town, or the original siren, had laid hold of his devoted body with a physical grasp, and might condemn him to unguessed uses.

He was not far wrong. Nicolas was no sooner out of the doorway than Paulita said swiftly:

"Your ship, you say, will not go out for two weeks, Captain Rodd?"

"Not—not for two weeks surely."

"And in the meantime you could leave somebody in charge of loading?"

"Well, yes."

"Why do you not try your luck at rediscovering my father's silver mine? At present I have nobody to rely on but this Nicolas, this great child in the man shape."

"Yet he is a silver seeker," Rodd muttered. "If he cannot find the vein, how should I?"

Paulita extended her left arm toward the seaman, turning it a little at the shoulder so that he might see the talismanic clasp—an emerald—of the Indian garter she was wearing on her upper arm.

"This garter has ways of telling me just what turn affairs will take. Don't laugh. Yesterday when I saw you walking in the Alameda, at the very point where my sister and I used to spread our handkerchiefs on the parapet to sit and watch the sunlight on the Cordilleras—well, then I had a foreshadowing—here." She laid the palm of her left hand on her heart. "'It is this young captain who will find my silver mine,' I said. Well, naturally, I could not acquaint you with this fact, but now, not twenty-four hours later, you appear in my house. Captain Rodd, I can sink your ship with silver."

"That wouldn't be too hard," Rodd was thinking dismally. Aloud he said, "We don't know how deep the earthquake sank that lode. Possibly right down to the central fires. It's an enigma. I barred my way down into an abandoned silver mine in Patagonia, only to find, after weeks of sweat, that it was plugged full of honey. A mine full of honey. Sweet to the mouth, but to the belly bitter," Edward Rodd declared huskily, and with almost a hostile light in his eye. "I know I couldn't stomach it," he added, lighting a second *hoja*, and finding that his fingers were shaking a little.

"Then you refuse?" the Señorita Nolasco said, very calm, but with that gambler's light in her clear eyes.

"I don't say that. Wait now. You say this is decreed, foretold or something. I don't say it's in any man to set himself up against the necessities of the future. If things work by necessity —— This Nicolas of yours—he would go with me?"

"He will."

"He can be trusted?"

"Absolutely. He has only his strength and his honesty. But he is no fool. People are never such fools as we suppose—nobody. Not even ostriches," she added, touching the robe on the floor with her foot. "Nor Nicolas got me these feathers, but he lost a good dog. When the ostrich saw that the dog would overtake him, he crouched down and put out a wing, and the dog choked to death on the feathers. Yet in Africa they call an ostrich a silly bird for burying its head in the sand."

"The same bird may be wise in one place and foolish in another," Rodd declared, thinking that this maxim might hold true of mortals.

"Exactly. Well, Nicolas will devote himself to you. He is strong—he can tear up a tree by the roots, he can lift four hundredweight of silver. And he is honest. Only two weeks ago, when a mine courier was going up to pay off miners—alas, not ours—one of the linen money bags across the mule's back split at the bottom without the courier's knowing it. He was going up one of those dreadful stone staircases where you must shout out that you are coming, to prevent somebody just around the corner from coming down. Nor Nicolas came after him and picked up these coins as they fell. He returned everything—all that silver of the cross. By actual count, only one piece was lost, and that, it is supposed, rolled into the gorge or was trodden into the dirt under the mule's hoof. That is Nicolas." Shaping her lips into a steadfast smile, shadowed at the corners, she said finally, "He would break his neck for me."

Rodd said, "I mustn't let him be alone in that," rather perversely, and Paulita, letting her long body sink into one of the shabby leather chairs, murmured, "*Gracias, amigo.* Come; my guitar. My guitar."

Ambrosio and McTavish were already getting nearer in the sanded passage. Paulita held Rodd with her eye, and sang a *triste* of Peru—a song about a little ladder twined with flowers, wherewith she meant to mount to the heaven of her loves.

"Now let us have Viva La Bagatella," Ambrosio said. Nor Nicolas, black as a thunderhead, brought in white strawberries, black figs, and lemonade in goblets, surrounding a fleeting dish of snow. Paulita lowered a spoonful of snow into each glass. This movement slid her red shawl from a pair of shoulders white as Cordilleran snows, and Edward Rodd felt the warm serenity of La Serena press on all sides equally.

When, after two weeks in the mountain gorges with Nor Nicolas, Captain Rodd returned to La Serena, Father Ambrosio let them in by night through the lignum-vitæ gate.

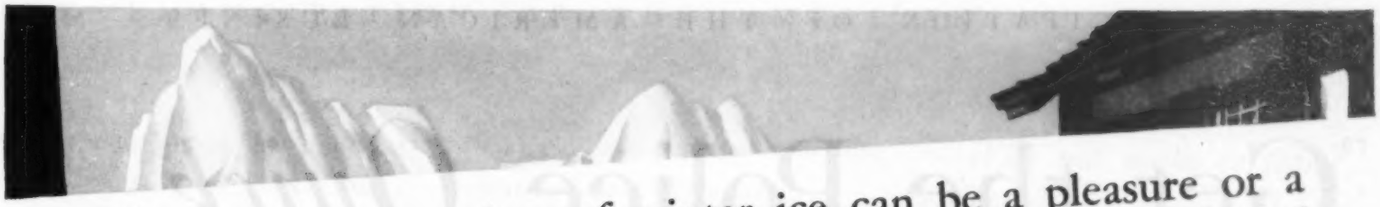
"You have found it, perhaps?" he whispered with a finger on the bold curve of his nose.

"We have found nothing but hard knocks," Rodd answered, and let slip wearily his equipment of wine horn, spirit bladder, saddlebags and pistols. His eye fell on that Spanish fowling piece with brass mountings used by Ambrosio to shoot wild pigeons in the olive grove back of the garden of delights—*el jardin de las delicias*. "We would have given a good deal at one time for a grip of this gun of yours, padre. We were in a fix. It was at a place—Nicolas will tell you where—near the Pass of Souls, just after you cross a wicker bridge hung by green rawhide ropes; and lucky if the wild foxes haven't gnawed these away to nothing. Well, vampires sucked out the blood of our mules by night. They were sly enough; they kept the mules quiet by fanning their heads with their wings while they were drinking. We had to go ahead on foot, put our legs down in those bloody leg holes of the poor mules in the snow. And then, at our last gasp, we were attacked by condors."

Nor Nicolas nodded solemnly. Rodd could not recall without a shudder those big, black-winged, ruffle-throated condors sailing in the air over him, their dangling legs as thick through as a man's wrist. Nor Nicolas had shot twice to scatter them; and one, scaling through midheaven, had towered, flapped, died in the air, and dropped like a stone out of bright sunlight into a black abyss with a torrent raging in its bottom.

"I was able to throttle another of these birds personally, after that one had finished dying," Nicolas asserted in an undertone. "No doubt, it had been gorging on a dead

(Continued on Page 57)



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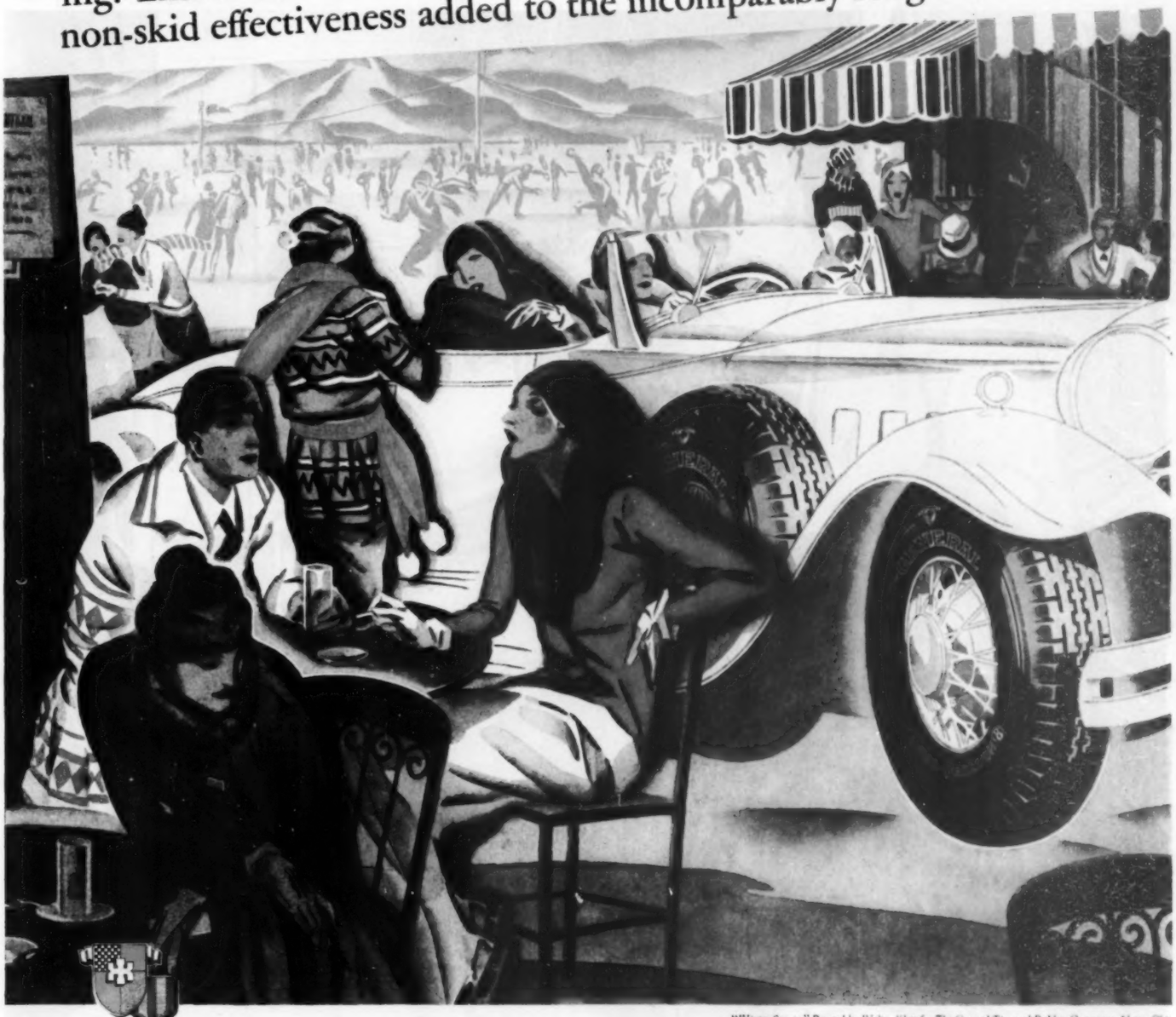

"Winter Sports," Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

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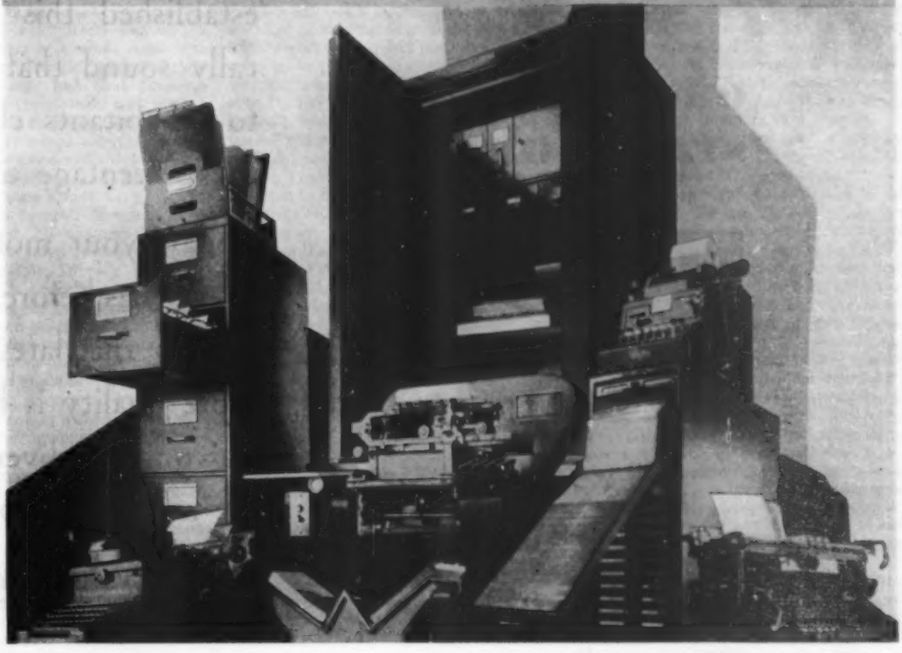
THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Cadillac	All					X
Chrysler	De Soto	X	X	X		X
	Plymouth	X	X	X		X
	66, 70, 77	X	X	X		X
	Imperial	X				X
Cord	All	X	X		X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
Dodge	All	X	X			X
Durant	40, 60, 63, 66	X	X	X		
	70	X	X	X		X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Ford	All	X		X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham-Paige	612	X	X	X	X	X
	615	X	X			X
	621, 827, 837	X	X		X	X
Henney	All	X	X	X		X
Hudson and Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	Model S	X	X	X	X	X
	Model C	X	X	X	X	X
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	75 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber		X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	68	X				X
	78		X			X
	Roosevelt	X	X	X		X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std 6	X	X	X	X	X
———	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	All	X	X			X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	X	X		X	X
	Flying Cloud	X	X			X
Roamer		X	X	X		X
Stearns-Knight	6-80	X	X	X	X	X
	8-90	X	X	X	X	X
Studebaker and Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
C A N T O N , O H I O

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 52)

horse down below, or I should have been ripped to ribbons."

As it was, he was hideously scratched and torn. His clothes—all but his leather apron—were in rags. There was nothing whole about him but those white worsted stockings with the red wool socks over them, reaching as high as his ankles. Rodd now regarded this accomplished beggar almost with veneration. There was no end to Nor Nicolas' capacity for toiling over dizzy crags and through howling gateways of the winds, toward his goal, which seemed to be nothing short of the very summit of the Andes. Actually they had got as far as the Pass of Souls, folded away in its ragged drapery of imperishable snow.

Now that he was in the plain again, Rodd could hardly believe in the reality of that dark gorge, like a funnel, full of shrieking winds. Night was poured into it like a fluid, and when a man could hardly see his hand before his face there, the upper crests of the Andes still flushed and sparkled in the sunlight. Dawn itself here was more like a forest fire raging in the middle of the night.

And the picture lingered of Nor Nicolas asleep in a brick relief hut, with a mule's skull for a pillow, and nothing but a bullock's hide door between them and the freezing winds. Even that door, or a corner of it, they had been forced to eat finally; and when the last of the brandy and sugar was gone, it was Nor Nicolas who had taken Rodd's big body on his back—after all, he was light in comparison with the standard load of silver—and walked him down the mountain.

"I had some kind of sickness. I couldn't breathe well and I was practically frozen," Rodd admitted to Father Ambrosio.

"But—you say—the silver ——"

"There was no silver, padre."

"Better so." Nor Nicolas gave a disheartened flourish of his mule-driver's bell whip. Ambrosio continued: "Silver is a curse. Was she better off in Santiago, in that atmosphere of black silks, veils, diamonds and white gloves? And that devil of a Picarte ready to swallow her, silver and all? I cannot conceal it from you, señor—she is a proud woman."

"You can't wonder," Rodd muttered. He could not stand on his feet now without swaying.

"When she sold her *calesa* with the horses, she swore the purchaser to secrecy. She even forced him to repaint that carriage and otherwise disguise it before using it in public. As if La Serena knew nothing of her disasters." Ambrosio's voice dropped to a whisper: "And now, in your absence, she has sent me to borrow money from McTavish—this fellow who cannot refuse anybody anything—not even that little tigress of a Pharoux. Well, what has my señorita done with it? She has bought a dress, shawls, silk stockings of a pale blush, embroidered with small silver rosebuds at the knees, and slippers with red rosebuds. Merely for seeing these, I should condemn myself to the House of Exercises for a month. A man would say she meant to be a bride, but the poor child's only recourse is to take the veil," Ambrosio declared, setting his lips firmly together. "You had better disillusion her at once. She has gone out into the garden."

Rodd crossed the patio, went into the *sala* and through a door in the far end of it which opened into the garden of delights. He stepped cautiously among the fig and myrtle trees. Centuries of whispered loves had taught these trees the art of shaping themselves with romantic mysteriousness against a securely blazing heaven. For, even when town and mountain trembled, the moon and stars suffered no dislocation. They moved in their appointed paths, and burned with the same impassioned fires.

Just now the moon was hid behind the black bulk of the Collegio; the garden was dark, scented; and the power of this scent was enough to etch on his drugged brain the haunting outlines of a half-vanished memory. There was not so much as a leaf turned in this garden ruled over by a stone shape, whose petticoat, decreed by the archbishop, hung quite limp.

Then Rodd saw Paulita. Her head half hidden by a brilliant fold of her shawl, so that only one of her eyes looked out, she stood square across his path.

"Well, after all, you have not found it," she said very calmly.

"No."

"You are pale, thin. You have suffered," Paulita whispered. He felt her hands on his shoulders; her voice did, in fact, caress him into feeling a little sorry for himself. And for Paulita too. Those stockings with the silver rosebuds —— Had she relied so confidently on the great Rodd to bring her silver, to build her a new life on the ruins of the old?

"It is nothing, Captain Rodd," she assured him earnestly. "If I had not had such perfect faith in—in my talisman."

"We had better try again," he heard himself saying, but the words "Captain Rodd" reawakened his guilty sense of the original deception. If she had known him for the rascally seaman he actually was, she would not have permitted him to all but kill himself in her romantic service. A lot of queer images were milling in his sick brain. What had she done, he wondered, with that little ladder twined with flowers, with which she meant to mount to the heaven of her loves? No doubt she was still in love with that beggar of an Intendente's son, who had deserted her as soon as she was poor. The upper limb of a radiant moon had got high enough over the ridge pole of the Collegio for its rays to shine on her face. The shawl had slipped. Her lips, eyes and lashes looked very dark.

"It won't do to try again," she whispered, shaking her head. "No, it will be better for me to go to my sister at Lima. If you, captain, will take me there in your ship. Is it too great a favor to ask?"

"No, certainly not," Rodd said, with a fatuous sense that this whole scene was enacted in a special world, a part of their enchanting privacy, and that promises made here had no relation to performance in that other world to which already he felt himself drawn like a man out of a pleasant dream. But this mood was short-lived.

"Tonight?" Paulita asked, not taking her urgent eyes from his.

"Well, no, not tonight. The tide won't serve," he faltered. "Tomorrow, perhaps."

He made up his mind to thieve the ship from under Captain Driver's eminently proper nose. What recourse had he? It might be fatal to the girl's sanity to learn that she had been associated with a common seaman. She might fling that soothsaying garter in his face. Actually, the taking of the ship would not be hard. Quite bloodless, in fact. The entire crew was devoted to Rodd, and in a chronic rage with that excessively scrupulous old curmudgeon in his white beaver hat. Driver was living ashore in a room over the customhouse, to keep an eye on the ore piles on the beach. If only tomorrow night the wind should happen to blow out of those ghostly mountains.

The night watchman, or *sereno*, called across the low wall in his sad, high-pitched voice: "Eleven o'clock of a fine, starlit evening, and all serene."

All serene, indeed! Rodd was shaken to his heart. He felt a trembling in his legs, which he laid to his weakened state, until the next second, when Paulita, her eyes big with fright, cried "*Temblor!*" with a little explosive breath against his cheek. It seemed to him that no one, man or woman, had ever been so pathetically close to him before; as if she had tried to engage his very soul with hers. *Temblor.* The trembling. He heard a sound in the northeast like a tide rip, or like the rushing of a shoal of fish; and immediately afterward the earth moved under his heels like the irritated flank of a horse.

He felt Paulita's swooning sigh warm against his neck. He had picked her up until her heels were clear of the ground. What now? Earthquakes, he knew, were terribly irrational. They seemed to take no account of the motives and the just deserts of men. He had been caught up once in an earthquake in Persia; one moment had heard the muezzins calling from the minarets, "God is great! Prayer is better than sleep! Come to prayers! Come to prayers!"—and then the earth opened, the yellow towers were thrown down vindictively, and the pathetic voices of the faithful, still crying "Allah! Allah Akbar!" were lost forever.

But he had not yet stopped to consider that this earthquake might be a judgment on him for that barely meditated theft of a ship. His only thought was that he must find Nor Nicolas. The man's strength would be useful. He reeled into the *sala* and called the muleteer twice in a hoarse voice.

There was no answer. But the earthquake entered its second phase. The shape of the mountains was still unchanged, rivers had not yet been sucked out of their beds, houses stood intact, but there was an effect, like a foreshadowing, of subtle disorder everywhere; preliminaries to scene-shifting on a giant scale. The wineglasses on the sideboard rang musically, the mercury in the decanter was picked up in three or four sharp little heaps, a spidery crack showed against the whiteness of the wall. The boards of the lignum-vitæ ceiling screeched like the bulkheads of an old ship in a heavy seaway; and outside there was a distant bellowing, as if already cattle were being shaken off the steep hills.

"These houses here ought to be bolted together like ships," Rodd thought. And suddenly he had a vision of himself at sea, beating round Nantucket shoal ground. He saw his mother, and he remembered his impatience last year when, nearly home, he was becalmed off Chatham, all the sails hanging flat as lily pads against a flaming sunset. Three years away, and twenty-two months without a letter—yet his mother, who had no talismanic garter, had had her usual presentiment, and had risen early in order to be the first to spy out his topsails with her faded eyes. Would she look again, ever, for her good-for-nothing son?

Rodd, planted square in front of one of the tall gilt mirrors, began to think that he had lost touch with his true self, the man of action. That tall, dark and handsome youth reflected in flawless glass with a woman in his arms was perhaps no more than a stranger on the earth. A crack shot the length of the mirror viperishly, and seemed to cleave Paulita's mirrored body clear to her heels. Her harp fell over, and the vengeful strings kept on vibrating till the sound was lost in a roaring fall of masonry close aboard.

Rodd laughed out loud. This thing was like a roguish hoax, as if imps were leaping about busily in a humorous conspiracy against the dignity of mortals and their works. The effect was irresistibly comic, despite its terrors; a kind of vast clowning, meant to show the inconsequential nature of the whole race of men. Solid citizens became the playthings of titanic children who were sure to end by jamming their invincible heels into the middle of the ant heap.

Rodd had in his ears a kind of whispering, like the voices of attendants in the ears of a madman who for seconds or half seconds suffers the more terrible madness of a lucid interval.

"Outdoors! Outdoors! Into the garden! *Ah, Santa Maria purisima, misericordia!*"

To his intense astonishment, he saw belatedly that this was Paulita speaking. Her eyes had opened full on his. The door into her bedroom had been twisted half off its hinges, and he had a glimpse of the tented blue-silk canopy with gold fringe over the bed which she had shared with her sister Ignacita. A vase of dahlias there, brilliant beyond belief, still stood on a side table.

"Nicolas!" Rodd called again; but, getting no answer, ran back into the garden of delights.

In fact, Nor Nicolas was not in the house. At the first touch of the *terremoto* he had plunged for the *sala*, but the fluted door, of mountain cedar, had jammed, and was proof against even his strength. Running headlong through the corridor, he collided with Father Ambrosio, who was just rushing out of his own room with the image of San Antonio on his shoulders. The lignum-vitæ gate was bent backward on its hinges; the opening here seemed tall and extremely narrow, but Nicolas was still able to sidle through.

In the street, he felt the earth suddenly throb under his feet like a living heart; and a magnolia tree just across the wall tugged and writhed like an animal with its leg in a steel trap. The air was colder. He felt as if he were walking on top of a subterranean cavern that threatened at any moment to split its paper-thin roof and let him through; and a hollow roar there, perfectly indescribable, was followed by two sickening jolts that shook the Andes to their backbone.

Nor Nicolas even now had only one thought, which was to reach Paulita, to pick the ruined house up off her body, if necessary; but he found himself nightmarishly impeded, and, in fact, prevented. A fat young woman, her hair hanging to her knees in two cablelike braids, had suddenly flung herself, just as she had jumped out of bed, round the muleteer's neck. Nor Nicolas, all but strangled, could see the moon shining on the black crucifix which she held in one hand, and on the little dark lines of blood on her plump face, the result of her having pressed a crown of thorns forcibly down over her brows.

"As you are a man, save me," she whimpered. His numb fingers slipped ineffectually off her big, powdered arms; and it was now that the earth began to move away laterally, without ridding him of this encumbrance. The air was full of lime and brick dust; he was half blinded by the wing of some fowl—perhaps a frightened turkey—and barely escaped being struck down by a mad horseman whose horse's hoofs struck sparks from the stones in the road. Nor Nicolas now felt as if he were lashed down to a heavy cart trundling over a villainously rough road. Rodd himself later compared the motion to that of a railway coach off its rails and bumping over sleepers.

Some remote, practical part of Nicolas' brain suggested to him, "This will crack all the ovens. There will be no bread."

But then, perhaps, there would be no need of bread. He took his tormentress in a grip not so much suggested by delicacy as by the immediate need of salvaging his own body; and he was no sooner his own man again than he found himself on his knees before Father Ambrosio, who had set down the image, and stood with his fists twisted in his rope girdle. The earth's anguish had passed for a time, the noise of falling walls was more remote. Nor Nicolas opened his hand. An irregular piece of silver glimmered in his palm. It was of the sort called silver of the cross, made by dropping melted silver on a flat stone, and then weighing it and stamping its weight in reals on the flat side when cold. It was the kind of money used by mine couriers in paying off miners—the very silver, indeed, that Nicolas had picked up, coin by coin, from the steps of that stone staircase in the mountains.

"This is my punishment!" the master muleteer cried out. "I am a thief! I have stolen this silver!"

In fact, there is a limit to a man's strength, as to the strength of rawhide. Nor Nicolas could pull down a bull with those massive arms of his, he could deal one hundred blows over his head with a fifteen-pound sledge without stopping, he could drag a lassoed mountain lion at his heels, but there were weights, mountains, that even Nicolas could never shoulder.

And now, as if integrity itself was only a superior kind of rawhide, which might break under a strain, Nor Nicolas had stolen a silver coin. By an unaccountable lapse or eclipse of his established ego, this man—who for twenty years had carried backloads of silver and never filched one piece, though four per cent of all the silver that was mined was stolen—this unlucky Nicolas had retained a single lump of silver, to burn and blister him as if hell itself had minted it.

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"What are you saying?" Father Ambrosio muttered vaguely out of that welter of things, lighted up now by a meteor as big as the moon, and directly overhead.

"She is dead, I say! The señorita ——" Nicolas gasped, pointing to the ruin of the house of Nolasco, a mere stone heap through which were thrust half a dozen black balks of lignum-vitæ. "It is because of my colossal sin. Father Ambrosio, she had complained of a lack of silver shoes; but how could I earn money for them, between these journeys into the mountains after snow for lemonade? Yet it was only one coin, silver of the cross. One coin, I swear. Here, take it in your hand. Does it merit all this ruin? Well, I have buried her alive. And still I was afraid to buy her shoes, because the guilt would stick to them. Now she is dead, and Nicolas has killed her with his sins."

"You! You have killed her?" Ambrosio cried in a high voice. "You say that you have killed her by the theft of a coin? Do you come to me with this confession?" With his square white hands at his throat, as if something were strangling him there, Father Ambrosio let escape him the words: "Well, then, have you finished? Have you told all? A coin? A single coin, you say? But I, Father Ambrosio, have stolen a mountain of silver!"

On the highest of the three plateaus on which La Serena had been founded, Edward Rodd sat on a stone bench, near an old battery, his shoulder propping up Paulita. A tree back of them was cracked all round its roots, as if it had been just tucked into the soil by a gardener's trowel and not yet tamped in.

"It has been an hour now since we have felt anything," Rodd said.

"*Si, señor.*"

"It is ended."

"Perhaps, if we do not breathe."

"The sun is getting up."

"I shall be afraid to look," Paulita murmured with closed eyes.

"Everything is in a heap, it's a fact," Rodd said.

He looked across the smoking ruins of La Serena toward the harbor of Coquimbo, shadowed still by that tall purple promontory at whose base yesterday might have been seen pencils of smoke standing up straight out of the tall smelter stacks. These were now no more. Worse, the bosom of the bay was empty. Rodd whistled low.

"What is the matter?"

"There is not a ship left at her anchorage!" he shouted, jumping to his feet. "Gone! The Salem ships, the old coaster, and—yes, even the British silver frigate. They have had their bows torn out, and gone to the bottom."

In fact, half an hour after the town was shaken down, the water of the bay grew black, boiled and smelled of sulphur; a whirlpool formed with a jet of steam in the middle of it. All Coquimbo water seemed to fall into this hideous spinning circle; the sea went out a mile, and left sinking in mud those proud ships that a moment before had had six fathoms under their keels. The returning wave, an unbroken wall of green water, thirty feet high, had snatched them from their anchorages, turned them end for end, and flung them inland. A shipmaster who had been twenty miles at sea testified that he thought, from his ship's actions, that he had dragged her keel over a solid ledge.

"Gone? You say your ship is gone?" Paulita cried, and opened her eyes in spite of herself.

"My ship," Rodd repeated. "Well, yes, of course. My ship. That is gone with the others."

The earthquake had done mischief enough, but in Rodd's case it had acted as a playful friend, solving crying problems—first, by destroying a ship which did not exist, then by tossing inland to a hopeless distance—but without harm to the crew, it turned out—that other ship which he had made up his mind to run away with. Ned Rodd began to feel that he was, in fact, a ruined shipmaster.

"I have nothing but what I stand in now," he affirmed; and then, seeing that Paulita was the picture of despair, he added: "All the same, I will find a way to get you to Lima."

"There is no need to take me to Lima," Paulita whispered reluctantly, chin on breast. "My sister is not in Lima. She has not been there these two years. She is in Spain with her husband."

"In Spain?"

"In Spain. Ah, Captain Rodd, let me tell you everything before the earth swallows me for my sins. There would have been nobody to take me off your hands in Lima, señor."

"Nobody, you say?" Rodd uttered stupidly. Instantly, in the dark privacy of his soul, he asked himself why it was he could not bring himself to say that he had had no intention of taking her to Lima, in case he had succeeded in hypothecating Captain Driver's ship.

"Nobody. I am a miscreant—I, Paulita Nolasco. I have lied. My very life has been a lie. Think, señor; when my father was alive I bought shoes every Saturday. I never wore the same pair of stockings twice. I must have the best of everything—silks, diamonds, imported books, the handsomest *calesa* in the city, and the most distinguished men at my conversations—sea captains like yourself, and officers from the Venganza, and the frigate Brandywine, which put in here when she was sickly. I reckoned on that as you, in your country, reckon on the solid earth for your feet."

"Naturally," Rodd said in a constrained voice. "But ——"

"Wait. All that was in my reach, when one of my father's mule trains might bring a thousand quintals of ore from El Penomeno, our mine. Then the earthquake locked it against me, my father died, and after that I did nothing but laze around with my arms out of the sleeves of my dresses. I could not consent to anything—not to corsets, not to visitors. My uselessness was perfect, señor; I was as useless as a cat with three feet. Well, but all the time I was a gambler like my father. And from that moment when I saw you in the Alameda—when my garter, my talisman, warned me—or was it only, señor, this guilty heart—but no, I was sure, with that one glimpse, that I had known you for a thousand years—that you, of all men, perhaps ——"

Rodd felt her breast expand as if the force inside meant to break all her ribs, and tears dropped from her lashes. Her pale cheek was flushed with the first morning light staining the snows of Aconcagua. Ned Rodd leaned forward with the palm of one hand on the cold barrel of that copper cannon that was all that was left of the ancient defenses of La Serena. It was here that the executions by gunfire had taken place in the early days of the patriots, and those old flints in the hands of green soldiers had often missed their mark. Rodd thought he would rather stand here blindfolded and let them stick him with rusty bayonets than hear these confessions trembling on the proud Paulita's lips.

"I tell you I ought not to hear one syllable of this!" he cried stormily, with a tightness in his chest. "You have done nothing wrong—nothing at all!"

Paulita, drooping in his arms like that statue of Grief, and really not a great deal better off for clothes—her dress was torn half off one shoulder—whispered twice over: "I have lost your ship for you. I have lost your ship."

"You can't possibly square that with the facts!" he shouted. "A girl like you lose a ship of those dimensions?"

"The first *temblor* was not enough to teach me humility," said Paulita. "These catastrophes don't come on us for nothing. They are judgments."

"They don't fall on McTavish then," Rodd said with his eye on the Fonda Inglesa. "That inn of his is still standing."

"McTavish—that dear man. He himself would not have given me an inkling, but

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 58)

while you were in the mountains, Madame Pharoux was so good as to come and tell me that I had been living on money advanced by Mr. McTavish to Nor Nicolas. Poor Nicolas was so sure he could repay tomorrow a thousandfold. And I, too, was certain that you would find the silver. But you do not understand gamblers' premonitions. You will not understand how I could have gone to McTavish, even then, to borrow money, at interest, and within hearing of that despicable woman. He gave it to me, and I bought these clothes—to receive your report. But since you had failed, how could I stay? Yet where could I go? It must certainly have been my talisman that prompted me to think that you, Captain Rodd, had been appointed by God to carry me away bodily from my shame, from my unhappiness. And how easily," she added in a whisper, "I could have supported that. I was quite brazen. Captain, the earth may open at our heels any moment. I must tell you that it was I who wheedled Señor McTavish into bringing you to my house."

Captain Rodd's powers of confession, like Nor Nicolas' honesty, had limits, but he liked to be candid when he could.

"What of it? It had been foretold that we should meet," he reminded her. "Do you think I would have followed Nor Nicolas into those hills, except for the necessity in my bones from birth? I say that this garter of yours does more than keep these pink stockings from falling down around your ankles. It can take the blame of this earthquake easier than you. As for this ship of mine, it is nothing. Nothing!" he cried fiercely with a snap of his fingers; but the fact that he was telling the truth now did not console him. "In point of fact," he stumbled on, "I had made up my mind, coming down the mountain like a sack of ore on Nicolas' back, to abandon that ship, to—attach myself to your fortunes—yes, yours, señorita."

"It was—a *promesa?*"

"A *promesa.* A vow. Well, it was not nearly so uncomfortable as a hair shirt," Rodd assured her.

They looked at each other deeply, and knew nothing of those glories of the Cordilleras, unveiling themselves in dazzling sequences, in ardent brightenings, spur on spur, mountain over mountain. It was nothing short of the voice of Nor Nicolas that finally brought them to themselves. He was on his knees in their very shadow.

"Ah," he cried, "you are alive! My dear little Pepita, my sweet nugget of gold! Perhaps my sins have been forgiven. You have saved her, captain. May God reward you! I bring news. I have found the silver."

"You are out of your head!" Paulita cried sharply.

"No. It was actually found by your lamented father. Before dying in that snow flurry, he told Father Ambrosio the exact spot at which to apply the *barreno.* The father had gone up the hill to celebrate mass in that chapel of porphyry with the chime of gold and silver bells. He has told me so that I can go blindfolded and strike my bar into the silver itself. *Lo mismo.*"

"Ambrosio has known?"

"He has known, but without this earthquake, Pepita, he would not have told. He was afraid that if he made you rich, that beggar of a Picarte would come and claim you. Do not judge him. Do not suppose the father would keep this silver for himself. If he had it, what could he do with it, except make the church his heir? But is it necessary for such a man to buy canonization? Will he not in any case have his name written in letters of gold in the red book of the saints? When he dies, will not his hat be hung by wires over his sepulcher in the cathedral, along with all those dusty hats of bishops? . . . Now you can buy back the *calesa* and rebuild the house out of bars of silver. It cannot escape us. This earthquake has not touched the mountains. It has run north and south, since only the pendulums of clocks facing east and west have stopped."

"Of silver," Paulita whispered rapturously. It was like the whisper in the seaman Rodd's ear of that siren who centuries before had guided a conqueror's footsteps to this spot. Ned Rodd had a racking moment or two of anxiety, of doubt, as if apprehending that all this—the iron-colored sea, the ruined town, the mountains with their gilded crests, this woman on his arm whose lips still vibrated to the name of "Silver"—were but the vision, the concession of an instant, which a breath, an evil thought, or even one unlucky word might banish.

Nor Nicolas stooped to remove débris out of their path; and Paulita, resting her head against Rodd's shoulder, whispered, "*Sal si puede, señor.*"

"She is thinking that she is the siren appointed to chain me to this spot," Rodd reflected. "It would be upsetting to both of us to convince her of the contrary. I had better play right into her hands."

He noted with a secret sigh of relief that La Serena—such of it as was still standing—had resumed its playful mask; and he told himself that when there were other earthquakes, perhaps it would be time enough for more confessions.

SEQUENCE

(Continued from Page 9)

Crawley insisted indignantly, "But I only did the usual thing. It's done by everybody every day. It's the custom. You know it."

"But you can't expect a boob to believe that," Watrous said. "Anyhow, not this one, who lost his job and his girl, and went to jail for a year or two."

"What is it the man wants?" Crawley demanded impatiently. "Does he want his money back? Is that his game?"

Watrous said, "S. J., I don't believe he'd take a new dime from you. He's on the warpath. I tell you he's dangerous."

Sam Crawley turned his chair and stared through the window at the river and the ships and the hazy city beyond. "We had no luck with Union Gearing," he said thoughtfully.

"We?" queried the reporter, and Crawley nodded.

"Several of us were in the thing together," he said. "One of the banking firms had a block of the stock and wanted to get rid of it. They let me know that, and I made up a little syndicate."

"One of the big banking houses?" Watrous asked.

"No. Not so big, but well known. They sold us part of their block a little under the market price and gave us an option on the rest of it. I handled the thing and tried to put the stock up, but I couldn't do much with it. There was always too much for sale. Every time the price got up a bit a lot of the stuff came into the market and got in my way. Afterward we found out why. Things inside the company weren't what they seemed to be by a darn sight, and a lot of insiders knew it. Later, you know, the dividend was passed, and the company's earnings dropped to a few cents a share."

Watrous asked, "Do you mean you lost money?"

"No. But we didn't make enough to brag about, and we got out pretty well at that. The whole market began to go bad about that time, and I had hard work to clean up with even a small profit. But I distributed the whole block, optioned stock and all. It was a good get-away for those bankers too. They had already pulled out of the Gearing management, so they were quite out of the thing when the stock cracked so badly later on."

"I remember now," Watrous said. "You mean Darnister & Co."

Crawley frowned. "You're doing your own guessing, Jimmy," he said.

"I remember the Darnister people broke with the Gearing crowd," said Watrous. "There was some kind of row, and I tried to get the story, but nobody would talk. Darnister probably saw how things were going and wanted to exit. And they were one of the houses who brought the Gearing stocks out a couple of years before."

"It doesn't matter," Crawley said. "I'm just explaining that Gearing didn't put much money in my pocket. But now a wild man wants to shoot me full of holes because he made a loss in it."

"And went to prison."

"And he blames that on me. How can you reason with a fool like that?"

"Frankel did."

Crawley said curtly, "I'm not Frankel. Tell your friend that. It may save him a broken head."

"I think I can do better than that," said Watrous. "He doesn't understand things. I'll tell him what he needs to know. I'll explain the system to him."

"What system?"

"The Wall Street system. Blocks of stocks and how to get rid of them when they aren't what they seem. Options, and distribution, and calls, and fifteen-dollar-a-month cappers, and all the rest of it." Jimmy Watrous jammed on his hat and grinned amiably.

"Rot," said Crawley. "You're as crazy as he is. Don't be a fool. If you want to do something useful, tell me where this Jesse James can be picked up."

Jimmy shook his head. "I don't know when I'll see him again, or where, S. J. But the poor fish has had enough jail for a while. I'm sorry for him. I won't turn him up until I've made another try to get him to give me that rod and go home."

III

THE Darnister place is more than a mile up the lake from the town. From Darnister Memorial Hall you go out Darnister Road, past the big Darnister Institute, and you turn in between vine-covered gateposts. The sprawling house down on the lake is where George Darnister, banker and philanthropist, lives all through the summer.

Henry Bowen turned in at the gate and stopped a moment to stare at the house. Metal flashed suddenly in the sun, and he leaped as brakes screeched evilly. The world exploded, and there was no more light, and he fell through space that had no bottom. Then he was floating up from somewhere while devils thumped his head steadily with wooden clubs, and a distant voice said, "He's coming around, doctor. Thank God for that."

A nearer voice said, "Thank your creepers. They saved his skull. The car must have pitched him into that stone post headfirst."

Henry Bowen tried to think, but there was too much roaring, and confused shadows moved before his eyes.

Later he was cleaned and bandaged and things were clear again, and he rested among soft pillows. His head throbbed under its wrappings, and a white mittened hand was painful. A woman whose face was softly beautiful hovered about, and an aproned maid was idle by a veranda rail. A man with glistening spectacles sat in a wicker chair and talked soothingly. Bowen had seen pictures of George Darnister in the newspapers.

Darnister was saying, "The institute infirmary won't be closed another summer, Margaret." He beamed on Bowen. "The next time we try to kill you we'll have a better place to patch you up. Our only hospital is ten miles away, and it's not much when you get there."

Bowen said sullenly, "No hospital for me."

"The doctor wants X rays, but they can wait," Darnister said. "We're going to look after you here for a while. Mrs. Darnister is delighted to have someone to nurse."

The hovering woman soothed a pillow and said, "You're not to go anywhere until you feel like it. But you're going to have some broth now."

She swam away through a door, and the maid followed. Bowen said to the bearded man, "You're George Darnister, aren't you?"

The spectacles twinkled.

"Yes, I'm George Darnister But tell me more about yourself. You've told us your name is Bowen, but I think you are a stranger here."

Bowen said watchfully, "The last home I had was Atlanta."

"Atlanta." Darnister nodded. "That's a long way from Maine."

"Jail," said Bowen. "I was in jail there."

Darnister looked quickly at the door. "We won't talk about that now," he said.

Bowen said, "But I want to tell you. I stole money from a bank. I'm a defaulter."

"Not now, please," Darnister smiled. "It doesn't matter at all."

The maid came with a steaming bowl, and Margaret Darnister was deft with a spoon. Bowen tried to resent the sympathy in her brown eyes. He mumbled thanks ungraciously, and made himself think of George Darnister's evil. He wanted the woman to go away and let him talk to Darnister alone, but she sat close by, knitting with long white needles. He pretended to doze.

The doctor came again, prodding and questioning. "There's no good reason why I shouldn't run you over to the hospital now," he said.

Bowen growled in protest, and Darnister urged, "Let him rest here for tonight, at least. We've a bed all ready for him."

"Then let's get him into it," the doctor said briskly, and presently Bowen drank what they gave him and drowsed between cool sheets. When he was awake again the beat in his head was less, and George Darnister came and sat by him.

"Mrs. Darnister and I are distressed, young man," he said genially. "We're not used to knocking people about. I want you to tell me what loss this accident may mean to you, and you must let us know what we can do for you beyond that."

Bowen said deliberately, "Nothing. There's nothing I'd let you do for me."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," the bearded man said gravely. "After all, it was an accident. And there must be something I can do. You told me a while ago that you've been—unfortunate."

"I told you I'd been in jail for embezzlement," Bowen said. "I came up here from New York to tell you that."

"Me? To tell me?" Darnister asked. "Why?"

"I came up here to tell you what sent me to jail. It was Union Gearing—your Union Gearing."

The banker stared. "I don't understand," he said. "What do you mean?"

"I'm one of the suckers you framed," Bowen sneered. "I swallowed the lies and bought your Gearing trash. I stole money to hold on to it, and they caught me. That's all."

"And you blame me? You came here to threaten me?" Darnister's puzzled eyes narrowed. "A pistol fell out of one of your pockets," he said.

Bowen's lip curled. "What difference does it make now?" he asked, scowling at his taped hand.

Darnister said, "But I never saw or heard of you, man. What did I have to do with your buying stock or stealing money?"

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Pittaluga

Photo by Manuel Urech, Madrid

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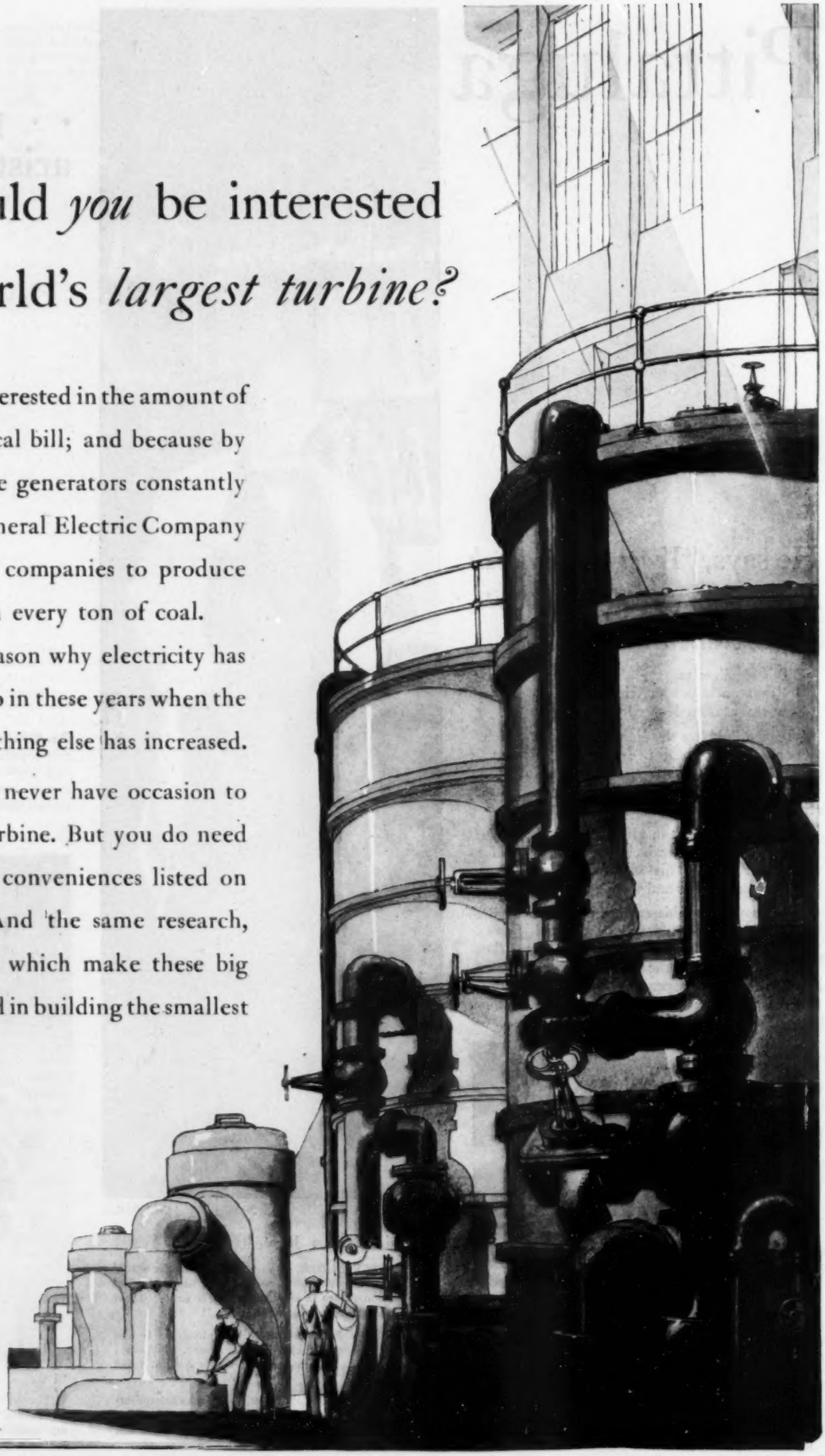

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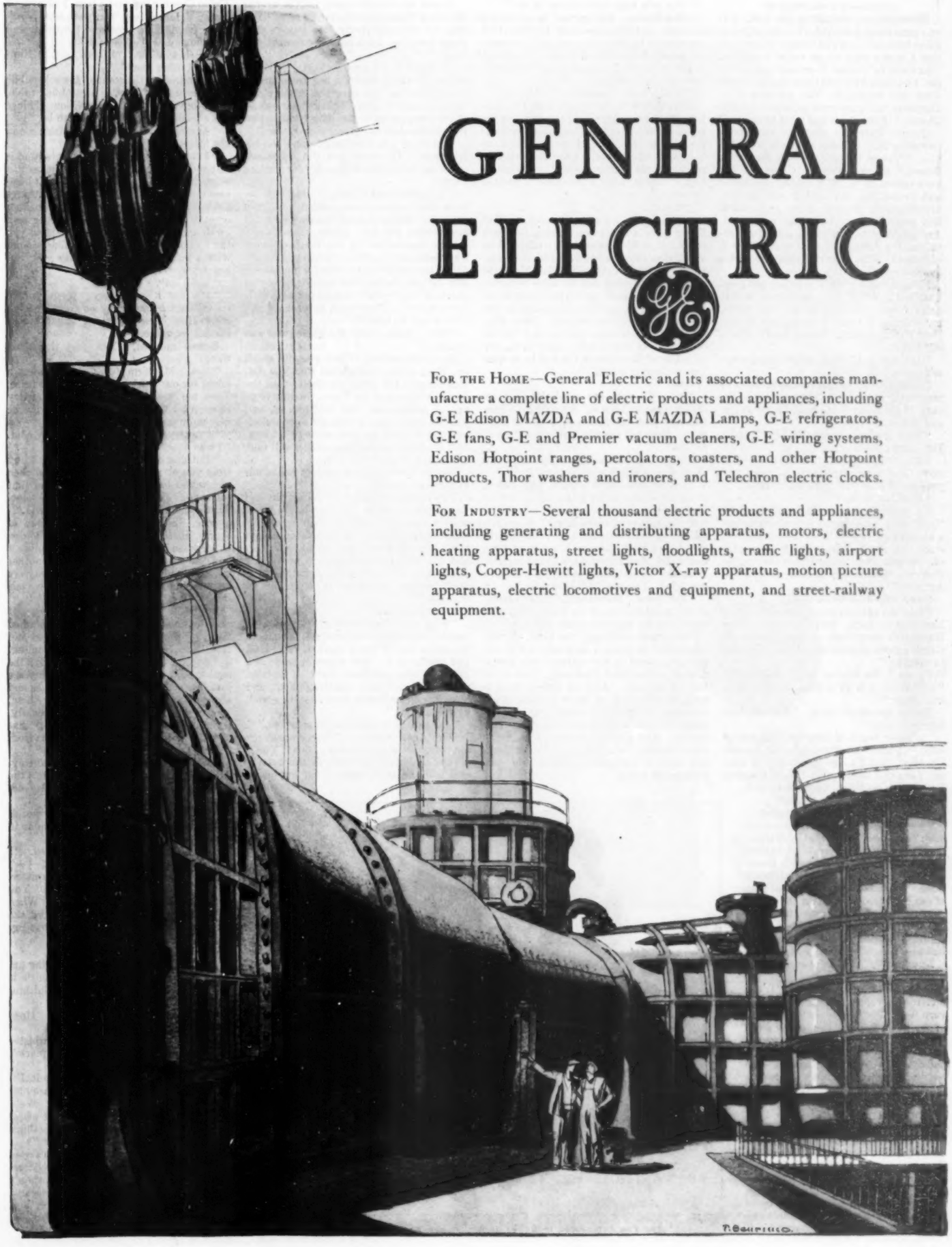

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Bowen raised himself in the bed. "It was your stock I bought. You knew it was going to smash, and you framed things with that Crawley thief to get rid of it for you. You knew he'd plant it on easy marks like me. You knew he'd feed them lies, and bunk them into buying it. You got shut of it, Darnister, and gave more money to charity. Charity! I bought it and went to prison."

George Darnister watched the man's twitching face and was suddenly sorry for him. "You're hysterical about the thing, Bowen," he said slowly. "Perhaps you have reason to be. If it carried you under and broke you up, and if you've been brooding over it—well, I can understand. But you'll find you're wrong, my friend. And you're going the wrong way about repairing the damage. I want to hear how it happened. When you're feeling better tomorrow ——"

"Damn tomorrow! I'm telling you now. I walked into the trap—your trap—and it finished me. It stripped me—my name, my chance, the girl I loved, my father. Now I'm a jailbird. D'you hear? I'm a stir bug."

Darnister said, "Man, you're doing yourself harm."

Bowen jeered, "I don't want to listen to more lying anyhow. I didn't come here for that." He lowered his head to the pillow and closed his eyes.

"Why are you so sure I'd lie to you?" Darnister asked.

"That's the system. I know the system now. The lying starts with big men like you, and it ends with gyps like Frankel."

"Who is Frankel?"

"A crook," Bowen answered bitterly. "A tipster. Suckers pay him fifteen dollars a month and he gets them to buy a rotten stock that the Darnister firm is getting rid of. He gets them to buy Union Gearing, so they will steal money and do a stretch at Atlanta."

"And why does he do that?"

"Because another crook named Crawley hires him to do it. And Crawley is doing Darnister's dirty work—selling Darnister's Gearing stock to fools before the price goes to nothing."

"I see," the banker said thoughtfully. "You think it is all a chain of conspiracy and crime."

Bowen opened his eyes. "But only one criminal—me."

"I never heard of Frankel," Darnister said. "I don't know much about Samuel Crawley. But I am going to tell you what my firm had to do with Union Gearing. I want you to listen, because it isn't at all what you seem to think."

"It wouldn't be," Bowen scoffed.

"Four or five years ago," Darnister said, "we helped to put the Union Gearing Company together. With others, we underwrote the company's bonds and preferred stock, and marketed them. We took common stock as part of our commission for doing that. The common wasn't worth much then, but we believed Union Gearing had a future. We kept our stock because we believed it would increase in value."

Bowen said, "It wasn't time to plant it on anybody."

Darnister went on patiently, "It did increase in value. The company did very well. We had something to say in the management. One of my partners was a director. But after a year or two things changed. The men who had control became too ambitious—too reckless. We objected, but we were outvoted."

"Objected to what?"

"To the management's policies. Dividends were paid when they weren't justified. Bookkeeping showed larger earnings than were actually being made. The stock was manipulated in the market and pushed too high. Finally there was an issue of new securities to buy up a little rival concern for much more than it was worth. Well, we didn't like all that, and we decided to step out."

"But you kept quiet about it, eh?"

"No, Bowen. My partner resigned as a director, and we announced publicly that we were no longer associated with the management. And then, of course, we wanted to sell our block of common stock. Wouldn't you call that natural?"

"Well, go on," Bowen said. "Go on."

"We didn't throw the stock on the market. That probably would have broken the price. It wouldn't have been good for us or for other stockholders. First we offered our holdings to the men who controlled the company, but they either couldn't or wouldn't buy. Then we offered the stock to Samuel Crawley."

"Why?"

"Crawley is one of many men in Wall Street who are always looking for such offers. It is his business. We offered him our Union Gearing, and he did the usual thing—formed a little pool to buy it. There was some dickering, and we came to terms. Crawley's pool paid us cash for a part of our block, and we gave them an option on the rest for two or three months. Later they exercised that option—paid us cash for the remainder of our stock. And that, my friend, is all Darnister & Co. had to do with Union Gearing stock."

"All?"

"All. We sold our stock because we didn't want to keep it. We sold it to Sam Crawley and his partners, whoever they were. Now tell me why you think I am a villain."

Bowen said stubbornly, "You knew the stock wasn't worth what you got for it."

"In our opinion it wasn't, and wasn't likely to become so for a long time. But is that any reason why we shouldn't have sold it for the best price we could get? We didn't misrepresent its value to Crawley. He could find that out for himself, and no doubt did. And so could whoever bought it from him—even you. But I don't believe you tried. You took a tipster's tip."

"You knew," Bowen said, "that Crawley would plant that stock on fools—fools who would fall for tips and tricks and lies."

"We knew nothing of the kind. It was reasonable to suppose he would try to sell out at a profit in the market—the public market on the Stock Exchange. That is his line of business. And, of course, that is what he did. But we knew nothing of his methods. They didn't concern us, and we couldn't have controlled them if we had known. And after all, Bowen, I don't believe Crawley did anything in Union Gearing that a reasonable man would call unusual or wrong."

Bowen sat upright again. "Not wrong! He hired Frankel to scatter lie after lie to trap me and everybody into buying that stock from him for a lot more than it was worth."

"I doubt it," Darnister said. "I don't believe Crawley paid anyone to lie about Union Gearing. To advertise it and stress its good points—yes. To say there was an effort being made to put its price up—yes. But deliberately to misrepresent it—no."

"I'll show you Frankel's letters and his telegrams. I'll show you the thousand-share call he got from Crawley for sending them."

The banker said soberly, "I can well believe that your shyster misled you. No doubt he misrepresented Gearing and still kept within the law. Those fellows don't confine themselves to the truth, Bowen. They wouldn't interest men like you if they did. You wouldn't pay them for mere facts. But did you—a business man—expect real pearls of Wall Street wisdom for a few dollars a month? Didn't you at least suspect they might be false?"

"Why should I think the whole game was crooked?"

Darnister smiled. "But you did think so. That is why you played it as you did. You thought the game was fixed—that the cards were stacked for Union Gearing to go up. A professional tout told you so, and you bet on it. And if men are so credulous and greedy as to bet their money that way, isn't it to be expected that others will take advantage of them?"

Bowen flared. "Your system takes advantage of them."

The banker shrugged. "What you call the system is much the same in the stock market as everywhere else. Wall Street is a place where property is merchandised and traded in, wholesale and retail, privately and publicly, at discounts and premiums, with credit and with cash. And the buyer must beware. He must in every line of business."

"Beware of lies?"

"Why, yes. Men are what they are. We haven't come to the millennium. You meet deception in the stock market, of course, and plenty of it. But where in trade is a careless buyer safe from that? If he buys what he doesn't know anything about, and buys it from a seller he doesn't know—well, he's in danger."

"Because he's dealing with sharpers."

Darnister said grimly, "Sharpers are very fond of amateur gamblers, my friend. You'll always find them at work in the betting ring and the card room. Your buying of Union Gearing was just a bet. You weren't trying to buy value. You were after something for nothing—some of the quick and easy money of Wall Street."

"Well, why not?" Bowen said. "Hundreds of other men ——"

"Hundreds of thousands. A whole public uses the stock market as a gambling table. Good or bad, that is a condition. Things are adjusted to it. They have to be."

"And is that excuse for the faking and the ballyhooing that caught me?"

"I think it explains them. Deception is dishonesty, of course. The law makes it a crime to misrepresent securities. But business is practical—very practical. As things are now, Bowen, there isn't law or custom or ethics to protect men from their own greed and deliberate foolishness. And you can't improve matters by running around with a pistol. You can't change your imaginary system that way."

"Well, isn't it a system?"

"It's not a conspiracy. What you've traced back to me in Union Gearing is no more than a sequence—a usual stock-market sequence."

Bowen mocked, "Yes, just the usual thing."

"Yes. My firm found in Crawley a buyer for our stock at a satisfactory price. Then we were through. When Crawley found a buyer at a higher price in you, he was through."

"Crawley was through," Bowen said. "I was hooked."

"But you expected someone else to buy from you at a still higher price, and then you would have been through. And that someone else would have expected the same. That's the stock market, Bowen—the sequence. Somewhere along the line, of course, there is disappointment and loss. In this case it came to you. But suppose it had come to the man after you—to another man who had been misled. Would you have blamed yourself for having sold him your stock?"

Bowen stared. "No," he said slowly. "I see what you mean. I wouldn't have blamed myself." He lowered his swathed head and Darnister reached a hand to his shoulder.

"You made a misstep, my friend," the banker said softly. "I think you can see that now. But all men make mistakes and always have to pay something for them. You've paid dearly for yours—too dearly, perhaps. But you have paid. Keep that in mind, and brace yourself, and go on from there."

"Where?" Bowen asked sullenly. "Where can I go? I'm branded. It's the end of the road for me. Thank God, there's no one to care."

Darnister said, "This is a big world, and there's a lot of work to be done in it. Were you a bank clerk?"

"Yes, once," Bowen mumbled. "I would have been a cashier now if ——"

"That's enough," said Darnister. "You were trained in a bank. You know something of accounting. When you came here today you passed the grounds of the institute that has my name. Did you notice?"

"Yes."

"Darnister Institute is growing up. When it opens again next month it will need a bursar—an honest, faithful accountant."

Bowen's laugh was a sneer. "Honest!" he said.

"Honest and faithful," Darnister repeated. "I'm offering you the place."

"Me?"

"Tomorrow, if you feel up to it, I'll take you over and show you around. On the way there's a bridge. We'll stop there and let you toss that pistol into the stream—that is, if you think you'll have no further use for it."

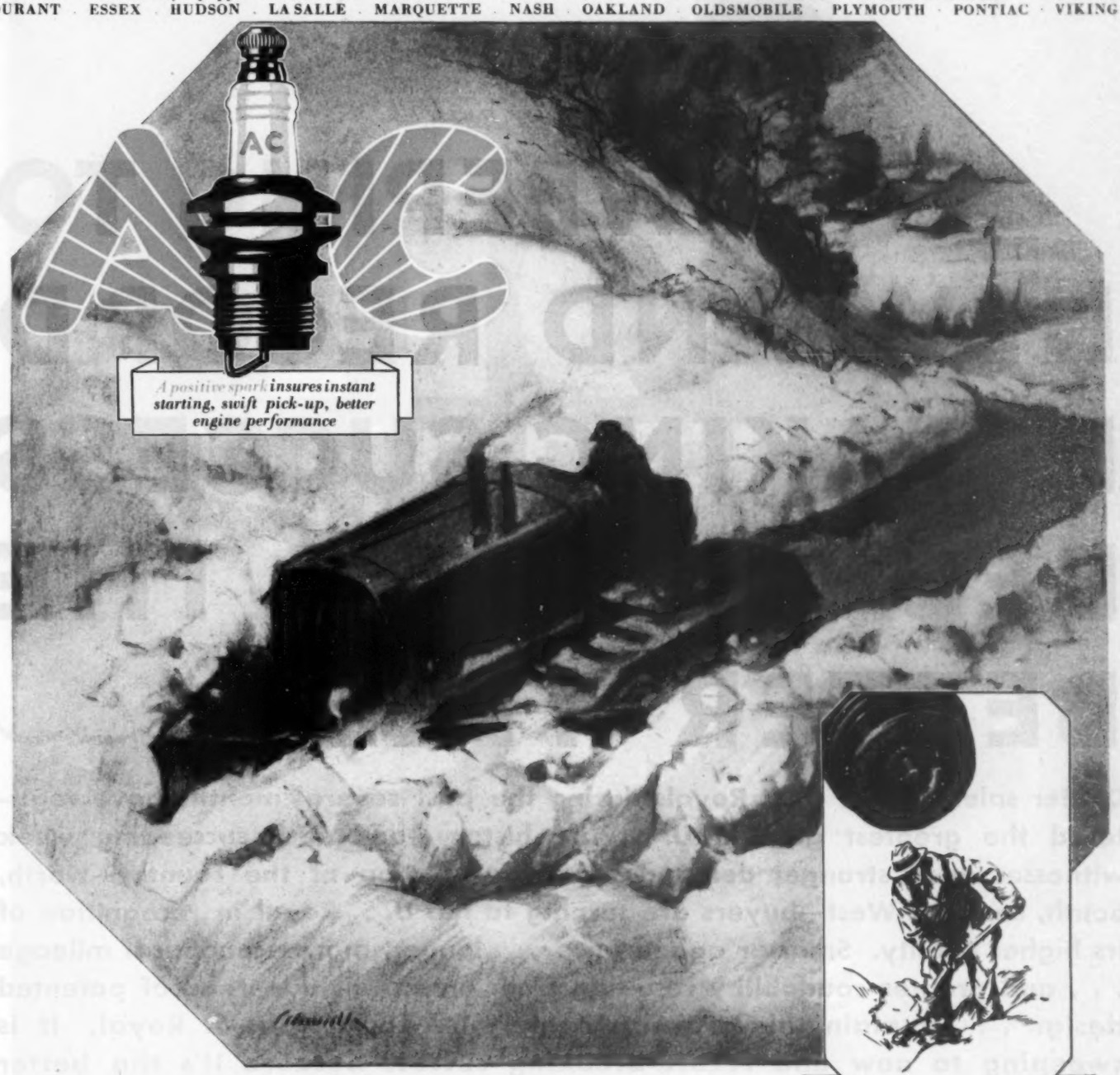
Bowen met George Darnister's eyes and slowly straightened his shoulders. "No," he said thickly, "no, I shan't want it." Then he saw Margaret Darnister standing at the door, and he matched her smile with one of his own.

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"Are You Interested in Books at All, or are You a College Student?"

836

Partial list of AC factory-equipped cars: BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · CHRYSLER · DE SOTO · DODGE BROTHERS · DU PONT
DURANT · ESSEX · HUDSON · LA SALLE · MARQUETTE · NASH · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · PLYMOUTH · PONTIAC · VIKING


AC
A positive spark insures instant starting, swift pick-up, better engine performance
An uncertain spark causes hard starting, slow pick-up, loss of power

THE BIG PUSH *vs.* the puny shove

Two ways of bucking snow—the one slow and laborious, the other brisk, positive, irresistible. Perhaps you've noticed the same difference in engines.

Power in an engine is closely related to spark plugs. Old, weak or incorrectly designed plugs mean uncertain performance. But with a new set of AC's, your engine is boss of the road.

Why do you suppose more than 200 successful makers of engines selected AC as factory equipment? They found it a better spark plug.

Why is it better? Because of its patented, one-piece, gas-tight construction, and its patented, welded side-wire electrode, which is 35 times better in electrical conductivity than a side-wire inserted by the old "staking" method.

In time spark plugs wear out and need to be changed. Leading service managers advise putting in a new set of AC's after a season's driving or 10,000 miles. That will insure instant starting, swift pick-up, more certain performance.

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine)
FRANCE

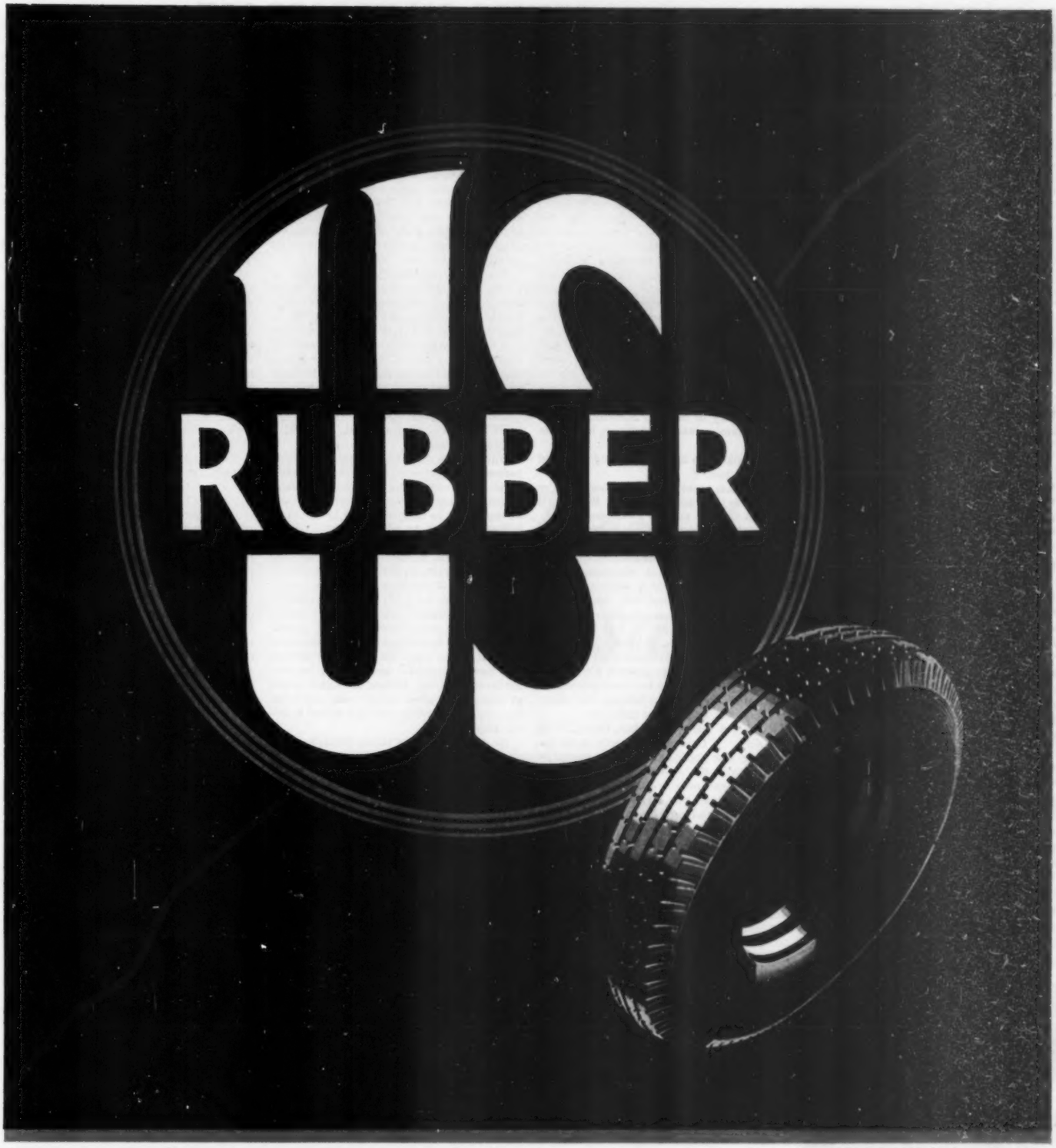
© 1930, A.C Spark Plug Co.

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES AC GASOLINE GAUGES

SWEEPING TO NEW AND RECORD BREAKING SUCCESS BECAUSE IT'S THE BETTER TIRE

Dealer sales of new U. S. Royals during the past several months have registered the greatest gain in U. S. Tire history—and each succeeding week witnesses even stronger demand. In every section of the country—North, South, East and West—buyers are turning to the U. S. Royal in recognition of its higher quality. Smarter appearance . . . longer, more economical mileage . . . and greater roadability resulting from an extra-thick tread of patented design . . . explain this growing preference for the U. S. Royal. It is sweeping to new and record-breaking success because it's the better tire. A visit to the nearest U. S. Dealer will convince you of its leadership.

United States Rubber Company *World's Largest Producer of Rubber*


US
RUBBER

Follow the Sunflower's Example

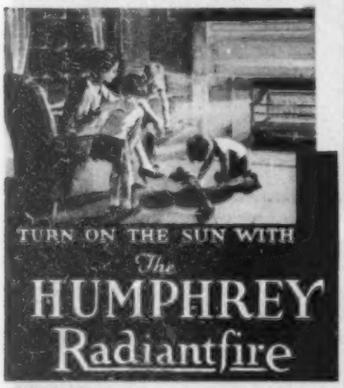
Drink in the Health of the Sun

Turn your children's faces to the sun! Let them drink in, like the flowers, those magic elements found only in sunlight which are essential to life and growth. Give them the sun in summer—and in the darker months when the sun is gone, give them a Radiantfire—for science has reproduced, in the heat rays of the Radiantfire, a large amount of the infra-red and some of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. ¶ More than a million Radiantfire owners "turn on the sun" when they turn on this clean, quiet, odorless heat—heat that penetrates and warms to the very marrow of the bones. There is a Humphrey Radiantfire specially designed for every room whether it is equipped with a fireplace or not. You can make your selection from thirty-two distinctive models—from attractive small portable designs to the most elaborate old world art period styles. Look for the name and guarantee tag which identify a genuine Humphrey Radiantfire at your local gas company or dealer's tomorrow.

Model 45

GENERAL GAS LIGHT CO.

Kalamazoo, Mich. 44 W. Broadway, N. Y. C.
135 Bluxome St., San Francisco, California



FREE! *Fill in and mail coupon for this amazing story, "When Heat is Health" by Floyd W. Parsons.*

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

PRINCE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 17)

with unconcealed eagerness for her verdict. Adelaide looked at them slowly, one by one. Harry lit a cigarette behind her and pulled at it nervously.

At last she said slowly, "They are wonderful, Harry! They are beautiful! I don't know how you do it!"

It was true. He had taken the articles for this particular layout, and made stunning colored photographs. Cheap colored handkerchiefs in transparent envelopes, arranged fanwise, looked like a hundred aces. And powder puffs, colored like mixed sweet peas, also in their transparent envelopes, with the *S* trade-mark of Julius September on them, were as dainty as fresh flowers.

It was the same with the little compacts, the strings of imitation pearls, the cut-glass beads. His fine cameras, his expert knowledge of the use of lights and colors, had produced pictures which were much better than Adelaide, even with her experience and her knowledge of Harry's ability, had expected. He had instilled some quality of beauty, something of his own eagerness, into these flimsy, inanimate objects.

She looked up into his glowing eyes and smiled at him.

"They are absolutely marvelous. You're the best in the business, Harry. What we'll do with these is nobody's business!"

He inhaled deeply of his cigarette and nodded abruptly, but said nothing. But Adelaide knew him in and out. She knew that this hard-muscled, nonchalant face was the tight lid over a seething excitement. The job had not been finished, the emotional climax of doing fine work had not been reached, until he had her O. K. Adelaide felt some faint breath of sadness move her. She did not know what it was, or why. But a deep compassion for herself and Harry throbbed in her for a moment; a mixture of emotion and longing, the result of which was undeniably unhappy.

"I've got the blues today, Harry," she said softly. "Lola and Mercedes make me restless. You don't know what it means to me that you can do this kind of work for me. I depend on you to do an absolutely perfect job, and you do more than that!"

Harry ground out his cigarette in the overflowing ash tray on his littered desk, and, his hands shaking, his eyes very dark, he took hold of Adelaide's arms and stooped and kissed her. She stood absolutely rigid. He looked at her, drew in his breath in a sigh, and patted her arm. He muttered something:

"Sorry. Know you hate that sort of thing ——" And he grabbed his hat and rushed out, leaving the pictures spread out before her.

Adelaide stood where he had left her, deeply disturbed. Her lips burned with his kiss. An unreasonable anger flared in her. The nerve of him! Just because she gave him a kind word! That was a man for you. You didn't dare speak generously to them without disastrous results. If he thought she would look at him! She was going to have someone just exactly opposite to Harry in every way, as she had told the girls at noon. Or do without. She wanted a man who was firm and controlled—a successful man, with ability and energy; not just feeling. That was it—Harry was all feeling.

She went into her own office. The place was empty. Adelaide found a note on her desk.

"Mr. Ragle called twice for you. He asked that you call him at the Kentucky Hotel when you come in."

Mr. Ragle! Adelaide had only seen him once, three years before, when she had got her famous order from him for her mail-order paper. It must be a matter of business that had brought him West. She called him at the Kentucky, but he was not in his room. He would have to be paged. She left her number and waited, thinking.

She could remember that day in Mr. Ragle's office. It marked the beginning of her success, of her independence; though she did not know it at that time. After that interview, her selling instinct had been developed, sure. She could never have approached Mr. September without her success with Mr. Ragle behind her. But then, it had not been all ambition. She had had a great admiration always for men who built great businesses with their own brains and energy. She was humble about the interview, waiting for help, alert for any tip, depending on some good break in the interview to help her get by.

She could remember him distinctly, as she sat there with the telephone still in her hand. He was a man in his forties, dark, handsome, precise and a little haughty. A married man, with a son at Peddie. She had taken pains to find out what she could about him as a person. His wife was from a rich and self-satisfied family. They thought she had stooped to him. She was an invalid, and beautiful. He was devoted to her. He was devoted to his business, which he had built. He was high-minded, autocratic, impatient, honest.

But none of these things she had learned beforehand gave her the key to the interview. It was something entirely unexpected. When Mr. Ragle gave her audience, she saw at once that he had made up his mind to refuse her, that he was impatient of the time; but she saw something else, too—something that made her think of her own father—an attitude, almost unconscious, of self-defense, of defiance of criticism.

It was a far cry from this rich, powerful man to Adelaide's own father, shabby, gray, untidy, gentle, with his mild, intelligent face and faded blue eyes; but the same element was in both men. Adelaide's father had been a school-teacher, and a good one. He loved teaching. He had the eighth grade at home, and when pupils went out from him, they were ready for high school in every way.

He taught them to think, to take an interest, to enjoy the use of their minds, to love learning. But he was always on the defensive. It was not a man's business—school-teaching—thought the town where they lived. He had felt this belittling attitude toward his profession and had tried to protect himself against it. She had heard him tell, often, of the great teachers of the world—all men—and had understood, even as a little girl, what was in his mind.

The thread was thin, but Adelaide knew at once that either his wife, or her family, or some scornful male connection of his own, or perhaps just an American prejudice in his deep self, had created an atmosphere deprecating and half-ashamed, in which Mr. Ragle had built his business—perfumes, cosmetics, cold creams, powders, lip sticks, rouge—with defiance and stubbornness. Of course, now that he was rich, now that his name on a jar was synonymous with the best that could be bought, this was all forgotten. But the inhibition lurked there. And she knew immediately how to talk to him. She threw aside her made speech, laid her little bundle of circulation-department statistics on the corner of his desk.

"Mr. Ragle," she said, simply and directly, "the sun, in the Middle West, is hard for women's skins. It shines so fiercely and the wind is hot and dry. The complexions of those women who live far away from the cities and their beauty parlors suffer irreparably. They become prematurely wrinkled, sometimes freckled, sometimes red. Not the smooth rich burn women get at the seashore, but a disastrous kind of shriveling burn ——"

He was listening to her low, eager voice intently. She put her brown hair back from her face and lifted her head as though the wind blew on her, drying and parching her round young beauty. Her lips were parted a little.

She talked on and on to him, gently, persuasively, as though this were his personal responsibility, something only he could attend to. It was an appeal—a thousand and one disappointed women lifting their faces to him to save them from an early and irremediable fading. She was amazed now, long afterward, to recall how she had been governed by some deep inner mechanism, had felt her way toward him blindfold—toward his conception of service, the justification of his career.

Her telephone was ringing, and she lifted it and heard his voice.

"I was just thinking of you, Mr. Ragle," she said at once. "How are you, and how do you happen to be in the West?"

"I am quite well," he said crisply. "I had to go to Chicago, and came on down here to look after a few things. I may be here over the week-end, and I thought perhaps you would be kind enough to spend a little time with me. Could you have dinner with me tonight? And the theater, perhaps?"

She wondered why he wished to see her as they made plans.

She had work to do, but sat staring at it unseeingly. She liked to be alone like this in her office; the stillness, the remoteness, the city under her window; the distant tumult of the street, the towers and battlements of the buildings against the sky line, with the top of the inimitable Circle Monument piercing all, gave her a feeling of pulsing life and energy that seemed to renew her.

It was not going to be nice if Harry got notions, she reflected. He was difficult enough to manage, as it was. She sat thinking about him idly, realizing for the first time how much she was with him and his family. His idea of a happy evening was to take her to his home, where she ate pork chops and scalloped tomatoes with a conglomeration of nieces and nephews, friends and visitors; where the radio and voices contended loudly. But he liked, better yet, to be alone with her in her own small, peaceful bungalow in a quiet suburb. She wondered if his mother was enjoying the expensive trip to California for his Aunt Hester's health's sake, which the two disorderly old ladies were making now together at Harry's expense. And Harry was paying for violin lessons for a younger brother and financing his Cousin Charles, whose adventure into the automobile business was to make them all rich. She sighed a little. It was terrible for a man to be such a fool, impoverishing everyone that came in contact with him, beggaring them and himself to no purpose. She was the only person who made no demands on him at all.

Here was certainly a man of a different order, she thought, some hours later, as she sat at dinner with Mr. Ragle. He seemed younger to her than she had remembered him—fuller, more vital.

She felt some constraint at his vigor and his intense and unmasked interest in her. He seemed to know a great deal about her business. He asked her about herself, and listened so sympathetically that she told him more than she intended.

"And you?" she said courteously, wondering when he was going to tell her what he wanted. The coffee cups were empty. Cigarette smoke curled above their heads. The orchestra was playing some faint, far-away music that suddenly quickened into a moving rhythm of sound. Adelaide, listening, recognized it as the Turkish Patrol. She was intent on it, seeing in her mind's eye a long file of soldiers in bright foreign uniforms marching down a white road in the sunlight, coming around a bend where there was a great rock.

". . . I couldn't hold her. She wanted release. It was hard for her toward the end."

Adelaide's blue eyes focused on his with sudden interest. What had he said? He

(Continued on Page 70)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

"You'll say so, too!"

EVERYONE who takes the wheel of the new Chevrolet Six is amazed and delighted with its wonderful performance.

A single demonstration often leads to many more—for people who have experienced the thrill of Chevrolet performance are bringing in their friends to share in their enthusiasm.

Basically, this is the same record-breaking Six that earned over a million three hundred thousand owners in 1929. But scores of vital improvements have made it a finer car in every way.

The Greatest
CHEVROLET
in Chevrolet History

There is an improved six-cylinder valve-in-head motor, with its capacity increased to 50 horsepower!

There is a new 4-wheel braking system of the internal-expanding type—fully-enclosed, absolutely weather-proof!

There are four Delco-Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, deeper, wider seats and softer cushions!

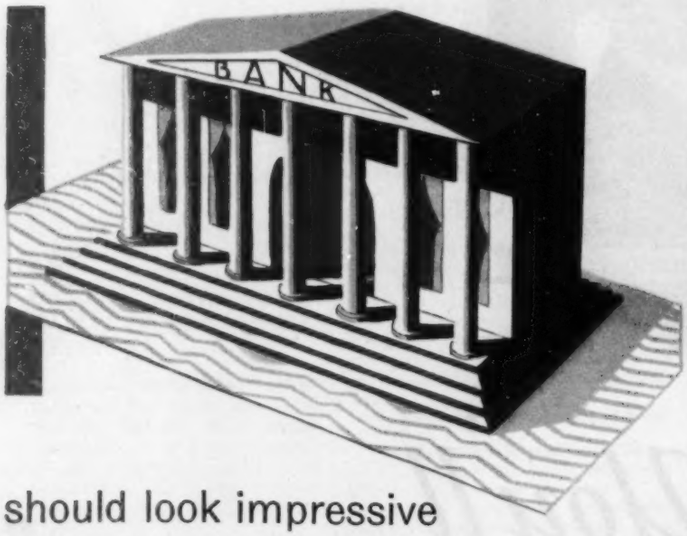
There are beautiful new bodies by Fisher—with striking new color combinations and rich new interior appointments!

If you want the biggest return in value from every dollar you invest in your next motor car, by all means see, inspect, and drive this Greatest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History—*a smoother, faster, better Six in the price range of the four!*

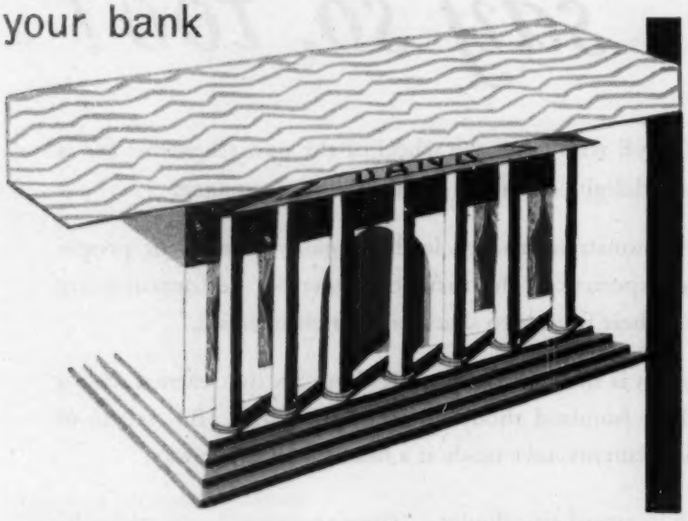
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

If the name of your bank is important enough to add prestige to your checks . . . your checks



should look impressive enough to suggest the prestige of your bank



You will find a particularly strong personal satisfaction in signing checks made on La Monte National Safety Paper. No one can mistake their decided atmosphere of distinction and authority.

La Monte Safety Paper conveys a definite impression of your own good taste—and it establishes your position as a customer of one of the nation's more progressive banks. Rich, dignified, handsome, this outstanding check paper is the choice of more than 60% of the great banks in America. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER
FOR CHECKS

The wavy lines instantly identify La Monte National Safety Paper—the standard in check papers.

(Continued from Page 69)

went on slowly, unaware of her inattention:

"It was very odd. You will pardon me for being personal, Miss Quillen, but that visit of yours, that talk we had several years ago, made a great difference to Mrs. Ragle before her death, and to me."

"I don't see how it could possibly have mattered," said Adelaide. Everything was subtly changed between them with this news.

"That's what I wished to tell you," he said. He was so sincere and straightforward that she could not possibly resent the intrusion of his private affairs into the conversation.

"Mrs. Ragle was an artist," he told her. "She made miniatures and small, bright, water-color paintings. She had her own studio and sold her work. It was good. She had a small but regular income from it, and much pleasure. After she became ill, the doctor said she was to give it up entirely. It seemed then that rest might benefit her a great deal, and I urged her to do just as the doctor wished; although she complained about not being able to paint any longer."

He sat thinking a moment, and went on slowly:

"However, she did not improve. And the days were long and dull to her. I admit that it did not seem reasonable to me that she should miss her work so much. But after that day you were in my office I got a new slant of things. I am afraid that women's work never seemed especially important to me before. I found the girls in my employ intelligent and hard working. But all that seemed remote from my wife, who had her own private fortune, aside from what I could do for her. But that day you came in, so young and small and intense, your look at me was searching and intelligent. You sat there, thinking for a moment. Perhaps you do not remember that my office was overheated, and you pulled off your little hat. Your hair was blown. You lifted your face when you told me of the wind—I could see it blowing on you.

"Not much, perhaps," he went on lamely, "but enough. I saw an impulse purely creative at work in you. I saw how terrifically important it was to you to succeed. And I thought of my wife, drying up in the harsh wind of her own ill health, and I understood her needs more fully. It seemed more important to me, all at once, that she go on working, than that she prolong her life a few months."

"You did something about it?" Adelaide had forgotten everything in his story. He smiled at her.

"I have that habit," he said, "when I have reached a conclusion. We rigged up an easel for her. Her bed was adjusted so that she could work in a reclining position. My son contrived an arm rest for her, so she would not tire. All the materials of her craft were reassembled in her own room. Friends came to sit for her. Agents came for her work and sold it. She had lost some skill, but had gained in power and feeling. So that those last two years were very good and happy ones, for her. She even seemed to grow better for a while."

"It is extraordinary." Adelaide's eyes were full of tears. She looked at him fairly. "It is very generous of you to tell me this. But it was your imagination, your sympathy, that made it all come out that way."

"No," he said, "my imagination was atrophied. I had forgotten what it was like to be young and eager."

"My visit to you was important to me. It was the beginning of things for me. I have dated my small success from that interview."

"Then perhaps you will agree with me that it deserves to be commemorated. I have a gift for you."

It lay on the table under his hand—a white kid box. He opened it and placed it before Adelaide without further words, and she sat looking, lost and amazed, into the clear green depths of a square emerald, set in the delicate platinum claws of a ring. There was no bottom to the stone. The light shone down into it—down, down, down—caught and imprisoned somewhere. The jewel spoke. It sang. It trembled and breathed. Adelaide sat looking at it, her lower lip caught between her teeth, her eyes bright. She shook her head. She did not touch it.

"I couldn't, Mr. Ragle." His face grew red. Suddenly it seemed to her that she was being very ungracious. He felt that she had done some service for the woman he loved.

"That is, I shouldn't," she amended. Her hands came up from under the table and she drew the beautiful ring from its box and slipped it upon her finger. She lifted her small, square, brown hand and showed it to him.

"Do you like it?" she said, smiling radiantly. "I don't deserve it, but it is so beautiful! I won't try to thank you!"

"Of course not," he said. He was happy. He laughed. He glowed. He seemed to grow a little taller and several years younger. Adelaide wondered what his years were. He was certainly not more than twenty years older than herself.

He was to be in the city for a week. He had chartered a car, with a chauffeur. He took Adelaide home after the play, and asked, eagerly, to drive her somewhere the next day.

"Somewhere you have always wanted to go," he urged her. She considered.

"There's an old road above the Ohio River," she said at last. "It goes through old country, through the Nancy Hanks Memorial Park, and past the old abbey at Saint Meinrad. The road dips and rises above the river through endless hills. Tell me; have you ever seen the Ohio here?"

"No," he said, faintly amused.

"You have a surprise coming," she assured him. "It is a mighty river. The trip will take all day. We can have lunch in Evansville, dinner in Louisville, and come home on paved roads in four hours—by bedtime."

"It sounds extremely attractive. How early shall I call for you?"

"I'll be ready at eight. Good night."

Adelaide felt a little dizzy when she laid her head on the pillow, and a little guilty too. This was a trip she and Harry had talked of making in his little old blue car. The light from the street lamp caught the glow of her emerald. Good night, what a ring! She sat up abruptly, realizing that Mr. Ragle was getting set to be married again. He was giving her a rush. Everything was different. He was so rich! He was good-looking, he was successful, and young and vigorous yet. She looked at the emerald with a feeling that she was the victim of some kind of witchcraft. Here was the prince on horseback for whom she had wished. But he had evidently loved his beautiful wife with an extraordinary devotion. Could he care for someone else that much? She would not care herself for the funeral-baked meats.

The trip the next day did much, however, to further their liking and understanding of each other. Adelaide found it impossible not to be affected by his charm, not to be flattered by his admiration and attention. Three years ago she had felt a deep and exquisite understanding for him—and here he was! The beauty of the October landscape did much to enhance their happiness.

Sunday was the beginning of the kind of week every girl dreams of. They had luncheon together, tea together, went to shows and concerts, or driving and dancing. Adelaide broke dates right and left. She bent the clasp of her small silver vanity one night, and he sent her by special delivery an evening bag that was so lovely she could hardly take her eyes off of it. Candy and flowers came in a deluge.

On Thursday Mr. Ragle had to go to Chicago. He could not postpone it any longer. But he called her on long distance at bedtime and talked to her for half an hour. They had progressed a good deal. She was "Adelaide" now, to his "Alex."

(Continued on Page 73)

Men like the brisk way it *whitens* teeth and *firms* the gums

Here is a dentifrice that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Particularly those caused by tobacco. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth, and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today. You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Let this tooth paste buy you a new hat

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A hat is merely a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

HUDSON'S *Great* 8

gives you a ride like constant coasting

Fascinating—Brilliant—Economical . . .

It is a totally new type Eight

Finest of all riding sensations is coasting. Gravity pulls like a magnet. No vibration. Just free smooth travel.

Sometimes you have experienced it in a motor car—thrown out the clutch at the top of a long, paved hill and let her go. Motor car engineers long have sought to build cars that would ride that way up hill and down, on the level road, throughout the full speed range. Hudson's Great 8 gives you a ride like constant coasting.

A new design principle is responsible. Motor vibration, so slight, is hardly perceptible. Greater horse-power in proportion to weight increases alertness. It is the same principle as in current airplane development. Motor power thus has real chance to be effective, saving in fuel and more economical in every way.

Every chassis detail is newly designed. It conforms to no standardization. It is wholly Hudson and wholly individual. Lower center of gravity contributes to roadability. So do two-way shock absorbers and new reinforced axle construction. Entirely new frame design, full length, rolled lower edge, makes for positive rigidity. Gears shift faster and freer.

There is new smartness—modernistic, distinctive. Radiator, fenders, body contours and paneling reflect it. Inside and out new style motive is revealed in line, detail, treatment and finish. Accessories are built in and made part of the car; their use was designed when the car and body were laid out. Every detail is pleasing in its completeness and fineness.

Roof line is lower, yet head room is greater and road clearance increased. Wider seats — more comfort. The whole idea in appearance and treatment is a modernistic smartness, distinguished from the conventional. And a brilliancy of performance that makes motoring a joyous relaxation.

But the biggest accomplishment is that these qualities are available in Hudson's well-known price range. Lowest finance terms available.

The Seven-Passenger Sedan has the smartness and formal beauty so desired in cars of this type.

(Continued from Page 70)

They had one or two beautiful jokes in common. She had cut her finger, and he was extremely concerned about it—wanted her to go to a specialist and have it dressed. Adelaide laughed merrily at such an idea, but he was quite serious. One never could tell about infection!

Friday morning a telegram came to her at the office. He would call her that evening; he was leaving Chicago Saturday morning by a chartered airplane, and was wiring his chauffeur to meet him at the airport and to bring her along. Could she come? He was thinking of her every moment, and could hardly bear the separation, and so on.

Adelaide worked all day, with her luncheon sent in. Everything was sliding at the office. She left at last, with a big morning's work against her Saturday. She went home, suddenly tired and let down, wanting sleep; oddly cross and homesick. At noon tomorrow she would go to the airport and everything would start again. She felt the threat of hysteria to contemplate it. He had made some mysterious reference to a gift he was bringing her—probably an engagement ring. She realized that she was becoming definitely involved with him.

She ran from the bus to her house in the pouring rain. The lights were shining in her windows. The house invited her subtly to a quiet evening by her own fire. It had been nothing but a springboard from which she had plunged, for days, now. She had telephoned Mrs. Freeman to stay after she cleaned and prepare an evening meal. She was a little daunted to find Harry prowling about her living room.

She took off her damp wraps after a word of greeting, and hung them up, pushed the hair away from her face and sat down by the fire with a flop.

Mrs. Freeman looked in from the door of the tiny dinette and said, "Things 'll be ready in a few minutes, honey. I've got lamb chops, and asparagus, and toast ——"

"Sounds grand. I'm starved." She looked up at Harry. "Have you enough for company?"

"I've already set his plate."

"Lovely! . . . Harry, you didn't get around to the office with the pictures."

"I've got them here," he said, indicating a parcel wrapped in newspapers. "I called the office and you were gone, so I came right out."

"And got here before I did! Let's see them."

"Later. You're tired." He was staring down at her. He was so young, she thought, with a catch at her heart. Really young—not preserved. His lowering brows were a boy's. His twenty six or seven years sat lightly on him. His face was smooth and firm and ruddy. His hands were hard and strong. His very truculence was the truculence of youth. No need to remind oneself of vigor here. His fitted him like a coat.

"Your feet are wet," he said scoldingly. Adelaide wriggled her small rain-darkened pumps and sighed with weariness. Harry went into her room and came back with a pair of small black satin mules from beside her bed. He stooped and drew off her shoes and placed them side by side on the hearth. He held both of her feet in one big hand.

"You ought to change your stockings."

But Adelaide said nervously, "Thanks, Harry. I'll be all right."

He put the mules over her toes and looked up at her accusingly. His gray eyes were vivid. Adelaide was daunted. This was the glimmering anger of one's equal and antagonist. This was a look to fear.

"Who is this cake eater that's running around here like a ringmaster at a circus?" he asked. "I've had these pictures done two days and haven't been able to find you."

"It's just Mr. Ragle," said Adelaide gently, disarmingly, as though it was the last thing that mattered. "He's only here for a few days. . . . Let's go and eat, Harry. It smells as though the lamb chops are broiled, doesn't it?"

They ate in silence, a little wearily. Adelaide nibbled, unashamed, for the last tender bite by the bone. Her mules fell off and she curled her feet under her. The celery was crisp and fresh. Harry liked lots of butter on his toast. Adelaide grew very warm and comfortable and happy. It was nice, at her own gate-legged table in the tiny alcove off the kitchen. It was home.

Afterward, in by the fire, they could hear Mrs. Freeman washing the dishes and sighing softly to herself. She came in with her umbrella in her hand, and said good night to them and went out of the front door. Adelaide reflected that Mr. Ragle wouldn't like that. He was accustomed to a different kind of servant.

"I got a hundred dollars each for those five pictures we made at the Shades last month, from the State and National Parks Magazine. They're going to use them for covers," Harry said reluctantly, as though he had made up his mind not to tell her and hated to be so weak.

"Oh, Harry, that's wonderful! But they were so beautiful, I'm not surprised." And then she said, "Who gets it?"

"Who gets it?"

"Yes, whom are you going to give it to?"

"That's a fine thing to say."

Adelaide was heartened by food and goaded on to quarrel with him. Something pushed her forward into battle formation.

"Why not say it? It's true. You'll give it away to someone!"

"I suppose you think I should use it to charter an airplane and take you for a ride," he said bitingly, "or else buy a big new car and get a chauffeur, so we could sit in the back seat and hold hands. I suppose the old coupé isn't good enough for you any more, with me at the wheel."

Adelaide laughed. She was trembling. She was happy.

"Oh," she said, "I'd never think of asking you to spend any money on me!" What a terrible thing! Could she have said it? But Harry could throw politeness to the winds too.

"Why should I?" he asked. "You've more money than I have."

"Yes," she said fiercely; "and why, I'd like to know? Do I earn more than you could? You have more work than you can do all the time. Because I charge high prices for my services, and you won't charge for yours. Because you throw money around, and I save! Don't you dare talk to me about money!"

"Who's talking about money?"

"I am! The way you waste yours! It's awful. It ought to be stopped by a law! It makes me furious. I'd like to tell your family what I think of them, sponging on you—the whole outfit. You make a good living, and have just your meals and a new suit now and then to show for it! Nothing for yourself, but everyone else's debts to pay!"

"A lot you care what happens to me," he said more quietly. "You won't even look at the pictures I made for you."

"Show them to me."

They spread them out on the floor before the fire and looked at them. Adelaide realized that she quarreled with Harry because there was no one else in the whole world with whom she could be natural enough to quarrel recklessly. She and Mr. Ragle had been so polite to each other for a week that it was a relief to be rowdy. She forgot everything, though, as she looked at the pictures. She had suggested a few changes, and Harry had made them. He had gone farther and worked out a whole new idea.

"Harry," she said softly, "when you can do work like this you should be rich!"

He was all eager again. "The governor came to me today for some stills."

"Not Governor Anderson?"

"Sure. He wants me to make a bunch of different pictures for the papers. I'm going up to his home next week. He wants enough to do for a year or more."

"How much are you going to charge him?"

"Oh, the usual photographer's price."

"Harry, if you don't charge him a hundred dollars for each of them that he takes, I'll never speak to you again."

"A hundred dollars! For crying out loud! Why, he's a good-looking old egg with a nice family. They all photograph well. It'll be fun to take his pictures. I've got a list made up already of possible poses—about fifty of them, all different."

"You aren't to do them if you don't charge him. I won't let you."

"Is that so?"

"Harry, be sensible," she implored him. "Why do you think he went to you? Because you're cheap or because you'll make good pictures for him?"

"He saw those pictures I made of Coleman. He doesn't know what I charge. He didn't ask me."

"He doesn't care. It will all come out of some party publicity fund, anyhow. Fifty fine pictures, interesting enough to make the rotogravure sections, would be worth a fortune to him. Can't you see that?"

He considered.

"It seems like robbery," he said reluctantly, "when I like doing it."

"He'll value them twice as much if they're expensive. Promise me!"

"Listen, Ad. You know, you're darn bossy. See? You're one of these darn bossy women. I wish you didn't care so much about money. I wish you'd be more—well, feminine."

Adelaide heard herself laugh. She was pierced to the heart. She tumbled the pictures together and got up.

He said at once, "I'm sorry, honey. I'm just—I didn't mean it."

The telephone shrilled, and Adelaide looked at him in confusion as he got slowly to his feet. The telephone rang again. "Wait a minute," she said, and answered it. It was Chicago calling.

"Yes—yes, this is she. . . . Yes, Mr. Ragle. . . . Oh, quite well. I was just going to bed. I'm tired tonight. . . . Yes, yes, indeed. . . . But of course. . . . What? . . . Oh, practically alone. I had my dinner here at home. . . . No, I haven't been lonesome. . . . Really? . . . Oh, you have? I got your wire ——"

She was furious. The low, thrilling voice over the telephone was inane. How could she talk like this, with Harry standing there glaring, hearing every word? Why had she asked him to wait? She went on more and more feebly, trying to make the proper responses. He became more insistent. Had she a cold? Would she meet him tomorrow? Yes—no—yes, she would. Oh, no, he mustn't do that.

At last she hung up the telephone and turned around in a trembling silence. She was compelled to look up at Harry, who strode her hearth like a giant.

"Adelaide," he said thickly, "do you care for him? Are you going to marry him? An old man like that?"

"I don't know," she said faintly. "He isn't old. In many ways he is my ideal."

"Do you care for him?" he insisted harshly. Adelaide withdrew a little, and Harry went on with a rush of words. "Oh, I know what you think of me—that I'm a waster and a ne'er-do-well and a fool. I haven't ever rushed you, like a college boy with a debutante. I've just loved you. That's all. I've brought you everything I did. I've done the best work of my life for you. I've learned new tricks, new phases of my own job to help yours. I've told you all I knew and all that was in my heart. I've come to your house as to the house of my dearest friend. That's what we've been—friends. Haven't we? Haven't we, Adelaide?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Then he comes along with a ring he wrote a check for, and you're all in a flutter. He rents a big car and buys theater tickets and plays the gallant, and you're all taken in by it. He wants a beautiful and talented young wife, and thinks he'll marry you. He had a wife once, but never mind that. You don't want me, because I can't keep my pockets full of money, because I treat you as my friend instead of as some giddy young girl. You don't want what I've got, what I put into those pictures on the floor there. But you won't even say you care for him. If you were crazy in love with him, I wouldn't say a word. But you're not. Shame on you, Adelaide. All I've got to say is, you're not the girl I thought you were—a working girl, a square girl. You're just like Lola and Mercedes. What you want is attention and excitement, not love. Well, we're quits—you and me. You won't be wanting any more pictures now, anyhow!"

The door slammed behind him. And then, immediately, in apology, it was opened again, and closed very, very gently. Everything was still.

Adelaide, stonily holding herself in, began to prepare for bed. She set the room in order and stooped to pick up her shoes. There was only one on the hearth. She looked under the chair, but it wasn't there. She looked behind the wood basket, behind the couch, under the table. It wasn't in the living room, the dinette or the small kitchen. It wasn't in her bedroom. Her slipper was gone. Harry must have taken it. But what did he want with it? She began to cry.

"I'm dead tired—that's what's the matter with me," she said severely. "I need a hot bath and bed."

But the tears ran down her cheeks without stopping as she bathed and prepared herself for bed. They wet her pillow and did not stop. Could it be true—what Harry had said—that she was too much impressed with money, with success? Was it as bad a fault as his carelessness of it? She caught her breath in a long sigh and commenced to weep again, the very flood gates loosened, and did not stop until, at last exhausted, a huddled, small heap in the wide bed, she slept.

She bathed her face in cold water and dressed carefully in the morning, holding herself rigidly, like an overful cup that would begin to spill again at the slightest provocation. She was afraid to carry the emerald in her hand bag, and reluctant to wear it. She finally put it back in its box and in her purse, and clutched it tightly. She avoided the side porch, where she and Harry had sat and watched the moon rise last summer, and went out the front door and to work.

At the office everything went wrong. The bookkeeper had a lot of grief. Her best stenographer gave her notice. There were mistakes in a proof that had been marked correct. The sales manager of High Hats wanted her to come to see four new spring models. She had to put him off until Monday.

And all morning she bit back the tears and watched through her open door for Harry to come into the office, as he usually did on Saturday. At noon he had not appeared, and she told the bookkeeper to mail him a check, and gave him the amount. When Mr. Ragle's chauffeur appeared she was in the midst of work.

"I can't go now," she told him. "Please tell Mr. Ragle to telephone me here, later. I've a lot to do yet."

The small staff trickled away. Adelaide found herself alone. She jerked her typewriter toward her and put a letterhead and carbon into it, and typed off a few letters. This would hold things until Monday.

The door into the hall opened, and her heart bounded to see Harry, and then fell again when she saw he was in the custody of a very grim-looking policeman. She knew the man. He patroled the neighborhood where she lived. Adelaide rose and went to them at once.

"This guy says you know him, miss. Do you?"

"Of course. No one better. He is my very best friend," said Adelaide at once.

"I found him sleeping on a bench on your side porch. A neighbor saw him and called me. I know you live alone there. He's arrested for trespass."

"Adelaide, can I talk to you?"

"Of course, Harry. You stay here a moment, officer; would you, please? We'll just go into my office. You can see us." Adelaide smiled at him tremulously, and led Harry into her office.

(Continued on Page 76)

87 HO
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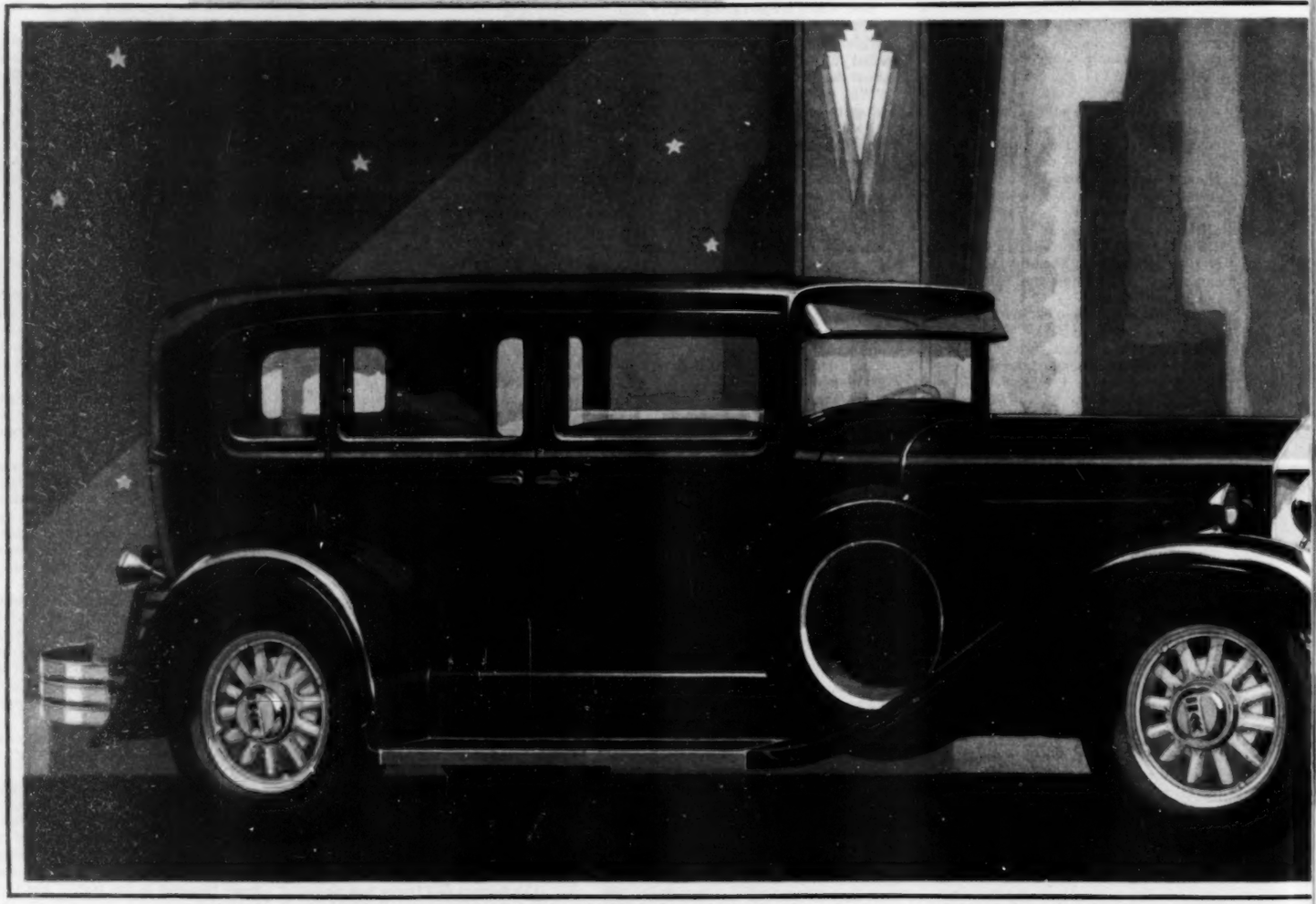
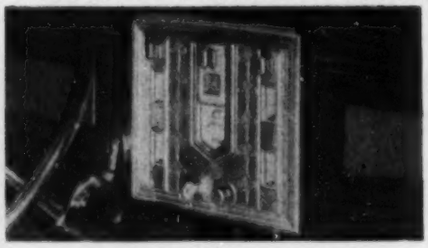
WILLY

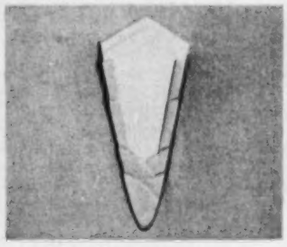


SOME OF THE DISTINCTIVE INTERIOR REFINEMENTS OF THE 1930 WILLYS-KNIGHT GR

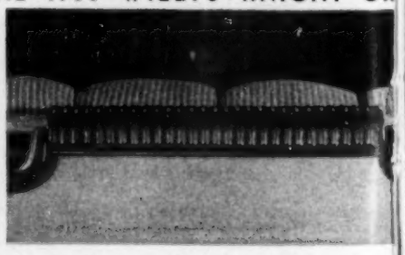
The interior door handle of the Willys-Knight Great Six closed models—an attractive yet serviceable design, rich bronze finish.



The artistically designed instrument panel, with instruments grouped in a setting of beauty and dignity.



A delicately modernistic touch features the design of the corner lamps, whose colored ground glass gives a warmly diffused amber glow.



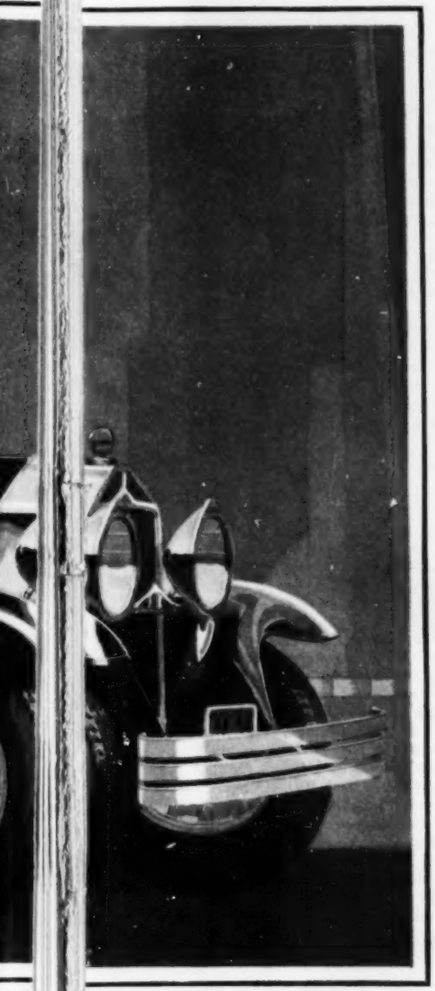
An attractive bronze-finished smoker's case fits ne into the back of the front seat of the Willys-Knig Great Six Sedan.

ORSEPOWER
the 1930
S-KNIGHT

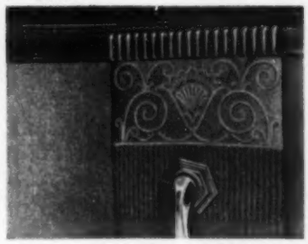
In the 1930 Willys-Knight "70-B", the superiorities of the sleeve-valve engine and the beauties of modern design interpreted by Willys-Overland's master artists, are available at a record low price for so large and powerful a car.

Rugged endurance, dependable performance, low operating costs, simplicity of engine design and construction, make the 1930 Willys-Knight decidedly economical to own and drive.

A visit to your nearest Willys-Knight dealer is the first step toward a higher order of motoring enjoyment and true pride of ownership.



EAT SIX



The door interiors are upholstered in broadcloth, with a center strip of Bedford Cord, topped by an artistic panel in needlepoint.

UNPRECEDENTED POWER AND TORQUE DEVELOPMENT ◆ DISTINCTIVELY INDIVIDUAL STYLE ◆ LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED INTERIORS

IN the new Willys-Knight Great Six, the patented double sleeve-valve engine sweeps to further heights of power, smoothness and efficiency. America has no record of any six-cylinder engine of comparable size which develops as much torque and power as the mighty engine of the 1930 Great Six—a car now even faster and livelier than ever before.

This powerful engine is clothed in a setting of regal beauty. Each model of the new Great Six is distinguished by ultra-modern body design—graceful lines of modish individuality admirably lending themselves to color combinations of richness and harmony.

Coachwork is of a most fastidious character, representative of the craftsmanship of Willys-Overland's accomplished body builders. Interiors are luxuriously upholstered in Bedford Cord and broadcloth. Many tasteful appointments include bronze-finished hardware, blending nicely with the rich walnut finish of the woodwork. A delicately modernistic touch features the design of the corner lamps, whose colored ground glass gives a warmly diffused amber glow.

Great Six Sedan
$1795

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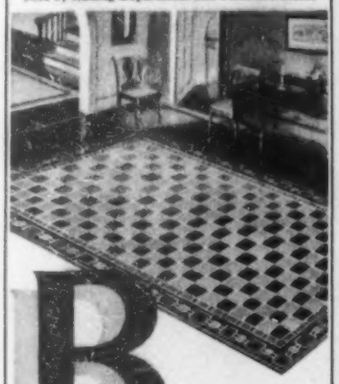

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(Continued from Page 73)

The officer said, "He had this. Is it yours?"

"Yes, I—I gave it to him. He was going to have it repaired for me."

She and Harry stood on either side of her desk, the slipper between them. The policeman put his blue back against the door.

"What happened, Harry?"

He was pale and shaken, desperate.

"You'll think I'm crazy, but I didn't go home last night, Adelaide."

"You didn't?"

"Oh, it makes me sick to have to tell you this way; but I started and came back and sat down on the bench there. I sort of felt as if—oh, I don't know—as if I were near you. I had your slipper."

"I know. I missed it."

"I sat there, holding it and wondering what I was going to do when you married; and wishing I'd told you how I really felt about you, instead of yelling at you that way—for me—to holler at you! I got so worked up, I couldn't go home. I stayed there all night, Adelaide. Of course, I shouldn't have, but I had a feeling that I was keeping a last watch, standing guard over you. It was like a farewell to me."

He steadied himself. Their eyes did not leave each other.

"I got cold and pulled that old steamer rug out of the chest under the bench there, and huddled under it, and I must have gone to sleep. I heard the clock strike five—I know it was after that; I haven't slept much this last week, Adelaide—and first thing I knew, this policeman came and woke me up. He was going to run me in. I told him I knew you. I didn't want to go to the police court. I thought it might get in the papers or something—now, when you're going to get married—so I persuaded him to bring me here. If you want to, you go ahead and charge me with trespassing or anything you want to, Adelaide. I don't mind going to jail. Only, everyone knows I'm crazy about you. I thought ——"

She had no chance to answer him. Somebody else had come in. It was Mr. Ragle. He began to question the policeman sharply, and came at once into Adelaide's office with an authoritative air.

"What's this?" he said at once. He was, as always, immaculate. Harry, anxious and unshaved, his clothes as he had slept in them, suffered by comparison, save that the sight of Mr. Ragle served to stir in him a new energy and pride that straightened his shoulders and flushed his cheeks.

"What is this, Adelaide?" insisted Mr. Ragle crisply. "Has this young man been annoying you? Better just let the policeman take him along."

"Mind your own affairs, will you?" said Harry savagely.

Adelaide said, "Please, Harry, let me settle this. . . . Mr. Ragle, this is an old friend of mine—the best friend I have in the world. You must let me manage it."

"But the policeman said he found him coming out of your house."

"He's a liar!" cried Harry excitedly. "I was never in her house after nine o'clock last night!"

Adelaide interposed again: "Please don't shout, Harry. I'm not used to it. I'm sure we can talk this over quietly enough. Mr. Ragle, you will please tell the policeman to go on. I wouldn't think of bringing any charges against Harry. I—have you never, when you were young, Mr. Ragle, sat outside a girl's window all night in the rain? You see ——"

"Adelaide, I forbid you to confide my affairs to Mr. Ragle! I don't see what he has to do with it at all! It isn't any of his business!"

He was going to rush off to jail, but again she detained him. She went out to the policeman and left the two men. She talked a little while to the officer, who smiled and touched his hat and left. Adelaide came back.

She said, before either of them could speak: "I'm very sorry about this—that it happened just so. But it is just as well to make everything clear at once. Mr. Ragle, Harry and I have been in love with each other for years. Last night we became engaged. We're going to be married this afternoon. Harry left me early, after we had had supper, and then he didn't go away, but sat out there on the bench. Only, toward morning, he fell asleep. I didn't know he was there, and came on to work. I'm sure you understand."

Mr. Ragle stood looking at her, his face pale and pinched looking, his lips compressed, every one of his years sitting heavily upon him. Adelaide took the little white box from her purse and pressed it into his hand.

"I shouldn't have taken the ring. What I did was nothing that deserved a reward. I wouldn't be happy now about keeping it."

Mr. Ragle achieved a smile which cost him considerable.

"You will allow me to wish you happiness? It is many years since I sat outside a girl's window at night. In the rain! You are right, I believe. I wouldn't do it now. So it will be good-by?"

"Good-by, Mr. Ragle. You have been wonderful to me."

He shook hands with her and offered his hand to Harry, who took it in a dazed, mechanical manner. Mr. Ragle withdrew.

Adelaide sat down weakly at her desk. The letters she had written lay before her, and she took up her pen and signed them without reading. She inclosed them all in the wrong envelopes and licked the flaps with her pink tongue.

Harry said at last, hollowly, "You didn't mean it—what you said—about us being in love?"

The cup overflowed, and Adelaide lifted a face wet with tears. Harry lifted her bodily over the desk and crushed her in his arms.

"We'll have to hurry," she said tremulously, "or the courthouse will be closed."

ACCOMMODATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

which are so intoxicating to one who is used to the American brand."

"Why aren't you going to make any inquiries?" Doug asked.

"She's so awfully good to be out of a position and in Westport, that I'm just afraid to. And there was a certain hesitancy about whether she was Miss or Mrs. No, if she'll come during the day for these few weeks and give the satisfaction I'm sure she'll give, it's far wiser not to know too much."

"But do you think ——" Doug began.

"I don't think she'll undermine the children's morals."

"But seriously ——"

"She's not a bad woman or a loose woman—I can assure you of that. She's a person who's been caught in some sort of a trap by life. That can seem horrid if you don't understand it thoroughly."

"Well, maybe you know best," Doug admitted.

After an early evening devoted to a rather coloratura demonstration of croup by Patty, Doug and Katherine were wakened at about three in the morning by a clamorous telephone call.

It was a telegram which undoubtedly had been intended as a night letter, but had been sent through straight. In it, Katherine's Aunt Caroline announced, quite gayly, that, to her relief, it had been decided that an operation would be necessary, and that she was going to have it next day and be done with it. Katherine mustn't think of leaving the children.

"Of course I've got to go," Katherine said, "and of course I can't. Oh, what shall I do?"

"After all, the children aren't really sick," Doug pointed out, "and an operation like that is a pretty serious matter, and Aunt Caroline's absolutely alone."

"Except for hundreds of devoted friends, and with Lena away ——"

"Oh, Margaret and Theodosia and I, between us, can manage somehow."

"Maybe you can with the help of this new woman. . . . Isn't there a train at some awful hour in the morning that I might catch?"

"At five o'clock."

"Then I'll take it."

She might have changed her mind again, but Doug held her to her decision. The ride, before dawn, through a cold mist to the station, was rather nightmarish.

"You'll let me know if a thing comes up, won't you?" were Katherine's last words.

"Yes," Doug promised, feeling pressed down with responsibility.

Mrs. Saltikoff came to the house at half-past seven.

"I am sorry to learn of Mrs. Calder's trouble," she said in an unemotional voice when Doug saw her about an hour later, "and if monsieur will have the children's physician describe to me their régime, I will see that it is followed. I nursed at a hospital in Constantinople for a time."

"Great!" Doug said, the weight on his shoulders lessening perceptibly.

"While madame is away I will move to the house, if monsieur wishes."

"I should say I do."

"The children have no temperatures, I find, and unless their physician objects, I see no reason why they should not be up today. Monsieur will be home for feeve o'clock perhaps?"

Doug didn't make a habit of leaving the factory for tea, but he regarded that question as a command and said he would.

"So that's her, huh?" Theodosia, who'd been hanging about ostensibly dusting the room, said, when Mrs. Saltikoff left.

Evidently there was going to be a cabal against Mrs. Saltikoff, for, when Doug was putting on his overcoat, Margaret appeared in the kitchen door and beckoned to him. When he joined her, she shut all the doors and made an appalling speech:

"Theo and I ain't going to be responsible for one thing, with a foreign stranger in the house and the missis not here. Not for one thing, includin' the lives of the children. What is she, anyway, nosing her way in here the minute the missis' back is turned?"

"Would you two rather look out for the children yourselves?" Doug asked.

"Oh, we couldn't do that."

For a short time after her harangue, Doug considered sending someone from the factory to watch Mrs. Saltikoff watching the children, but didn't, and when he returned home at about a quarter of five, they were still there and tea was laid out just as though Katherine were at home, which he knew must have infuriated Margaret and Theodosia.

"You will have your tea poured by the *jeune fille de la maison, n'est-ce pas?*" Mrs. Saltikoff asked, and before he could reply, she said, "See that monsieur, your father, is made comfortable, Katherine. And you, too, my little one."

With those words she eliminated herself from the room.

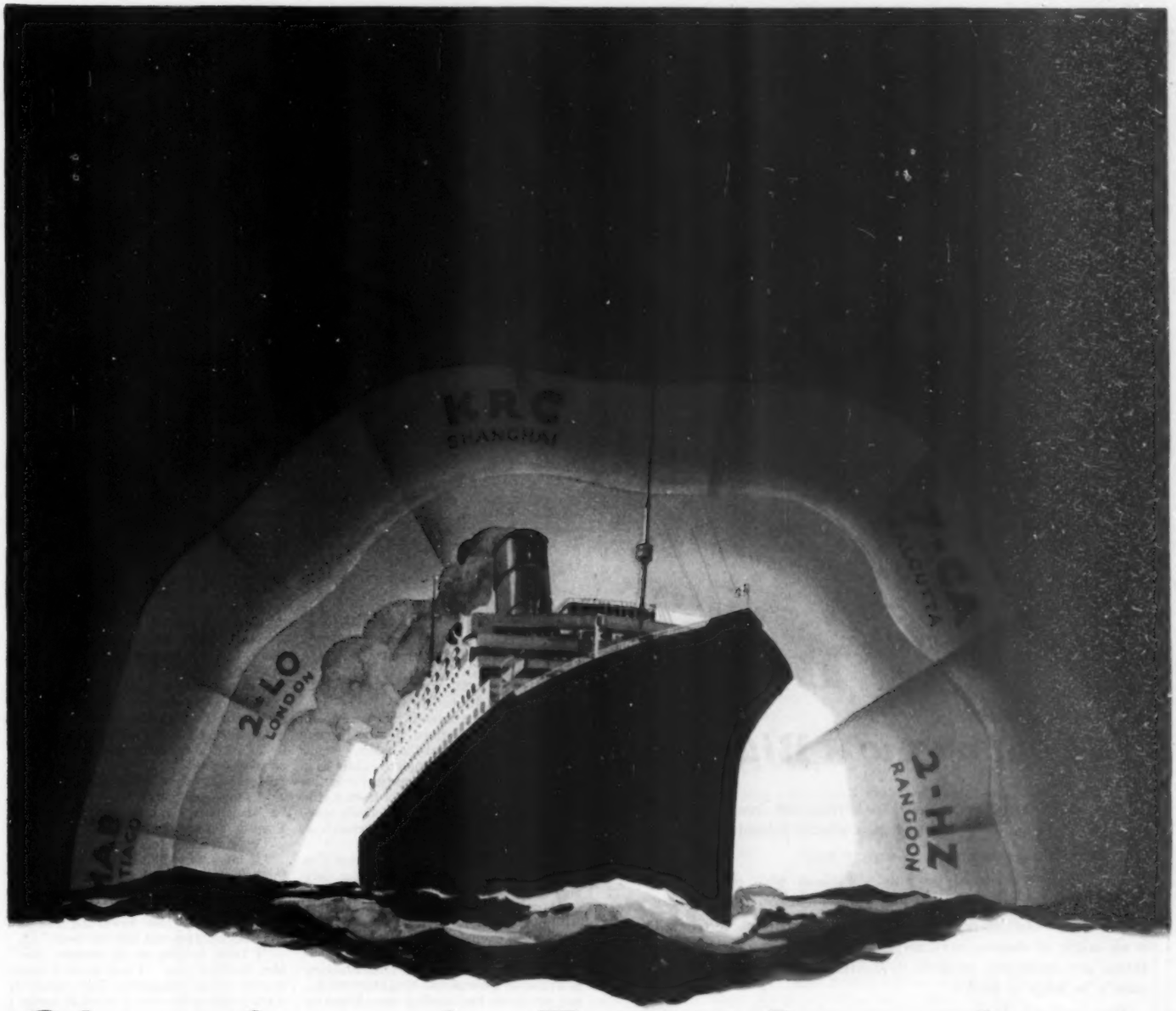
"Can I pour really?" Kit Kat asked. She never had before.

Doug didn't know how she'd manage the heavy pots, but thought it a good thing for her to try, and said, "Yes."

"And I'll pass the cakes and napkins," Patty bustled.

With infinite, tongue-biting effort, Kit Kat apportioned three sloppy cups, and when it was accomplished, Doug breathed more easily.

(Continued on Page 78)



Chosen for another FAMOUS LINER *because of its glorious* COLORFUL TONE

THE palatial Franconia, famous Cunard liner—most luxurious of World Cruise Steamships—chooses Majestic Radio for the 1930 cruise.

Again honored as the radio unaffected by changing latitude and various conditions—again recognized as the master of distance—the new Majestic is selected to entertain the Franconia's passengers on their six-months cruise round the world.

Picking up foreign stations from Algiers to Stamboul, from Bombay to Shanghai—reaching across dark jungles and tropic seas—Majestic brings in program after program in that unrivaled COLORFUL TONE that is exclusively Majestic's.

Chosen for the world flight of the Graf Zeppelin—chosen for the world cruise of the Franconia—chosen for 60 of America's finest trains—chosen by over two million owners—Majestic must unquestionably be your choice.

A trial in your home will convince you. No cost, no obligation. Call your dealer—and ask about Majestic's convenient payment plan.

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JUNE IS Majestic Theatre of the Air over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday evening from 9 to 10, Eastern Standard Time. Famous headliners of the stage and screen.

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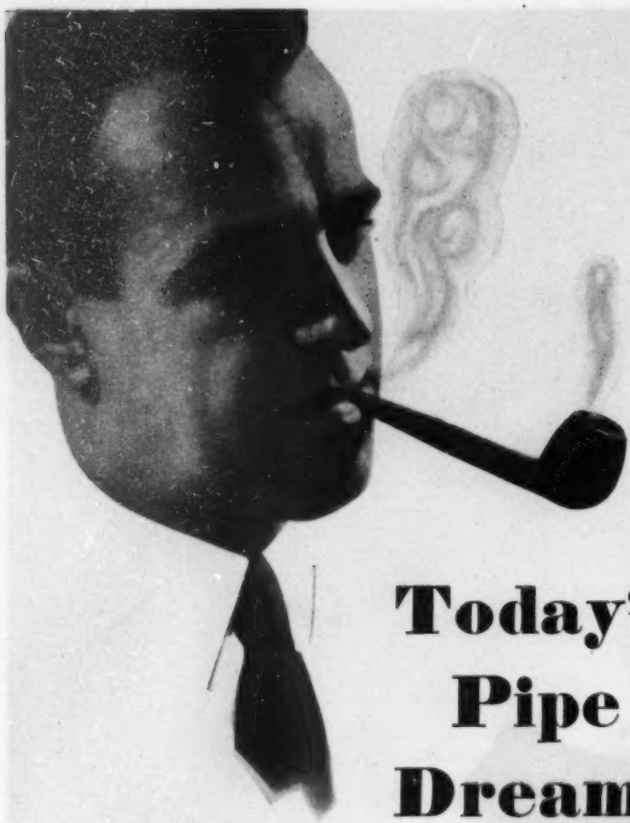
MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR



Today's Pipe Dreams

are Tomorrow's Big Deeds

A THROBBING FACTORY, some book that will live, a magnificent building, a victory in law or logic—what is behind each one?

Sound thinking—and, so very often, *a pipe.*

Pipe dreams—seeds of progress! Without such dreams all men would drudge, doing only what had to be done, seeing only today.

Not every man can dream. Nor can each dream come true. There is no magic of success, even in pipe dreams. Yet most men who *do* things are deliberate, assured, thoughtful. They see great visions—calmly, in wisps of smoke.

True, isn't it? Pipe-smokers know—and if you're not one of their manly company, now is the time to find out. Pack a good pipe with Edgeworth and see what hale and hearty relish there is in good tobacco smoked this way.

We said *Edgeworth,* and we stand by that. We'll even furnish the first pipeful—the first several, in fact. Edgeworth may become *your* choice, too. Just send along the coupon for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of good old genuine Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

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Tune in on
W R V A
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Radio Station
270.1 meters
1110 kilocycles

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I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME! E-4

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"Well, what kind of a day?" he asked.

"Oh, all right."

"Is Mrs. Saltikoff fun?"

"Y-yes."

"She had a reindeer for a pet," Patty said. "It came in and put its head on her husband's shoulder, and he didn't know what it was."

The anecdote vaguely troubled Doug, who remembered the size of reindeer, but after all, the children were used to fantasy. Probably a new brand wouldn't hurt them.

"And she went on a monkey hunt," Kit Kat said, "and the monkeys picked up their babies and ran away."

Doug noticed that in her excitement Kit Kat was winding her feet around the legs of the tea table, which wasn't particularly strong. Lest scalding water be overturned, he said: "Feet off that table, Kit Kat."

Katherine the Small had been interested in telling her story and in being grown up, and it hurt her feelings to be suddenly treated like a baby.

"I don't want to," she said, and twisted her feet a little.

Doug steadied the table with both hands.

"I'm not fooling, Kit Kat. Take them off."

Kit Kat would have obeyed, but Patty, who couldn't bear any criticism of her sister, saw her lip tremble.

"Don't do it, Kit Kat!" she cried, in what her mother called her "protestant" voice.

"Nonsense. I simply don't want you to scald yourself."

"Don't do it, Kit Kat."

"You'll either do it or leave the room."

It was the ultimate affront. Instantly the air was horrid with screams:

"You're mean!"

"You're horrid!"

"You're hateful to Kit Kat!"

Like two small actresses from the Odéon, the Calder girls swarmed from the room. Shrieking, they climbed the stairs.

Doug sat feeling a complete failure as a composite parent. He was rescued from the dumps by a long-distance call from Katherine, who said that Aunt Caroline's operation was successfully over, and asked how things were progressing at home.

"All right," Doug said, "except that I've just made my daughters so mad that they may refuse to keep me in the house."

"Mrs. Saltikoff doesn't pinch them or stick pins in them?"

"Apparently not. I'll ask her. Do you want to speak to them?"

"I don't know anything as unsatisfactory as a child on a telephone. Hug them for me, and tell them I'm sending their kisses by mail."

Doug went back to the living room and was reading the evening paper when there was a tap on the door.

"Come in."

Two small blond heads peered around the door jamb.

"We have come," Kit Kat explained, "to beg the pardon of Monsieur the King, our father."

"We couldn't have our baths and supper if we didn't," Patty added, and at that Kit Kat giggled.

"Well, this is very charming," Doug said.

Kit Kat approached the chair where he sat and, with the peculiar grace of which she was capable, lifted his hand and kissed it.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur the King."

"I was just afraid you'd hurt yourself."

"Darling daddy." She put her arms around his neck and hugged hard.

"I'm so sorry," he said.

"Now you apologize, Pats," Kit Kat directed her sister. "You were naughtier than I was, because you made me naughty."

It wasn't Patty's nature to apologize in words. She approximated it as closely as possible by burying her face in the arm of Doug's chair and kicking her feet in the air like a bad little pony.

"I know you're sorry," Doug told her, and kissed the back of her neck.

"Now we can go to our bath," Kit Kat sighed complacently, and as they went out, Doug heard her ask her sister: "Aren't you glad that we forgave our father?"

The incident was the first indication that a discipline which, if it wasn't military, was at least that of a very severe court, had been introduced into the nursery. Echoes thereof which reached the living room were delightful, but Doug grew a little worried; and Margaret, when he sought counsel from her, was not comforting.

"It ain't natural, the way she makes them children act. And with me! Short ain't the word."

On leaving the kitchen, Doug reflected that it was curious to have received as many years of faithful service from a person as they had had from Margaret and not feel even a glimmering of liking for her. Nevertheless, he had a married man's regard for one woman's opinion of another, and that evening when Mrs. Saltikoff brought his daughters in to say good night, he did something he regarded as very subtle.

The children were jabbering about an island in the little river which flowed past Westport. It was a piece of soggy earth with one broken willow on it, but they called it "our island" and made up stories about it.

"The water is frozen now," Patty said, "and we are going to walk out to our island on the ice. Won't that be fun?"

"Yes, there's a little skim about an inch thick which would drop you into the coldest bath you ever had," Doug said. "You let me catch you trying any such thing."

And picking Patty up, he gave her a little flick with his palm.

"I guess I'll spank you now just for speaking about it," he told her jokingly. "Ever been spanked, Pats?"

"No," Patty answered without hesitation. "Does it hurt much?"

"Very much," Mrs. Saltikoff said, "but it is stupid and unnecessary."

Doug took comfort in remembering that speech all the next day, and when he got home, made a point of saying to Mrs. Saltikoff: "How in the deuce do you make them behave so well?"

Mrs. Saltikoff looked at him in surprise. "I simply tell them what to do," she said. "If they object and scream, I go away. They do not scream for long."

"Well, it seems to work."

"If monsieur will pardon a criticism, I think it makes little Katherine nervous to be consulted as to what she will do."

"But I thought the modern idea," Doug protested, "was that thwarting and disciplining children was bad for them."

"I know nothing of the modern idea," Mrs. Saltikoff said; "I only know it is well to grow used to discipline. Then, when life starts to discipline one, it is not so hard. I myself thank God my father was a soldier."

That explained much. A drill sergeant, Doug judged, looking at the soldier's daughter.

"I suppose you're crazy about children, too," he hazarded, to account for the rest of her success.

"Not at all. They quite bore me. Yours less than most, monsieur."

She was the most enigmatic person Doug had ever encountered, and he might have tried to talk to her more had he not sensed great bulwarks of reserve fencing her in on all sides.

He wondered if Margaret had changed her dour mind.

"Getting along better with Mrs. Saltikoff?" he asked her.

"Salt enough," Margaret sniffed. "I'll say I've had salt enough."

Theodosia, standing at the sink in her pantry, heard and tittered.

"There was a man come to see her today," she said—"a man with a beard."

"I want to tell you again, Mr. Calder," Margaret began, "Theo and me won't be responsible ——"

Doug wanted to say, "Oh, shut up," but he was better trained, so he merely left the kitchen.

His mind was pleasantly free from thoughts of the situation at home next day, when business sent him across country in

(Continued on Page 81)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Because King Richard III of England was born with a tooth, his superstitious elders predicted every sort of misfortune for him. They believed that the mother of such a child held kinship with the powers of darkness.

"Heaven forefend!—a *tooth?*"

These superstitious seers of Richard's 15th century day were ludicrously wrong, of course. That premature tooth was a perfectly harmless phenomenon.

But modern medical science is most emphatically right when it warns that *neglected* baby teeth may be a forerunner of serious systemic ailments.

Here is appalling evidence of just such dangerous neglect: 98 out of every 100 first-grade children examined recently in New York City were found to have cavities in *their first permanent molars.*

What will be the condition of your baby's teeth by the time he toddles off to school?

Important facts for prospective mothers

Do you realize that your own diet—not only during the nursing period but even before the baby is born—has an important effect on your baby's teeth? And that, without proper food, your own teeth may be impaired by child-bearing? That is why it is so necessary to follow your physician's diet instructions carefully.

If, for example, he prescribes cod-liver oil for you—as he almost surely will later for your baby—it is because he realizes how important it is to you both. Next to summer sunlight, pure cod-liver oil is the richest natural source of Vitamin D, without which element the body cannot utilize the bone- and tooth-building substances in the diet: lime and phosphorus.

If your diet is deficient in these elements, your first sacrifice as a mother begins: nature will drain the lime and phosphorus from your own bones and teeth, in an effort to strengthen the baby. With a pure, high-grade cod-liver oil easily obtainable, this is a needless sacrifice of your health and strength. Why make it?

Parke, Davis & Company are glad to be able to provide the mothers and babies of the land with cod-liver oil that is unusually rich in vitamins, and so pure as to be almost tasteless—Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is rich not only in Vitamin D, which builds sturdy bones and sound teeth, but also in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to disease.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

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And there you will find the same pure Texaco Golden Motor Oil that is sold from coast to coast—in each of our forty-eight States! For neither clime nor distance halts the progress of the Texaco Star!

In Singapore on the equator, where an engine's heat is magnified by a sun like polished brass, motorists depend implicitly on Texaco Golden Motor Oil!

And in Iceland, where the mercury hits thirty below, there, too, you will find Texaco Golden Motor Oil demonstrating its ability to meet efficiently all lubricating requirements.

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Let a Texaco man demonstrate to you the free-flowing quality of Texaco at low temperatures.

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Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

(Continued from Page 78)

his car to a near-by pulp mill. Perhaps it was because of his complete relaxation that a frantic telephone call from the factory which said that his house was on fire scared him witless.

"Kids out?" he managed to gasp.

"Oh, yes," Miss Gyngell, his secretary, said. "There hasn't been any loss of life. At least, I don't think so."

Without waiting for any further details, Doug dashed for his roadster. He'd meant to have it filled with gas, but didn't; simply drove with unslackening speed until he reached the bridge at the outskirts of Westport, where it died with a gulp.

Not bothering to roll it to a not-very-distant filling station, Doug jumped out and ran.

Halfway down the street he was able to see, from vague outlines through the trees, that the entire fabric of his house hadn't been destroyed, and at the corner of his block his eyes fell with rapture on Katherine the Small and Patty, out for a promenade, tightly buttoned up in their autumn overcoats.

"Daddy," they said, "what are you panting like that for?"

"I've been running. Tell me about the fire."

"Oh, it was the most exciting thing!" Katherine the Small said.

"Kit Kat was cooking on her little stove," Patty thrust in a word.

"Let me tell, Patty. It happened to me."

"I want to tell."

"I don't care. I'm the biggest."

"Was anyone hurt?" Doug asked.

"Just Nana."

"She burnt her hands."

"Where were you?"

"In the bedroom," Kit Kat got ahead. "The dolls were sick and we were playing the hospital in Constantinople. I had been cooking for them in the nursery and I may have left on the little stove, but I don't think so."

"Nana says perhaps it was the wiring," Patty announced triumphantly. It was really better than telling the whole story, to remember a detail as adult as that.

"What caught fire?" Doug asked.

"The nursery curtain," they said in unison.

The nursery was between the bedroom and the hall, and the situation, as the children indicated it, was not pleasant to contemplate.

"Nana said she was downstairs and smelled smoke," Kit Kat ran away with the narrative again. "She came up, and Patty and I were just coming from our room, and she said, 'Go back at once.'"

"Oh, it was terrible," Patty commented. "I was so frightened my teeth chatted."

"And Nana pulled down the curtain and put it out."

"There was something on the floor she was afraid would catch."

"Cleaning fluid."

"It seems to have had all the trimmings," Doug said. "Did the fire department come?"

"Yes. Before she pulled down the curtain, Nana called to Theodosia, 'There is a fire. Telephone.'"

"All the firemen came, and lots of other people."

"Oh, it was terrible."

"We loved it."

Apparently only the nursery had been damaged, though there were signs of disorder in the hall and living room.

Mrs. Saltikoff hurried downstairs to see Doug, her hands bandaged.

"I am so sorry about the fire department and all the people who rushed in," she said. "If I would have been sure I could extinguish the curtain, I would not have called for them, of course. But I was afraid if I could not, the children must be taken down by ladder."

"I think you were wonderfully level-headed," Doug told her. "Were you badly burned?"

"Not very, but when the firemen and the people came I was unable to look out for the *argenterie* and things as I would have done otherwise."

Theodosia had evidently been listening, for at those words she darted from the shadow at the back of the hall.

"She's trying to tell you," she said, "that Mrs. Calder's silver coffee urn is gone."

"I cannot say how I regret," Mrs. Saltikoff stammered.

Theodosia drilled her with steely eyes.

"Mrs. Calder's best piece," she stated.

"Such things are so apt to happen at the time of a fire," Mrs. Saltikoff said, her face tautening.

"Not in America," Theodosia told her. "At least I never heard of such goings on, did you, Mr. Calder?"

Doug had no time to answer.

"I have seen it often in Russia," Mrs. Saltikoff said.

"Maybe a Russian or some other foreigner took this."

There was no doubt of Theodosia's implication.

By some necromancy of the mind Mrs. Saltikoff eliminated her from existence.

"May I speak to monsieur?" she asked, and stepped into the living room. "I am a stranger to you," she said to Doug when they had closed the doors behind them. "It makes my position difficult, now there has been a theft. I would ask to be searched but, as I understand, the missing object is too large to be concealed about me. I am helpless in such a situation and must ask monsieur's advice."

While she was talking, Doug, who was embarrassed, looked at those neat bandages on her hands. It was quite possible that they were faked. It was entirely possible that the whole fire had been an incredibly clumsy scheme for stealing one piece of silver by means of a confederate. Certainly Margaret's and Theodosia's honesty was unquestionable. Doug, feeling that he needed Katherine's feminine judgment as never before in his life, had to decide whether Mrs. Saltikoff was bluffing or not.

Perhaps because he was a man and the discomfort of losing a silver coffee urn was infinitely less than seeing a woman—even a guilty woman—made miserable, he had reached his conclusion before she stopped.

"No advice is needed, Mrs. Saltikoff," he said. "I haven't the faintest suspicion of you, and Theodosia is a crazy young flapper who doesn't count. You saved the children. That's all I think about."

"I am very grateful to monsieur," Mrs. Saltikoff told him.

It was an odd, courtly little scene.

"I guess this afternoon was as dangerous as walking out to our island," Patty said to Doug on her way up to bed, no little satisfaction in her voice.

"Yes, I have to admit it was," he told her.

That evening, in spite of his protestations to Mrs. Saltikoff, Doug went downtown in order to telephone a full and unhampered account of the fire and pillage to Katherine.

"What do you think?" he asked, when she was in possession of all the facts.

"I think I'll start home on the midnight."

"There's no need, Katherine."

"Still, with the flames licking around my young, I'd rather like to be on the spot."

"But how about Aunt Caroline?"

"She's getting along wonderfully, and when I tell her about this mystery, she'll be so anxious to know the solution that she'll send me packing. You're sure the fire didn't do any harm to the children? Psychically, I mean."

"It may have turned them into pyromaniacs. It certainly hasn't given them St. Vitus' dance or any of those things."

When Katherine got off the train, Doug was standing on the platform.

"You think I'm a fool, don't you?" he asked, as she kissed him.

"An idealist," she made a pretty distinction. "Have you notified the police?"

"No. If I did, they'd make the most terrible row for Mrs. Saltikoff and her cousin."

"You haven't fallen in love with Mrs. Saltikoff, by any chance?"

"The day after I do you'll find me casting soft glances at the electric ice box. The man is her cousin, by the way. At least he's an old chap, seventy-five or eighty; a nice old fellow who speaks hardly any English."

"Then you have done some investigating?"

"I just called up the carpet-factory people."

"Have you taken her finger prints?"

Doug grinned.

"I thought not," Katherine said, shaking her head. "Well, I've come prepared for a little intensive detective work. If that doesn't succeed, I shall put Mrs. Saltikoff through a quiet, unofficial, feminine third degree."

"I thought you liked her," Doug said.

"It was the most superficial impression, and I've liked that coffee urn for years. In fact, I may say I've loved it. And it was worth five hundred dollars if it was worth a cent."

"Oh, the hideous possessiveness of women," Doug murmured.

Katherine only smiled.

"Do you know," she said, "I've known men to cling to stocks and bonds with a certain tenacity."

"When's the third degree to be?" Doug asked, as he left Katherine at the house.

"I'll wait till you get home."

"You needn't. I'm going to have luncheon downtown, and if it isn't over by dinnertime, I'll go to the club for dinner."

"I promise it'll be over by six o'clock," Katherine said, "you coward."

Even at six Doug started home with a certain reluctance. The children were waiting for him at the gate.

"Mummy's got a surprise for you," Kit Kat said.

"Mummy's ——" Patty began.

"You're not to tell."

"I wasn't going to tell."

"Where's Nana?" Doug asked.

"She's gone."

Katherine the Great was in the hall.

"Is it a surprise still?" she asked the children.

"Yes."

"Then take daddy to the dining room."

On the sideboard stood the silver urn.

"I'm a fool," Doug said. "I admit it, but a kind fool."

"Suppose you go upstairs and take those doll clothes off Bashie," Katherine suggested to her daughters. That disposed of them.

"Well?" Doug asked, going into the living room and sitting on the couch.

"I marched in," Katherine recounted, "feeling and, I guess, looking, like a whole homicide squad, and I gave one glance at that brave, weatherbeaten face of Mrs. Saltikoff's and I was just as much of a fool as you, my dear."

"That's a relief, anyway. How did you get back the urn, though?"

"Let me tell the story in my own way, Doug. Mrs. Saltikoff suspected why I'd hurried back, I'm sure; but we were both civilized about it and politely ignored the reason. As soon as we got the children settled pasting, we went into conference about them, and Mrs. Saltikoff said a lot of wise, rather hard things. In the midst of our conversation the telephone rang. It was long distance and Theodosia couldn't get what was wanted, so I went. 'I can't understand the party who's calling very well,' Central said, 'but is there someone named Salty something there?' I called Mrs. Saltikoff, and when she got the connection, she talked in some language I didn't understand at all, and I could see that she was troubled. Finally she put her hand over the transmitter and spoke to me. 'It is about tomorrow,' she said—'if I might have the day off? If it will inconvenience madame too much, I will try to make some excuse.'"

"It was her confederate, of course," Doug said.

"That's two interruptions," Katherine counted off on her fingers. "Well, I assured her that she could have tomorrow off, and her face was all smiles and she said a few more words in the strange language and hung up. 'I am so sorry to trouble, madame,' she then explained to me, 'but I really did not know what to do. You see, this was not an invitation for tomorrow. It was more a command. The lady on the telephone was the Grand Duchess Ksenia. She wishes me to come to the city tomorrow. I used to be one of her ladies in waiting.'"

"This Grand Duchess Ksenia I've read about in the papers!" Doug exclaimed.

"Those were my exact words," Katherine told him, "and I added gawkily, 'but I imagined that all her ladies in waiting were noblewomen.' 'You see,' our accommodator informed me, 'I am the Princess Saltikoff, but I do not use my title here. It seems so utterly silly.'"

"Great guns!" Doug gasped. "What did you say to that?"

"I told her that I was overwhelmed and impressed, and we had a rather fascinating talk. She sketched in her early history—a father who was a general and a great friend of the Czar's, a husband who was a dilettante explorer, receptions at the Imperial Palace, sables on the Nevsky Prospect—that sort of thing."

Something in her tone disturbed Doug.

"Was it all true, Katherine?"

"Will you let me tell this story in my own way, or don't you want to hear any more?" his wife teased him.

"Go on. I'll keep my mouth shut."

"Well, I broke it to the children, and they were interested, but not so excited as I'd have thought, and all through luncheon we three pumped anecdotes from her. Then the children went up to their naps, and I, not having slept on the sleeper, thought I'd catch fifteen minutes' rest, and didn't waken till it was dusk. I'd just come downstairs when I heard madame coming down, and called, 'Where are the children?'

"She joined me immediately. 'I thought the children were with you,' she said. 'They haven't been with me,' I told her. 'They said they wanted to go to you an hour ago and get costumes,' she said, and, Doug, I saw that there was a queer look on her face, and realized that that was just the way she'd acted about the silver urn. Apparently so honest, and not at fault. My heart almost stopped, and I knew I must be clever.

"She said: 'I will look for them at once,' and put on her hat and coat. 'Are you sure they're not in the house?' I asked. 'No.' 'Then I'll look here.'

"But the instant she was out of the door I put on my coat and raced after her, keeping back far enough so that she was just in sight. She didn't look to right or left, or call, or give any indication that she was looking for children; just streaked in the general direction of where she lives. In my mind I was trying to figure out what particular brand of maniac she must be, for certainly it wasn't a sane way to go about a job of kidnaping, and suddenly she left the sidewalk for a side path, and I saw she was going down to the river.

"I kept after her, slipping and sliding in the frozen dirt, and she got out of sight. When I reached the river bank she was about four yards out. The ice had given way once, but she'd climbed up on it again. As I looked, it gave way a second time, and she went in to her knees. 'Madame,' I called, 'what are you doing?' She waded back to me. 'I didn't want madame to know, for fear of frightening her,' she said, 'but the children talk constantly about the little island. I am horribly afraid they have tried to walk out to it.'"

"Were you scared to death?" Doug asked.

"No, I wasn't. As I was able to tell madame, that threat of walking out to the island is a joke with the children. The first time they suggested it they saw that it alarmed me and now they bring it out like a jack o' lantern whenever they want to be scary. As a matter of fact, I think they've

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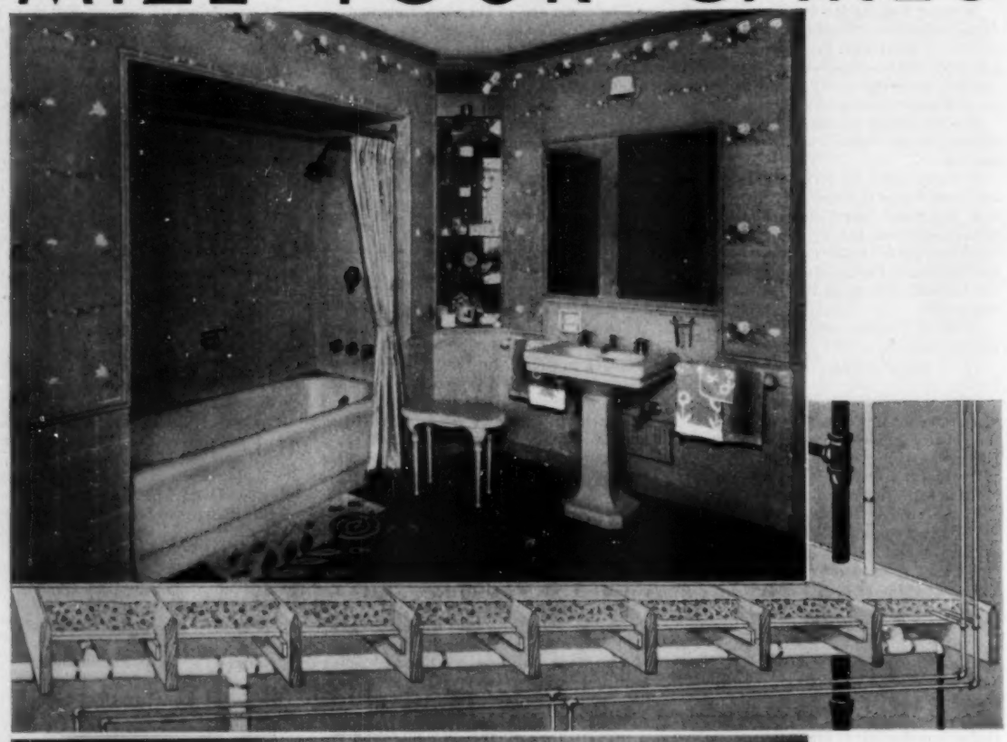
MODERNIZE YOUR COMFORTS ECONOMIZE YOUR CARES



The Modern Scheme of Living Calls for Color Schemes in Bathrooms

For decades the bathroom has been the least attractive room in the home... but today people realize that the bathroom should be as cheerful and colorful as any other room.

Rich, warm, genial "Standard" color schemes are transforming the modern bathroom into a work of art.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures will re-create the bathroom in your present home and bring undreamed of bathroom beauty to the home you plan to build.

Visit a "Standard" Show Room.

Put these improvements in your home!

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American Radiator heating guarantees you a maximum of comfort with a minimum of care. It cuts out the complications and cuts down the cost of antiquated methods of heating. It keeps down the upkeep of keeping warm and well.

So clean and attractive is the "Ideal" Redflash Boiler in its red enamel jacket, that it allows you to convert your basement into a really livable place.

Each part of an "American" Radiator Heating Plant—Boiler, Radiators, Accessories—is designed for perfect team work, just like the parts of an automobile. So—for reasons of Duty and Beauty, insist on "All-American" Radiator Heating.

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Cold rooms don't save any money...and they don't save any lives,either...Nobody can compute what they cost in human suffering and loss...and nobody who is sensible to the ever-present danger of cold rooms will put up with them.

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AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 81)

both got rather afraid of the island themselves. I doubt if you could get them near it.

"'I am so relieved,' madame said, over and over, as I explained. 'I am so relieved.' 'But if I hadn't come,' I asked her, 'what would you have done?' 'Oh,' she told me, 'I would have got to the island somehow. The ice would be thicker farther out.'"

"When she isn't crazy about the children too!" Doug marveled.

"I asked her about that. 'But they were placed under my care,' she said. Besides; I think she's beginning to recognize what delightful children they are."

"What in the world did you say to her?" Doug asked.

"I told her that she was the greatest justification of the aristocratic principle I had ever known."

"And where were the kids? And"—Doug suddenly remembered the take-off of the narrative—"how did you get back the urn?"

"On the way back, we met the children coming out of Miss Boland's. When they saw I was resting, they'd remembered that she'd invited them over to dress up in clothes in her attic."

"I don't know that that wasn't worse than the river."

"Well, they never got as far as dressing up. Kit Kat said that the house didn't smell good, and they withdrew as quickly as they could with politeness. 'And, mummy,' she also said to me, 'did you know Miss Boland has a silver urn like the one we lost?'

"It was my urn, of course. At first Miss Boland couldn't remember how it had got on her sideboard. Then it came back to her that at the time of the fire she'd thought she'd better look out for it, and carried it away under her cape."

"What did you say to the old rogue elephant?"

"Gave her a dollar for her pains, darling. You know me."

"And where is Mrs.—the Princess Saltikoff?"

"Home drinking hot lemonade and whisky so as not to carry a cold to the grand duchess tomorrow. She'll be back here the day after, heaven be praised."

Their colloquy was interrupted by voices from the hall.

"I am the Queen and you will do as I tell you. You will take that cat to the kitchen."

"And I am the Princess and I will do nothing of the kind, you proud, hateful thing."

"Children!" Katherine the Great protested. "Did you ever hear Nana storm that way? You should pattern yourself after Nana. She is a real princess."

"Not the kind we mean," Katherine the Small replied, and to her waiting woman she continued: "Now, you take that nasty cat to the kitchen or I will hit you. I will hit you hard with my scepter."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

The Critic and the Star

THE critic wrote: "She never learned
To play her parts a bit uniquely;
Her lines have never seared or burned,
Her mouthings have been muttered meekly. . . ."
The star two thousand dollars earned,
The critic forty-seven weekly!
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

FUNNY, but true: The get-rich-quick sucker who expects a 100 per cent profit on his money is always borrowing money from the man who is satisfied with the old 6 per cent.

Check!
Or the Poet's Revenge

YOU said you'd care through space and time!
Cad! Learn what scorning women means!
I'll put your compliments in rime
And sell them to the magazines!

The checks will buy me hats to go
New places with a truer beau.
You'll rage, when watching him adore me,
To know you helped to snare him for me!
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Just One Big Family

WHERE the sedulous police
Guard a distant city's peace,
Daring, dashing Peter Todd
Led a dauntless special squad;
Never lived a man discreeter
Than the doughty Captain Peter;
Matters he forbore to mention
Often came to his attention;
There are times when keeping mum
Means a tidy little sum.
Mr. William Woodley Sawyer
Was a smart and wealthy lawyer,
Holding views about the criminal
More pragmatic than subliminal;
In his pleas for the defense,
None could match his eloquence.
Senator Horatius Tait,
Favored scion of his state,
Strove to lighten penal laws,
Yanking molars from their jaws.
Timothy McGoofus Mudge,
Answering to the hail of "judge,"
Plump, convivial and hearty,
Helped his friends and served his party.

Joe Gazookus, racketeer,
Connoisseur of wine and beer,
Fancy tipples, whisky, gin,
Throve and grew as rich as sin;
Gathered to himself as well
A distinctive clientele.
Joe one day, while feeling peevish,
Shot a friend who acted thievish,
And like many a luckless sport
Shortly found himself in court;
Then he looked around and saw
Stern exponents of the law;
Viewed, as recognition flamed,
Individuals I have named.
Was he worried just a bit?
Not so you could notice it;
Customers are loyal men.
Was he sentenced? Guess again!
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Doing Things for Others

SHE: Doing things for others is the only way to get any real happiness out of life; don't you really think it is?

HE: Yeah, I guess that's right.

SHE: I mean if you are just consecrated on yourself all the time, I don't think you get any real happiness out of life; do you think you do?

HE: No, I guess not.

SHE: But don't you think it's terribly hard, sort of, to do things for others? Because I mean people sort of resent it when you try to do things for them, like telling them their faults and all; do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: I honestly think everybody should be glad to have somebody tell them their faults and everything; don't you really think they should?

HE: Yeah, I spose so.

SHE: But I think it just gets you in wrong when you try to help anybody that way; don't you think it does?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: But I honestly think if people were sensible about those sorts of things and would just realize you were telling them their faults just because you wanted to help them and all, it would be lots easier to sort of do things for others; do you know what I mean? —LLOYD MAYER.

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strained for you

THAT'S FLORIDAGOLD . . . Only the *pure, unadulterated* juice of ripe grapefruit.

Just enough pure cane sugar added to temper the natural tartness. *And not a trace of anything else.* The very same juice that sparkled in the tree-ripened fruits (rich in vitamins B and C) waits in these handy little containers.

Waits to be poured into your iced tumblers for a fresh fruit breakfast drink. Waits to "perk up" your fruit punches . . . your fancy beverages. No wonder everybody's drinking FLORIDAGOLD!

Don't delay. Act at once. If your "special" grocer hasn't any yet, send this little coupon on its way. And hereafter, when you order, don't forget to say FLORIDAGOLD to your grocer . . . if you want *pure gold* through and through.

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Also Packers of Florida Gold Grapefruit Hearts

FLORIDA GOLD
Grapefruit Juice

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Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me one half case (12 cans) of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....
Your grocer's name.....

BIDDING four tricks and getting but three is commonly referred to as tough luck at anybody's bridge party.

Yet a lot of motorists go "down one" every time they bid on a gallon of ordinary motor oil. They buy four quarts—and actually get but three quarts of *lubricant*.

For in every gallon of oil, ordinary refining leaves one quart or more of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor. When you buy a gallon of ordinary oil you get three quarts of lubricant—and one quart of waste.

But when you buy a gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil you get *four* full quarts of lubricant. For Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. Every gallon of Quaker State is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In place of this quart of waste you get a quart of *lubricant*—what you really get is an *extra* quart in every gallon of Quaker State.

That's one reason why you get extra sweet lubrication from Quaker State. Here's another—every gallon of Quaker State is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the very finest that money can buy!

Learn what a difference Quaker State will make in the purr, the pep, the power of your motor. Drive up to the green and white service station sign. Say "Fill her up with Quaker State"—and enjoy the smoothest, slickest, sweetest miles you ever motored!

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THE BABY MARKET

(Continued from Page 25)

can never grow up into anything but men? At any rate, the indubitable fact remains that girls are the big market leaders, comparable to United States Steel and General Electric, and the boys lag far behind. If the boy is red-headed his chance of finding a new mamma and papa is practically zero. Nobody wants him at all. And even without that terrific handicap, if he reaches the dread age of four, he is a glut on the market. He may be a regular sockdolager of a boy, a prize pippin, a future President of this great republic, but so far as acquiring a mamma is concerned, he is distinctly out of luck.

But the preferences in this market are not confined to the investors alone. Unlike the stock market, these little live securities have strong likes and dislikes of their own, especially after they arrive at the age of two or three. Almost without exception they are all eager for papas and mammas; but that doesn't mean just any old kind. They also have ideas, visions, dreams.

Once a woman came seeking a child for adoption; she was a very fine lady, sumptuously gowned, sleekly groomed, not a hair out of place, immaculate, as perfect as a manikin. At sight of her the little girl burst into a storm of tears. "She ain't my mamma!" she sobbed, and she howled so vociferously that she had to be removed.

"What was the matter with that mamma?" demanded the attendant nurse.

"Sh-she's too slick!" wailed the child. "I don't want no slick mamma like that!" And it is profoundly true that a slick mamma is not so good.

Sometimes, happily, it is love at first sight, as was the case of a little lad who was being interviewed by a prospective mamma. Before the conference was a minute old he picked up his cap and remarked, "Well, I'm all ready. Are you?"

Occasionally it is some infantile terror, some strange aspect, mannerism or facial expression of the foster parent which daunts the child. This was what happened to Dan, a personable young sportsman of three who was immediately charmed by his prospective foster mother. It was a wealthy, childless couple of fine social position, although a bit old-fashioned as to ways and clothes. As is the custom, the woman came first, saw and was conquered, and then she brought her husband for an interview. When the child was led in, the wife said: "This is your new papa, Dan. Shake hands with him." The genial-faced gentleman extended his hand. But Dan, after one wild, affrighted glare, let out a horrified bellow, fled to the lady and hid his head against her knee.

When Children Pick Their Parents

"Why, Dan," she exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"I don't like that man," sobbed Dan. "I won't have him for my papa. Take him away! Take him away!"

"But look at him, darling."

"I—I don't want to look at him," wept the lad. "I want him to go away." And nothing would induce him to take a second look; he shuddered convulsively at the bare idea. His eyes had been so blasted by that single glance that he shut them tightly as he was led, sobbing bitterly, away.

"I like that kid," said the husband. "He's going to hit the world and hit it hard. He's got a roar like the bull of Bashan."

"He's a precious lamb!" said the woman, "but he seemed actually terrified of you. His eyes grew big as saucers. I wonder what was the matter."

"Ask him. I'd really like to know what there is about me that strikes terror to the heart of a child."

So the wife took Dan aside. "What was it, dear?" she pressed gently. "You shan't have that papa if you don't like him—but what was the matter?"

The big crystal tears plopped out afresh; sobs choked his speech; his eyes were still wild. "He—he—he's got eyebrows on his chin. An' I don't want no papa with eyebrows on his chin."

"Eyebrows on his chin!" She gave an amazed chortle of mirth. It was true that her husband wore his whiskers parted in the middle and neatly brushed both ways. "But, darling, those are not eyebrows on his chin; they're whiskers. Nothing but whiskers."

"Uh-huh—wiskers. But I don't like a papa with wisker eyebrows on his chin. Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Pink with suppressed laughter, the wife returned. Secretly she didn't think much of the whiskers either. "The poor child is terrified of your whiskers," she explained. "He says they're eyebrows. And he won't stand for a papa with eyebrows on his chin.

"Is that all? Well, suppose I take the eyebrows off my chin? Ask that very particular young man if I'll qualify then?"

But Dan was still dubious. He wanted to see first. He reserved his decision. So the man departed to the nearest tonsorial parlor, and presently returned with but a single pair of eyebrows, in the right place, and everything was okay with Dan.

And now let us look at the inside machinery of this baby market, note what rules and regulations obtain and who are on the preferred list of investors. We will begin with an agency of the highest standards which has acted as a clearing house for thousands of babies adopted into private homes throughout the land.

"The main trouble is," said the chief of this bureau, "that we can't begin to fill the demand. There simply aren't enough babies to go around. Normal babies, I mean, physically and mentally sound; for we don't try to place the badly handicapped child. And at the Christmas season the demand is particularly brisk. 'Adopt a child for Christmas!' seems to be a popular slogan. And we don't advertise, either; the fact is, the babies advertise themselves. Just to show you how this idea of child adoption propagates itself, like a seed dropped into fertile soil, let me tell you what our records reveal. The Jones family, let us say, adopts a child; Mr. Jones is an influential citizen in the community; his example carries weight. His action will start a regular epidemic of adoption in that town. Often we are able to trace more than a dozen adoptions back to a single source, usually some fine, upstanding family of weight. The driving force of human example, you see.

"Usually women are the initiators in adoption, and husbands string along; but after the babies are actually established in the new home the husbands come down with the fever and are worse than their wives. They simply go mad about the children. I've seen this happen so often that you can lay it down as a general principle that men are just as susceptible to babies as women, but it takes a little longer for the inoculation to work; then it climbs right up to fever point."

That's My Baby!

"Very often women have set visualizations as to exactly the kind of child they want; they've dreamed about it for years. They come into this office, sit down and begin to talk a little breathlessly; it is a big, thrilling moment for them, for they are stepping off into actual reality, making their dream child come true. And very often they have the exact portrait of that dream child in their minds. They will describe the color of its eyes, hair, complexion, age, weight, and even specify the size of arms and legs they want. They have built up a phantom baby that is almost tangible—and they come in here to match an actual baby with the airy figment of their dreams. But of course we can't match up those dream babies! If they had one of their own they'd have to take what Nature sent. They couldn't pick and choose. We don't have babies here made to order like a suit of clothes. But they go on visualizing just the same, right down to the baby's toenails. And then this is what often happens: 'I'm sorry,' I say, 'but I haven't any baby like that on hand now. You'll have to wait.' Then I see the woman's face fall. She has been waiting so long already. Waiting until she has given up hope of a baby of her own. 'I can show you some other babies,' I suggest. 'No, no,' she protests hurriedly, 'I know just what I want.' And yet very often, when she sees the real, flesh-and-blood baby she falls for it like a shot, and the phantom image fades right out of her mind.

"'Look,' I said once to a woman, just in order to distract her mind, for her disappointment at not being able to match her dream baby had been severe; and I held up the snapshot of one of our babies which had just been sent in. 'Isn't he a cute little rascal?'

"She pounced on it with a gasp of delight. 'Oh, I want him! He's my baby!' she cried.

"'But he's not at all what you described!' I objected. 'You particularly specified a dark-haired baby; this one is fair. You said a year old, and this child is nearly three.'

"'I don't care! This is my baby! When can I see him?' And eventually she took that boy. So very often the dream is modified to fit the actual facts.

"Sometimes, however, the women do know exactly what they want. But usually in such cases they're looking not for any special color of eyes, hair, complexion or even sex, but for the kind of baby that harmonizes, accords with their own inner feeling. They want a baby that 'clicks.' A woman with a feeling like that came in some time ago to adopt a baby. We investigated her carefully. The couple was childless, of excellent character and social background, happily married and had much to offer a child. We showed her several babies, one at a time, but she just couldn't seem to be suited. She would inspect the infant and then turn away and say, 'Well, I'm sorry; that seems a nice enough baby, but somehow it isn't my baby. It just doesn't belong

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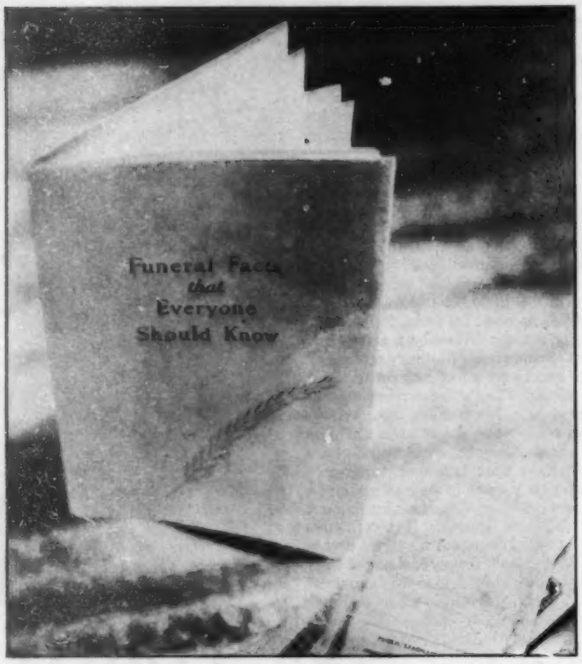

THERE is such a person in every family. The one to whom the others turn in every crisis. The one who naturally, cheerfully steps in — assumes the responsibility — sees it through.

But there is one emergency when even this "friend in need" is often at a loss to know just how to proceed — when death occurs.

Unfamiliar questions arise — questions which must be answered at once . . . what should be done first? . . . who shall the funeral director be? . . . where shall the funeral be held? . . . what sort of casket will be most suitable? . . . what should it cost? . . . what about newspaper notices, automobiles?

There is rarely much time to find out about these things. The obligation is a heavy one. Yet the man (or woman) responsible is expected to know just what to do — and do it perfectly.

From our long experience we can help — before the emergency arises. In a little book, "Funeral Facts," prepared with the aid and advice of leading funeral directors and health authorities, we have published the answers to those questions often so difficult to ask — and to answer.

"Funeral Facts" deserves a place among every man's private papers — along with his will . . . his insurance policies. We will gladly send a copy in a plain envelope without charge to any address upon request. Just write Department P1, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

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THIS TRADEMARK GUARANTEES MATERIALS USED AND SPECIFIES QUALITY
NATIONAL CASKETS ARE SOLD ONLY THROUGH FUNERAL DIRECTORS

to me!' She couldn't find a baby that clicked. At length I began to suspect that for some secret reason she didn't really want a baby. Women don't sometimes, you know; they only pretend they do. And you get all manner of human idiosyncrasies, eccentricities at play in this particular field; human motives at their highest—and sometimes not so high. But this woman persisted. 'I know my baby is somewhere,' she'd say. 'Just have patience with me.' One day, almost in despair, I sent her word to come and look at a certain child. It wasn't a particularly beautiful child. But it had personality. Well, the response between the two was amazing. 'That's my baby!' the woman cried out. 'Come on home, lovey!' The baby took to her like a duck to water. It had no name, no family records, but the woman was willing to take the risk. 'You can tell my husband all about that,' she said. 'I don't give a hoot where she came from. I know my baby when I see it, and that's enough for me.' That adoption was a marked success."

The Ugly Ducklings

"Occasionally a woman does not really want a baby; she only thinks she does. An applicant of that type came to us one day in search of a child. She also had a set picture in her mind. She seemed to visualize a picture-book baby girl, dressed up, immaculate, curled, sitting all day on a chair—a purely decorative object. When I tried to explain the practical care and attention a live little child required, how it could revolutionize the whole domestic machinery, knock her smooth, ordered existence into a cocked hat and change her whole viewpoint on life, she just waved my remarks aside. Well, I sent one of our investigators to her luxurious apartment to see what kind of quarters the child would have. Nothing had been provided.

"'But where will the child sleep?' demanded the astonished investigator.

"'Oh, anywhere,' replied the woman vaguely. 'Wouldn't that do?' and she indicated a brocaded French sofa in the foyer! That woman didn't get her baby; what she wanted was not a live, flesh-and-blood child but a stuffed boudoir doll.

"Girls, and particularly pretty little picture-book girls, go like hot cakes; we simply can't keep them on hand. Boys have a harder time. They don't seem to know how to advertise themselves; they are slower, more serious and aloof. Baby girls just grab the spotlight every time. We don't let the prospective foster parents see the children right away; we like to establish certain facts about them first, their character and position in the community, whether they are happily married and whether they will be really responsible for the spiritual as well as the material welfare of the child. And also we wish to discover what type of child will best suit them and fit into that environment. This fitting of the child to the right environment is extremely important, and upon that one factor rests very largely the success of adoption. Let me illustrate that point by an actual case.

"A childless couple wished to adopt a little girl. They were refined, intelligent people of ample income with a beautiful home. They wanted a child who would take a college education and fit into their social atmosphere. After investigation we decided that it was a wonderful opportunity for the right baby. As I said, we don't show a whole roomful of children at once. To begin with, that is poor salesmanship. We thought the matter over, studied the babies and chose one we thought suitable for the environment. It just chanced on the day of the interview that another little girl had been brought in from one of our boarding homes for a clinical examination. And the childless couple—let us call them Mr. and Mrs. Smith—were perfectly enchanted with her. They wouldn't even look at our choice. Viewed externally, the baby they wanted was a rosy little beauty, perfectly formed. But we were not so satisfied. For this child had been recently examined by the psychologist in order to get an indication of her mentality, and she seemed retarded for her age, which was nine months. We make these mental tests of all of our charges regularly, and under varied conditions, in order to make sure that the baby is not merely drowsy or hungry or tired.

"While they are not absolutely infallible, these tests do serve as valuable indicators of a child's normality. You cannot always tell by them, for example, how superior a baby is, but you can detect mental retardation, for the standards of normality for each month of a baby's life have been carefully worked out by constant experimentation over a very broad range, and it is possible to detect when the infant falls below the standards of what an average child is able to do at that age. For example, let us say that a girl baby cannot do the things a normal child of that age performs with ease. All right; that is not conclusive; it is merely a straw on the stream. But suppose at twelve and fifteen months she shows no improvement; that is fairly plain evidence of mental retardation. And it is highly important for us to know the child's mental status before placing it for adoption.

"This little girl which the Smiths wanted could not, at nine months, perform the tests for six months. So we said to them, 'Wait a little while. Leave her with us.' At twelve months she showed no improvement, and so we persuaded them to adopt another child whose record showed clearly a good native endowment, for it was extremely doubtful whether the lovely baby of their choice would ever get through even the elementary grades, and if we had permitted the Smiths to choose sheerly by externals they would have been deeply disappointed later on. The moral of this is that in picking babies one should not depend solely on looks.

"We had another interesting experience along that line. This, too, was a little girl. But nobody wanted her. She was one of these ugly ducklings—no hair, a bad, pimply skin, undernourished, with a skinny little body; she looked like a melancholy monkey child. But what personality and intelligence that baby had! At six months she was performing the tests of nine months; but she was so ugly that nobody would look at her. We put her in a private family with a boarding mother where she would receive individual attention and love, and within a few months she was a transformed child. Her hair came in, her skin cleared up and she turned into a delectable baby and was adopted by a family of substantial means who were enchanted with her. It would have been impossible to place that child in a status befitting her intelligence and personality had we not studied her and groomed her for adoption."

Groomed for Their Rôles

"When we receive a child we do not attempt to place it right away. That would not be fair, for sometimes these children come to us, poor, forlorn, desolate, underfed, uncouth; or, if they are older, apathetic, sullen or downright savage, raging at the world which they did not ask to enter and which has given them a mighty cold welcome thus far. Did you ever think how hard it is for a child to have to be born? It comes into this world with struggle and pain, and the first thing it receives is a spank in order to make it breathe! No wonder the little mites rebel. No wonder they withdraw into themselves and try to curl up and die. A newborn baby has really to be coaxed to live; it needs mother love and protection, and is tremendously sensitive to a cold, alien or sterile atmosphere; and when the individual mother warmth and affection are lacking, the baby's natural instinct is to go back where it came from. And so the first thing we do in preparing a child for adoption is to put it into as fine physical condition as possible and make it happy and comfortable; and in order to

(Continued on Page 88)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF PLATE GLASS

"*Those* Graham boys build a mighty fine car"

By Theodore F. MacManus

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

IN this friendly and familiar colloquialism—so frequently heard and so often repeated—is the boiled-down essence of a widely spread public opinion about Graham cars.

It is a typically American thing, this habit of passing judgment in a few expressive words—always going straight and swift to the heart of the subject under discussion—and nothing finer can happen to a man or a business than to have that popular opinion a favorable one.

The new Graham cars are very much in the public mind and on the public tongue just now because of the intense interest in the announcement that all Graham cars will be protected hereafter by laminated shatter-proof safety plate glass.

It was a foregone conclusion that the steps taken by the Grahams to safeguard car owners and their families and friends against the deadly threat of injury from flying glass would immediately become a live national issue.

It is a subject of universal human appeal bound to enlist first and especially the concern of women—and through them, even if every other incentive were lacking, everyone in the average American household.

Even if the Grahams did not indeed "build a mighty fine car," the provision of this priceless shatter-proof plate glass protection against danger at less than its cost was bound to attract to them a larger audience than ever.

But both the new Sixes and the new Eights live up magnificently to the general good opinion of Graham generated in recent years. They are beautiful cars, superbly powered—66 to 100 h. p.—very speedy, but with a speed range superbly controlled by the special Graham three and four speed transmissions.

The good people who speak so kindly of the Graham cars gave them the greatest first year's sales ever known in the industry and followed it with a second year greatly increased.

With the new advantage of being the only line of cars of moderate price offering the complete protection against scattering glass which people prize so highly, 1930 should see the friendly public interest in Graham products blaze up more ardently all over America.

"But, darling, Mr. Puff is such a *nice* man!"

IT isn't the pipe that causes these embarrassing moments, Mr. Puff. It's the tobacco. Isn't it time you discovered Sir Walter Raleigh—patron saint of pipe smokers, who discovered how good a pipe can be? His favorite smoking mixture really *is* milder. It really *is* just about the richest, mellowest, mildest blend of choice Burleys you have ever smoked.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 2*) When breaking in a new pipe, smoke your first few pipefuls slowly. Don't let your pipe get hot. Fast burning discolors and burns the wood and bakes the oils in the tobacco before the pipe is properly "seasoned." Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 2.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 86)

achieve this result we place it in a private family with a boarding mother whose character has been thoroughly investigated so as to reproduce as nearly as possible the exact conditions of home life, where it has affection, personal care, and its individuality has a chance to sprout.

"It is amazing how a few months of this home treatment will transform a desolate, institutionalized little waif. These children have to be studied and prepared for a home and family ties. Many of them at first are like half-starved wild animals, savage, sullen, shut in, suspicious of everybody; they have to be gentled, fed; we give them the finest medical attention, clear up their ailments and try to eliminate as far as possible their physical handicaps; in short, we groom them for adoption, just as a director grooms an actor for his rôle. We study their assets and liabilities and try to discover what environment will suit them best.

"We would not like, for example, to place a brilliant, intellectual child in a home where it would have no opportunity for an education, nor would we wish to place a dull-normal child in a family of superior mental attainments. So this period of preparation and study is very necessary, both for the welfare of the child and for the foster parents who adopt it."

"You don't believe, then, in institutional life for children?"

Saints and Devils

She shook her head. "Institutional life, where children are herded together, even when the officials are kind, is not the right environment for a child. There is something lacking; something you cannot put a name to unless you call it mother warmth; and this essential something is found even in the poorest homes where happiness and affection reign. We tried an interesting experiment along that line. We took a certain group of babies and placed them all together, with excellent supervision, feeding and care. Then we took another group and boarded them out individually in carefully investigated private homes. We found that the babies in private homes gained six ounces a week more than the ones in the institution, though the food was exactly the same. Institutional life tends to suppress individuality, initiative, independence in the child; it is a rigid routine; the little inmate is ordered here, ordered there, told to do this and that or to refrain from doing this and that. As a result, he loses his color, personality; or else he goes to the opposite extreme and becomes an outlaw, a rebel. Some of the children who come to us from institutions have their whole personalities incrusted over by a kind of film; they all have the same way of acting, and they actually look alike. They resemble one another somewhat as prisoners do whose lives are bent to a rigid routine. Now the first thing we have to do with such children is to melt off that institutional film and see what lies behind the mask. Sometimes that is very hard.

"We had two brothers, five and seven years, who came to us from an orphanage and were badly institutionalized; they were like two automatons, pale reflections of live children, meek and mouselike, no pep or personality; and so good that we were alarmed. We put them in a private boarding home, built them up and got the shadows from under their eyes and the pasty look from their cheeks; but still they were mouselike and meek, and acted as if they were half asleep.

"We had an opportunity to place them with an excellent couple in a village, plainly circumstanced, but warm-hearted and kind. After certain formalities the children were sent to them on probation. And then a strange, yet natural, thing occurred. For one day a wild telephone call came in from the distracted foster father requesting us to take those young hellhounds back. We were astounded at his revelations and inclined to be incredulous. But we sent out an investigator to bring the children back, and she found the man's account an understatement of the facts. The children pulled off such a riot with her on the street, kicked and swore and screamed, that she had to call for the assistance of the police. What had happened was that the lads had at last roused from their lethargic, trancelike existence; they discovered they were no longer in bondage, and the new freedom went to their heads like strong wine. It has the same effect even on older folk! Well, we put them in a boarding home with a sensible woman, and we let them riot until they got it out of their systems. Presently they quieted down, and they turned out much more intelligent and winsome than we had at first supposed. Eventually we were able to place them in an excellent social environment.

"Sometimes the rigid routine of an institution reacts in the opposite direction, and instead of a colorless automaton you get a young demon. This was what happened to Josie, a first-class little fiend, who achieved such a notorious reputation in the orphanage that the House of Correction loomed as her ultimate goal. Even the disciplinary measures of the institution failed to curb her rebel spirit, and she was turned over to us as a thoroughly bad little egg. But we know from broad experience how much a good environment in a private home, with individual affection, good diet and medical care, can do for even hard-boiled little girls; so we placed her with an exceptionally good boarding mother, and in a short time that child, who had terrorized an entire institution, responded magnificently to the changed environment. She was a brilliant, high-spirited girl, and after a time she was adopted by fine, substantial people. A child that is unusual enough to rebel against abnormal conditions is usually valuable human material, worth investing in.

"Before we place the children we make a thorough investigation of the prospective foster parents. They give references, of course, and we visit the friends referred to, as well as others in the community; and our questions are very probing, very plain. Often, under the seal of complete confidence, we discover marital discord, friction, a rift within the lute. We cannot place children in such an environment; a happy married relationship between the prospective foster parents is an absolute requirement. Financial considerations are relatively unimportant, save that there should be sufficient income to assure a permanent home. We never place children for adoption in order to reform the parents. Reforming people is not our problem. A married woman without children sometimes wishes to adopt a baby in order to regain her husband's waning affection. He may be a philanderer or he has lost interest in his home, and the woman thinks if she had a child that would bind him to her."

Two Parents Needed

"Sometimes such a woman wants to obtain a baby from us and pass it off as her own, keeping its parentage a secret from her husband. But we cannot do that. First of all, we require the hearty consent and cooperation of the husband as well as of the wife. No secrets. No dramatic scenes. And if the couple does not live in accord, that in itself is sufficient reason why a child should not be placed in that environment. Modern child psychology reveals that marital discord has a terrific repercussion in the growing child.

"There is another important qualification we require in prospective foster parents. We want them plastic. That cuts out the fanatics, theorists, cranks on diet, education or religion. We don't care for people whose character or habits are hard, dogmatic or set in a solid concrete mold. For this reason we like married couples who are not too old, who are understanding, sympathetic, and have not forgotten their own youth. Everybody who has ever had a child knows how it can revolutionize the whole domestic machinery, change the entire routine and make over the parents' outlook on life. The experience is a liberal education in itself, but an adult must be sufficiently plastic in order to take that education.

"And now we come to a knotty problem—unmarried women with strong maternal instincts who would like to pour out the treasure of their unsatisfied longings and affection upon a child." She shook her head and smiled. "Not so good! Unmarried women and childless widows are not on our preferred lists. And for two reasons. First of all, a child really needs two parents; it needs the love, instruction and example of a father as well as of the mother in order to develop into well-rounded youth. And since the demand so far exceeds the supply, why should we deprive a child of one parent when we have so many opportunities to provide it with both? And, remember, we are not trying to fill the psychic or emotional needs of the unmarried women; that's their problem, not ours. Now there are a great number of unmarried women or childless widows, rich in this world's goods, who could surround a child with every luxury and pour out on its defenseless little head all their unsatisfied longings. But that's exactly the hitch! We don't want a foster parent who will put all her emotional life into that one relationship; it's abnormal, and the strong emotional impact is very bad for the child. No, we don't like all the eggs placed in one basket. It is likely to produce a neurasthenic, hothouse child."

As the Twig is Bent

"Occasionally, however, we make an exception to this general principle when we find an unmarried woman richly endowed with parenthood qualities, flexible, humorous, and not neurasthenic in her emotional balance; for we figure that one superfine parent is sometimes more valuable than two mediocre ones. The same thing is true of a man with extraordinary parenthood qualities. We once placed a boy with a college professor. He was a bachelor, but he lived in the home of his married sister, and that, you see, supplied the foster-mother relationship. He was a very exceptional man. It is my experience that American men are just as good parents as the women, and they are apt to be a little more sane and temperate in their demands. They are less likely to obtain a possessive, imperious strangle hold on the emotions of the child and warp its life to their needs."

And now let us look at another agency which has placed hundreds of children in suitable private homes.

"We have excellent laws in New York State," said the director of this bureau, "which safeguard children without natural protectors, and the regulations pertaining to adoption are very strict. Some states, unfortunately, are not so constructive in legislation on this point, and children are often adopted to act as unpaid servants, mishandled and abused. For example, we often receive demands for children of thirteen or fourteen, and we are strongly suspicious of such inquiries and investigate thoroughly, for experience has taught us that there is apt to be a nigger in the woodpile in such cases. It is better for a child not to be adopted than to be taken for sheerly mercenary reasons, self-interest or greed.

"Some people prefer to adopt a child of one or two years; they know then what they're getting; the native endowment is fairly evident at that age, and the personality begins to show. Thus the risk is considerably lower. But, on the other hand, there are definite advantages in adopting an infant of a few weeks or months, and many women prefer to assume the risk that the baby possesses an average mentality in order to form its earliest memories and associations and to obtain the fullest experience of motherhood. Adoptions of this latter type are apt to be markedly successful, for the infant fuses into the new environment. In any case, the risk is lowered

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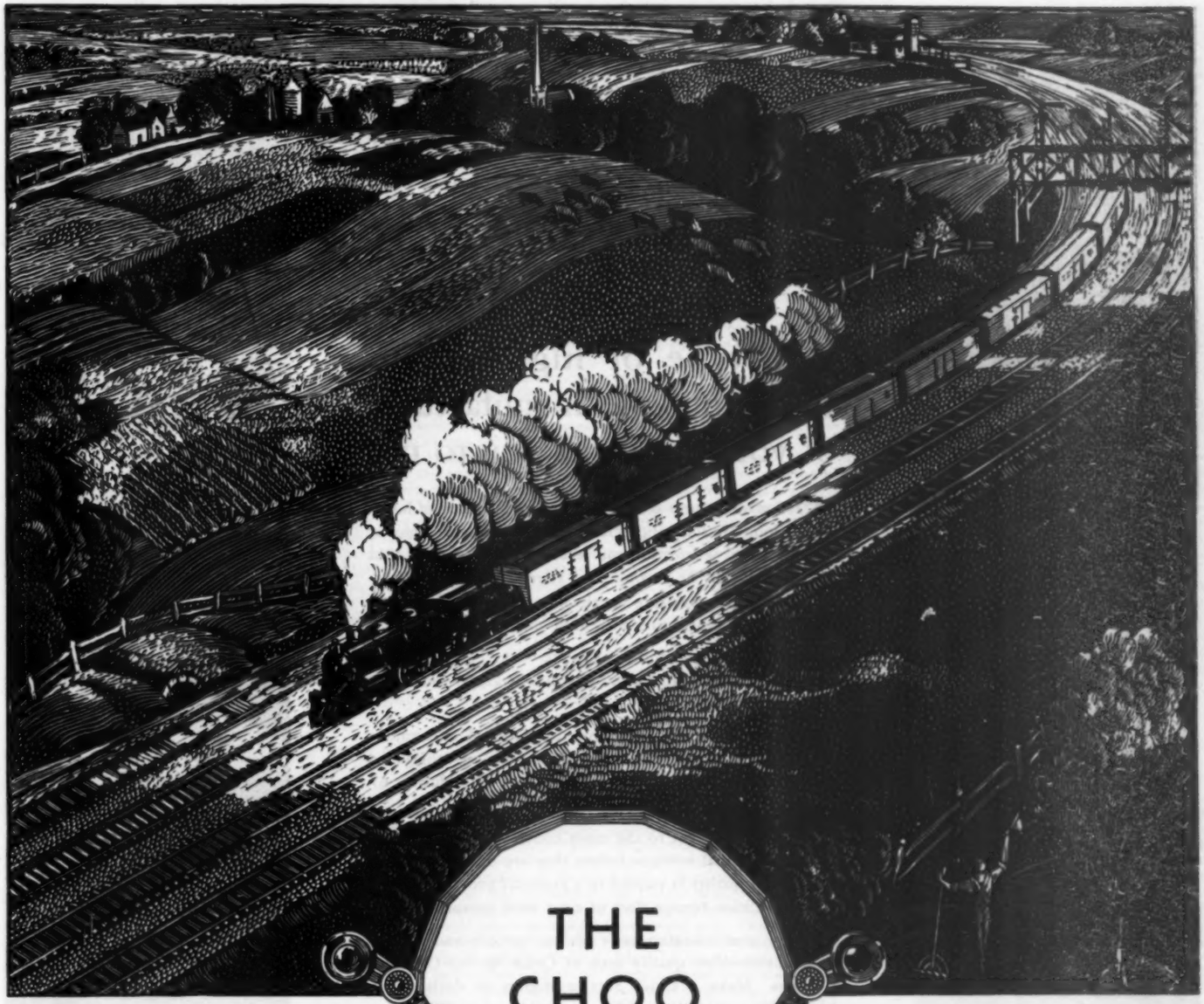

THE CHOO COW

"THE CHOO-COW," a milk train, scoots east from Buffalo. "The Oriole" flies up from the Potomac yards. "The Colonel" rolls in from Louisville. "The Trail-Blazer" comes humming from the West. "The White Moth" wings its way from the seaboard to the Mississippi Valley . . . freight trains, more than thirty-five of them, with names that recall the glorious old clipper ships. But why give them names at all?

Because great railroad companies found that, like a ship, a train with a name took on a real personality. Men liked it, worked for it, took pride in its performance. So when "WV-3," carrying all freight and making "second morning" from Pittsburgh to Toledo, was christened "The Standard," it immediately piled up a record of 57 consecutive days of perfect service. Other trains after receiving names made perfect performances for two months. And now fast freight services throughout the country are making the best records in railroading history.

All this happened yesterday. But it is only a fresh chapter in one of the oldest stories in the world. For one of the ancient secrets of leadership is to give men a flag to fight under, an idea to inspire them, a name to capture their imaginations and stir their hearts.

Most of the famous brands and trade-marks of today were once listed under such commonplace names as "Grade A," "Model No. 20," and "Extra-Special." Given identity and advertising they began their steady march to leadership. Their names became symbols of a cause. They commanded the fighting loyalty of factory workers and sales organizations. They received the solicitude of directors and earned the respect of wholesalers, retailers and consumers. Today you see their names crowning enormous factories, known to all the four corners of the land . . . and in any discussion of leading names in American business, sooner or later there is mentioned the name of the organization that helped many of them to attain their places. A leading name, and an advertised name. Our name.

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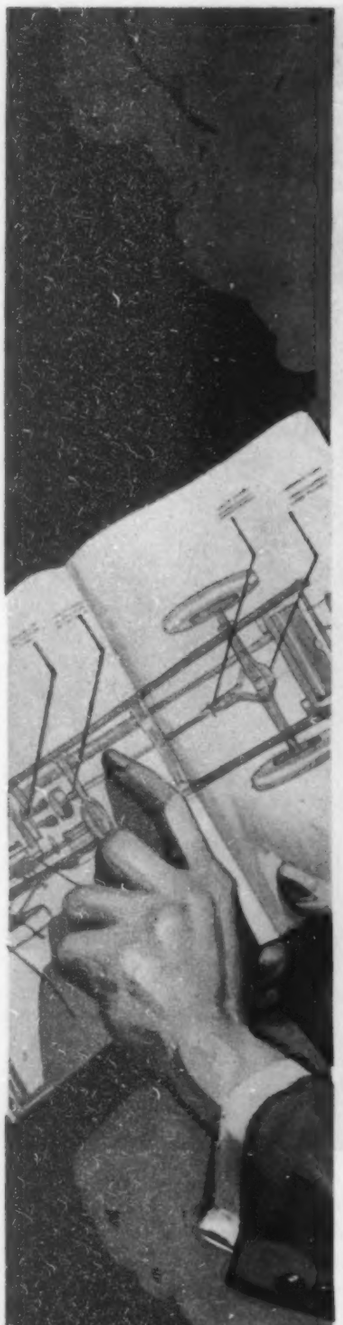

CITIES SERVICE *Oils* AND *Greases*

The type of high-quality lubricants the manufacturer of your car urges you to use

THE manufacturer of your car knows the value of lubrication. He fully appreciates its relation to the amount of service and satisfaction you receive from the car he sold you. That is why he devotes page after page of his instruction book to emphasizing the absolute necessity of frequent and thorough lubrication with high-quality products.

Cities Service Oils and Greases are of the type the manufacturer of your car had in mind when he urged you to use high quality lubricants.

These lubricants are made from carefully selected crudes of supreme quality. They are refined with an experience dating back to the very founding of the oil industry, 67 years ago.

They are then put to the most conclusive of all tests—the test of actual service—before they are offered for your use. Their quality is proved in a *practical* proving ground—in the Cities Service fleet of over 4000 motor vehicles.

Follow your manufacturer's advice—use oils and greases of unquestionable quality such as Cities Service Oils and Greases. Make a Cities Service station or dealer your headquarters for oiling and greasing. Then you'll be sure of quality products supplied by trained experts who know how to lubricate your car as its manufacturer intended.

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KOOLMOTOR GASOLENE

The *original* high-test, anti-knock green gas

Full of power—full of speed—ready to go when you are—rushes to duty at the touch of the starter and delivers full power from then on . . . This thoroughbred among gasolenes is a notable achievement in motor fuels and is delivering remarkable results to its constantly increasing army of users. Every claim made for it has been proved in actual service tests. Try a tankful of this powerful, clean burning gasolene. You'll like it!

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 88)

by the fact that the child is on probation during the first year of its adoption.

"Sometimes these babies who are taken in early infancy develop really striking resemblances to their foster parents. The child, always imitative, will unconsciously assume the mannerisms, gestures and modes of speech of its foster parents, so that sometimes an uncanny resemblance appears, astonishing to behold. 'Why, that can't be Smith's foster child!' an acquaintance will exclaim. 'It looks and acts exactly like Smith! How did he put that over?' And a scandalous comment will ensue. But we have the records on the actual parentage of that child, and we helped Mr. and Mrs. Smith in making the selection. These resemblances are no dark mystery. Often the baby has the same coloring as that of one of the parents. 'I want him because he has blue eyes, just like John's,' says a wife. Or the husband wants a little girl with his wife's coloring. And upon this basic foundation of resemblance the child begins to imitate its foster parents, and often quite an extraordinary likeness ensues."

Handicapped Children

"I should like to speak of the handicapped child. Of course all these children are handicapped in the sense that they have no natural protectors, no homes. But, otherwise, taken by and large, a group of a hundred of those children, after they are groomed for adoption, have no more handicaps than an equal number of children in private homes. If a child has a serious physical or mental disability it is not a fit subject for adoption.

"'But don't those children have perfectly terrible inheritances—all kinds of dreadful taints and vices?' some woman whispers in melodramatic tones. Not at all, madam. No more taints than you will find in some of the highest-born children of the land. All of us have dark potentialities, for there are black sheep in every family. But it is a case of percentages, the healthy strains outweighing the weaker strains, and this is where the value of a good environment comes in. And, remember, Nature is an optimist; she abhors monstrosities and inclines toward health, which is the law of life, while disease is abnormal. If Nature were a pessimist and constantly harped on the weak strains instead of the strong ones, the human race would have gone to the bowwows before now.

"As I said, on general principles, we do not like to place seriously handicapped children for adoption; but we have no set rules; we decide each case on its individual merits, and sometimes it occurs that a youngster with a disability, when adopted by the right people, turns out an amazing success. Love, mingled with intelligence, can literally accomplish miracles with a child. I remember a case in point. It was a childless couple in modest circumstances who had longed in vain for a child. This lack was a deep grief in an otherwise extremely happy and contented union. The man was a minor government employe whom I will call Mr. Jones. The Jones family might have come out of one of Andersen's fairy tales, for they were cottage folk, simple, quaint and good; he always called her 'Mother' and she called him 'Father,' perhaps in memory of a baby which had died at birth. After months of nightly discussion they finally decided to adopt a child, and of course they dreamed of one like the baby they had lost. Well, they set out one day to make their dream come true.

"When they arrived at my office Mrs. Jones was trembling with excitement, and Mr. Jones, a plump little man with steady blue eyes, whispered, 'Now, now, mother! Take a brace!' But when they were seated it was Mr. Jones who was suddenly stricken tongue-tied and yanked at his collar; and seeing his emotion, Mrs. Jones bravely began their little tale, and presently Mr. Jones chipped in. They wanted a little girl with blue eyes. Mrs. Jones was very firm about that detail.

"'I'm sorry,' I said, 'but I have no baby such as you describe. You see, there are so many more people who want babies than there are babies on hand that we have waiting lists with applicants who have already waited two and three years.'"

A Big Risk That Paid Well

"That was a heavy blow. I saw them look at each other in blank dismay. They had already waited so long. Mrs. Jones put up a hand to her mouth. 'You haven't any babies at all?' she breathed.

"'Oh, yes, we have handicapped babies; babies with ailments, but we can't place them. I'll investigate your case and put you on the waiting list.' They went out rather slowly, arm in arm. Inside of a week they were back again; and this time 'Father' took the conversational reins. He explained that maybe they had given me the wrong impression; maybe they had seemed too greedy, naming all the details of what they preferred; they didn't want an extraordinary child; just any ordinary baby would do; and 'Mother' had even agreed to give up the blue eyes. They realized, he said, that it was presumptuous to pick and choose. He stopped and then they both fixed their eyes on me.

"'But I haven't got even an ordinary baby,' I said. And again they went away. But I had a strong feeling that I should see them again. So I investigated their case and found they were the salt of the earth. Meantime an idea was growing in my mind.

"It was several weeks before they reappeared, and this time Mr. Jones had a new proposition. He said that since I had no extraordinary babies on hand, or even ordinary ones, they had talked it over very seriously together and decided they had got off on the wrong foot in the matter; heretofore they had been selfish, thinking only of themselves, but finally they had got around to thinking of the child. So now they wanted to take the very worst handicapped baby I had and see what love and care would do.

"It was amazing and exactly like that quaint, unworldly pair. And I had been pondering along similar but not quite such drastic lines. Studying my records, I had discovered a child with rickets; three years of age, she still could not walk. But she was mentally bright—and she had blue eyes!

"Rickets, you know, is a curable disease. So I placed the little girl on probation with them, and immediately they set about working a cure. They read up on diet, child psychology, recreation; Mr. Jones joyously paid big specialists' bills, and the youngster began to respond. When summer came, the doctor suggested the sunshine and fresh air of the beach. Mr. Jones packed them off, baching by himself and running down to the seashore over the week-ends. I went to see them one Sunday. They were on the beach. Mr. Jones was down on his hands and knees, crawling in the sand, calling out, 'Come on now, kid. Crawl! Crawl like dad! Atta-baby! Look at her, mother!' And in due time the child began to crawl, to walk, to run. She was cured. It was a big risk, a big speculation, but it paid."

EXPLORING THE MAYA WITH LINDBERGH

(Continued from Page 6)

tying a bright Spanish kerchief about her hair, as she waited in the car and chatted with the wife of the airport engineer, while the colonel made his complete inspection of the plane.

With the party starting homeward, and the day's course lying well within reach of the coast should a landing be necessary, baggage found a place in the cabin for the first time on the expedition. We discovered that two bags brought by Kidder and myself weighed more than all the personal equipment carried by the two Lindberghs, the co-pilot and the radio operator for nineteen days of flying. The secret of air travel is to go lightly laden. Air-mail loads and strict flying schedules which had dictated their previous flight had necessitated cutting all extra weight to a minimum. Mrs. Lindbergh had reduced their own personal luggage to twenty-two pounds, neatly packed in two small cases of woven straw. Every item was carefully weighed before being put aboard.

Lindbergh, as master of the ship, signed multitudinous papers required for the clearance of an airplane at every foreign port. While final details were being cared for, he had had the engines shut off to conserve every possible ounce of gasoline for the flight, and the ground crew refilled the tanks to compensate for fuel used in warming up the motors.

Official Belize was at the ramp for the take-off and the Lindberghs concluded their round of farewells. Mrs. Lindbergh slipped easily through the rear hatchway into the cabin; the colonel wedged through to the cockpit between the whirling propellers and the wing, the big ship rolled down to the bay and in just three minutes Belize was a small patchwork of dancing colors. In seven minutes civilization was hidden behind a barrier of inhospitable marshland.

Beyond the border of British Honduras the plane followed along the Rio Hondo, a muddy strip of shimmering liquid whose serpentine course was tightly hemmed in by solid walls of vegetation. On their migration from the Peten the Maya had undoubtedly used this river. Innumerable small humps half hidden by the foliage along its banks, the remains of burial mounds or minor shrines, bear evidence of the ancient habitation. Colorful processions of a mighty people, who were masters of much of their known world, had once made this river a scene of splendor. Today, the thick water is undisturbed save for occasional *pil-pans* laden with valuable chicle, drifting lazily along on their way to the sea. Here and there a solitary, thatch-roofed hut appeared in a little clearing and, less often, an Indian village of rude dwellings.

The work of exploration began almost as soon as the plane was off. Lorber, the co-pilot, rode beside Lindbergh in the cockpit, taking the controls, while the colonel, with maps spread across his knees, studied the course he had charted and made notations of coastal landmarks as they appeared. Mrs. Lindbergh sat in her usual place directly behind the cockpit, with the aerial camera on the floor beside her and a light tweed coat to slip about her shoulders when the plane should reach the cold currents of the upper air.

Known Landmarks Misplaced

Once she had the equipment arranged in the cabin so that everyone might move about, she seldom took her eyes from the moving panorama below. Kidder, seated across the aisle from the photographer, was already busy at his note taking, stopping only long enough to confer on the course of the flight and study landmarks with the pilot. Two ground stations along the coastal area kept us constantly informed of major weather changes, and Ehmer, in turn, kept them posted on our position at frequent intervals.

From Belize Lindbergh had laid a course which should bring us to the Lagoon of Bacalar as it is located on the charts. How inaccurate the best available maps of these regions are, even in regard to known landmarks, was strikingly evidenced on this flight. Within a few miles of the location given, a large body of water was sighted; not to the west where the maps placed Bacalar, but some distance from our route and to the east. Closer inspection of the area confirmed the suggestion that this lake might be Bacalar and that there was no body of water where the lagoon had been indicated on the map. The contour of the lake was also considerably different from that given.

Most of the land explored by the aerial party was represented by blank space on the maps. Only the coastal landmarks were charted with fair accuracy. Once beyond sight of the coast, Lindbergh flew entirely by compass. Where landmarks were noted, he verified their location by compass reading and air speed and made careful records of their true positions so that other expeditions might have a tested course to guide them.

Just beyond Bacalar, Lindbergh turned a smiling face toward the cabin and, in his own sign language, pointed out the first of our three new Maya cities. Far off to the west, three massive towers rose slowly above the level of the green. Closer, as if growing out of the bush itself, they became mammoth pyramids, set about a raised plaza. Above two of them tiers of grayish-white rock, the majestic walls of ancient Maya temples, pierced the roof of the jungle.

Buried beneath a blanket of centuries, huge forest trees had taken root in the crevices of the pyramids, and the undergrowth that masked their sloping sides was as dense and matted as though it had sprung from the soil of the plain. Even the roofs of the temples, which Kidder estimated to stand one hundred and twenty feet above the ground, were covered with heavy foliage.

While Lindbergh and Kidder were intent on these towers, Mrs. Lindbergh's keen sight found a fourth, located nearly a mile away from the plaza, and evidently part of the same group. Scattered in all directions we saw many smaller elevations, completely buried, which indicated the vast extent of this ceremonial center of a great Maya city. Beyond these towers, which were built of enduring stone to the mass and height of our modern ten-story buildings, had been distributed the mud-and-thatch dwellings of the people. The population of this one capital must have numbered hundreds of thousands to provide the enormous man power required to erect such colossal edifices.

No other discovery of the expedition inspired quite the awe of these first towers. Like faithful sentinels, unarmed and alone through untold centuries, they had stood guard in this glorious city. After the first thrilling moment, a solemn quiet fell over the party. No word was spoken, no one moved or took his eyes from those magnificent pyramids as Lindbergh brought them almost to our finger tips.

Scene of Ancient Pageantry

What pageantry they must have looked upon when the Maya, with all their religious pomp, worshiped at the foot of the temples! What spectacles they witnessed, what tragedy was left for them when the last of the race deserted their cities and vanished into the unknown! One cannot but wonder at the gods these people treasured that such monuments should have been built—colossal structures which are a thousand times more remarkable when it is remembered that the Maya did not know the principle of the wheel, and had no beasts of burden.

From the air, the general characteristics of Mayan cities are much alike—the jungle-clad pyramids, the white temple walls peering through the underbrush, the group of low, irregular mounds. They are distinguished by the mass and height of their

towers and the extent of the outlying hummocks. Within an hour after the first temple was sighted Lindbergh discovered the second city, centered about four low pyramids; and, almost immediately after, picked out the third Maya capital, a solitary steep-sided tower which he had distinguished while still twenty-two miles away. We saw many smaller sites scattered over a wide area, and for more than an hour Lindbergh scouted back and forth, dodging fitful rain squalls, swooping down within a few feet of the tree tops, then rising nearly a half mile into the sky to gain a wider panorama of the Yucatan plain.

We had removed the glass from one of the rear cabin windows so that Mrs. Lindbergh could operate her camera. By the time we had reached Bacalar, however, a rift of dark clouds came between us and the sun. With camera ready, Mrs. Lindbergh waited hopefully for the few minutes' sunshine necessary to snap the pictures of new sites. Lindbergh, too, kept a lookout for a favorable opening in the clouds, communicating his failure by negative nods of the head to the patiently waiting photographer.

Kidder wrote even more profusely to record a few of the characteristics the camera could have so easily described. Leaning back in the low wicker chair, with a pad of paper, somewhat of a stenographer's notebook, propped up on his knee for a desk, the scientist scribbled multitudinous notes. Page after page of figures, marks and symbols, flowed out of the end of a stubby little pencil which never broke or seemed to wear down appreciably. So much of interest was there for him to see, glimpses of a country he had only dreamed of reaching. It took an unusually large air bump or a pyramid itself to throw him off his stride.

About those ghostlike cities, there was a distinct change in the character of vegetation. Near the mounds the foliage was higher, much more luxuriant, and a richer, brighter green than the flora of soil man had not yet disturbed. Kidder was also able to distinguish different types of trees, an achievement which had been considered as most unlikely from the air. Several areas of sapote trees, often located near ruins, were seen and led Kidder to believe that localized air surveys might enable foresters to distinguish the ramoon, a tree always found near the old Maya cities. Each characteristic of topography and vegetation is important to the study of archæology, each giving some clew to the possibility of human habitation and the nature of soil from which the people secured their food. Kidder tells us that hill and plain, watercourse and tillable soil shape the destinies of nations more than do kings and battles.

The Reward for Lost Cities

Near every ruin one or more *aguados* were seen; light green patches of low underbrush, covering bowl-like depressions in the earth. Retaining water from the early fall rains these natural reservoirs become actual lagoons. Even at the height of the dry season water can be found in low points of their basins. These *aguados*, the source of the Mayas' water, have led to the discovery of many ancient cities. Aside from a natural curiosity and the lure of a twenty-five-dollar reward for the location of new cities, an offer broadcast throughout Yucatan by Dr. S. G. Morley, of the Carnegie Institution, *chicleros* are ever on the lookout for ruins, as they know a water supply is ever close at hand.

Beyond the third city the bush became less dense, and small hills, suggesting burial mounds or temples to the lesser deities, could be made out. *Milpas* and glimpses of chicle trails were unmistakable signs of habitation. Within several of these clearings, some of which had been recently farmed, we saw large heaps of masonry stone. Once we passed several Indian huts, whose occupants scurried into the forest in terror. No animals of any kind were seen, but birds of vivid plumage winged over the tree tops in streaks of color. Bright green parrots, and white herons gliding through the air with only the faintest motion of their wing tips. In the interior the plane scared up flights of brilliantly colored macaws, like flashes of flame against the jungle tapestry. A mass of red when first startled into flight, they would instantly pair off, and, two by two, soar away from the shadow of the plane. We all had an eye out for monkeys. Although there are many scattered throughout the tropic bush, we never saw one from the air.

When the unbroken jungle closed in again Mrs. Lindbergh, searching through the box of rations, was greatly amused to find half a dozen of the largest sandwiches any of us had ever seen. Percy, the native houseman of the Pan-American Airways barracks in Belize, had prepared this very special luncheon of thick slices of some kind of meat, buried in mammoth rolls, one of which would have made a meal for any two men. For variation, the thoughtful ground crew had put in a fresh supply of crackers, with the usual complement of raisins, cheese, bananas, sweet chocolate and a jug of black coffee.

Luncheons aboard the plane were rather indefinite occasions. Mrs. Lindbergh would sort out the rations, distribute them and everyone would nibble at something or other the rest of the afternoon. Sometimes there were half-hour intervals between bites when something interesting would claim everyone's attention. Then the rations would go the rounds again, or Lindbergh, with elaborate gestures, would induce Mrs. Lindbergh to open another of the many tins of English biscuits we had along. Four packages were thus sampled during the afternoon and all but two or three of the biscuits had disappeared by the time the flight was over.

In two hours, about the time required to get a mule train under way, we had covered one of the least known of all Maya areas. Lack of visible signs that the Maya had constructed major capitals in the western sections explored on the first two days' flight and the discovery of these new cities through the center of Eastern Yucatan would indicate that they erected their first northern capital near Bacalar. Those mysterious centuries which elapsed until they appeared near the Gulf of Mexico were probably spent in this land.

The newly discovered cities lie along a general line northward from Bacalar. Each was of an extent to require dependence upon a vast population and centuries of habitation. As if the race had moved a few miles at a time, they settled occasional capitals in which dwelt the millions on their way from the south and from which the pioneers of each succeeding generation had carried their civilization farther into the northern peninsula.

The jungle which slipped slowly beneath the plane is unusual country to journey through. Much of it is impenetrable for any distance. Even where *chicleros* have been able to hew out meager trails, travel is hazardous, involves unbelievable hardship, and ten or twelve miles is a good day's progress.

Under the arch of tangled boughs and vines, which often rise to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, even the sun does not penetrate, and the trails are steeped in perpetual twilight. Explorers may pass within inches of their goal and never know it.

Even when guided by the instinct for direction all *chicleros* seem to possess, blind exploration through the bush is like groping in darkness. Until it was sighted from the plane, for instance, scientists who have worked at Uaxactun for five years never knew that a high ridge was located only five miles distant.

A jumbled mass of tangled boughs, snarling vines and viscous underbrush woven into a solid, treacherous floor, made much of the Mayan country terrifying. But just to look into the cockpit, to see Lindbergh there, dispelled any anxiety. No fear could long live in the face of that cheerful poise and calm assurance.

Revisiting Coba

Withal, there were amusing incidents aplenty. When Lindbergh and Kidder, for instance, developed spirited competition in sleight of hand, a contest the pilot won by chewing two separate pieces of string into a single strand. This entertainment might have gone on indefinitely had it not been that, after the fifth repetition, he was forced to dispose of a mouthful of little string ends.

To make conversation possible without shouting back and forth when someone from the cabin addressed him, Lindbergh several times throttled the motors down to a fraction of their customary roar and leaned back into the cabin ostensibly that he might better hear, inclining the control stick with him. After drifting upward for a moment and losing its flying speed, the plane would slip into a long glide toward the earth. Immediately concerned for the other passengers to whom anything but level flight was most unusual, Mrs. Lindbergh mildly reproved her husband for seeming neglect of the ship.

Assuming inability to make out a word she said, while the ship settled nearer and nearer to the ground, he only leaned farther into the cabin until, when Mrs. Lindbergh feigned exasperation, he grinned broadly and righted the plane. By such amusing artifices he continually rescued his passengers from the monotonous.

With discovery of the third city, we had covered nearly three-quarters of the area Kidder had planned to explore. Coba was to mark the border into country white men knew. Pushing gradually northward we were getting near the region where Lindbergh had accidentally come across the crumbling ruins of a Maya city while pioneering an air-mail route through Central America. Although he had spent only a few minutes over the site nearly nine months before, he felt sure he could find it again. Guided by that uncanny sense of direction, without the slightest deviation from his projected course, he brought the plane directly over the Mayan city that had first caught his imagination. When two small lakes near templed pyramids slipped beneath us Kidder shouted: "This is Coba!"

Thus, so unexpectedly, had we come to the end of our exploration. Lindbergh was surprised to find that anyone knew anything about this city. And Kidder was as greatly astonished to discover Coba was located so far away from where he thought he had left it three years before.

(Continued on Page 97)

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

A View of the Large Pyramid at Uaxactun, Showing the Height of the Tropic Bush Which, Through Many Centuries, Has Swallowed All But a Few Brief Traces of the Maya

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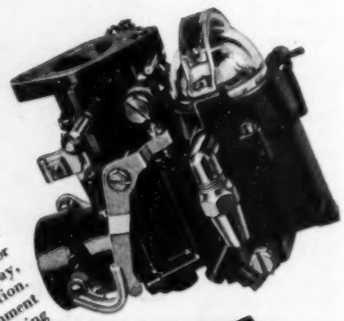

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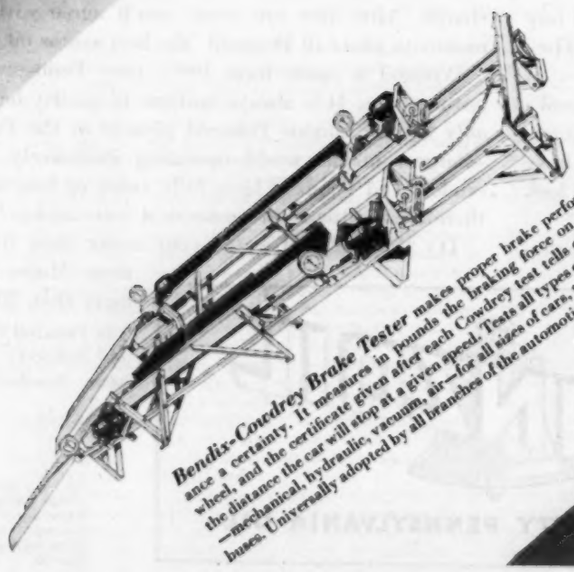

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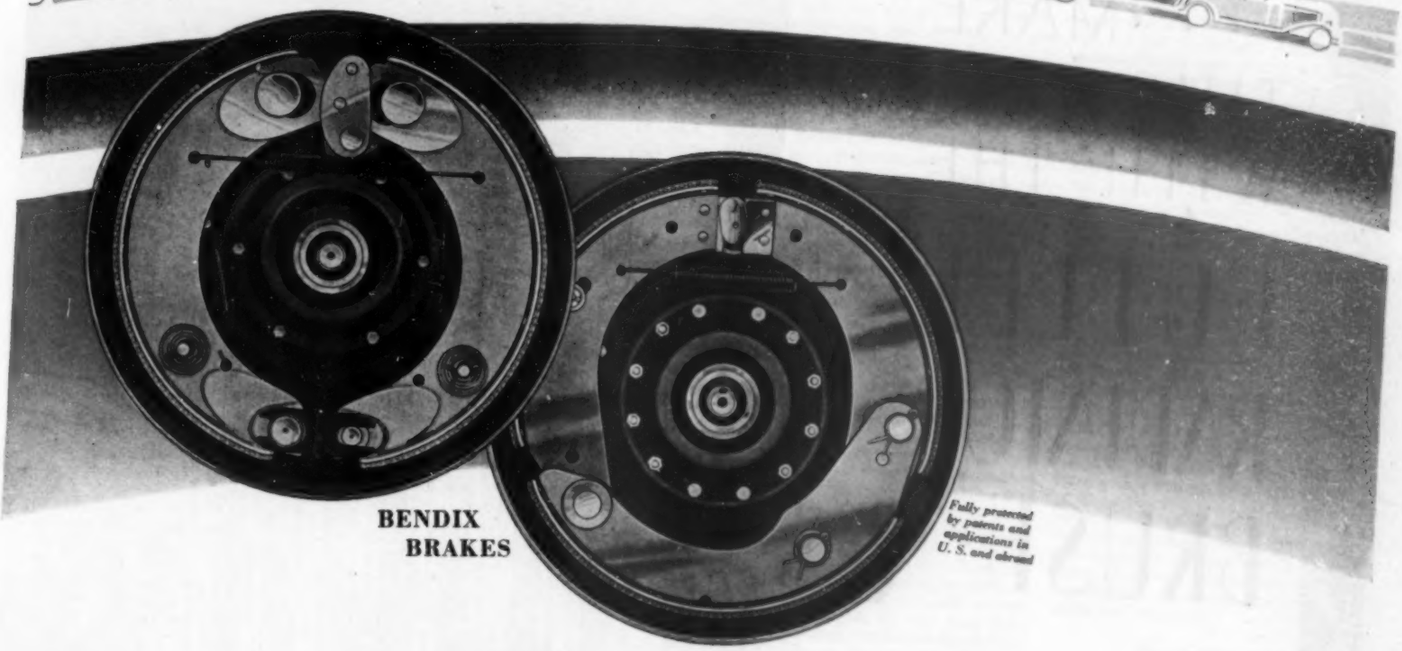

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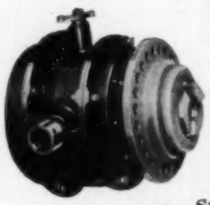

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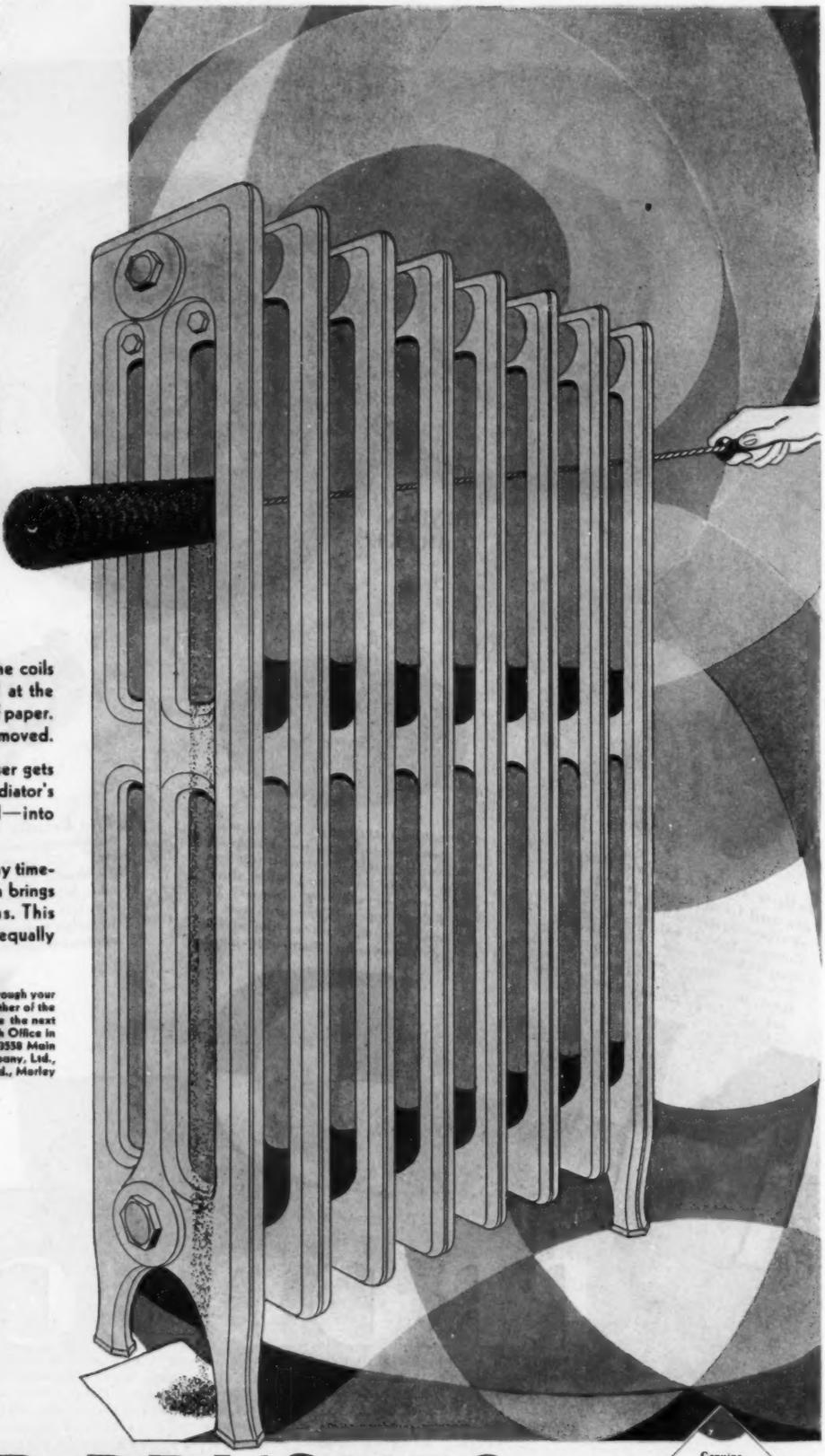

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(Continued from Page 92)

We were all keenly disappointed when Lindbergh, after a most careful study, decided the lagoons were not large enough for a landing. Reluctantly, we faced about and headed for Tulum. The only elevation in many miles, a blur appeared on the horizon. First, a great temple etched against the skyline in striking silhouette. Then an entire city; a score of gray-white edifices within a low, broad wall whose fourth side was a precipice dropping sheer to the ocean—Tulum. Cleared of the jungle, its buildings appeared splendidly preserved, as though the Maya had but recently departed, and the sun, hidden since early morning, broke through the barrier of clouds to warm the temple walls.

Kneeling before the open window with her camera, Mrs. Lindbergh made enthusiastic use of this first sunlight. When Lindbergh brought the plane to a vantage point, he turned to wait for her nod that signified each view had been successfully photographed. Flying higher or lower at her suggestion, he swept over the city a number of times before we came to anchor at the foot of the cliff.

Out of the forward hatch Lindbergh and Lorber brought the rubber boat and, as soon as it was inflated, rowed around to the stern to string up the antenna while Ehmer radioed our landing to Belize.

A wide break in the precipice, narrowing down to a small beach at one side of the big temple, gave us an easy entrance to the city, and Lindbergh was the first ashore. Next Mrs. Lindbergh was ferried in and by the time she landed Lindbergh's long legs had already taken him to the top of the *castillo*, the highest point in the city, from which he pointed out the best ascent for the rest of us.

Kidder had been telling us some of the difficulties other parties had encountered in their attempt to visit these ruins. Indians of the Tulum region had been hostile to white men, driving off all exploring parties. For some time the Carnegie Institution and other scientific agencies conducted negotiations with the old chief and had been successful in arranging something of a peace pact.

The archæologist had no more than stepped ashore when Ehmer and I, from the plane, saw three Indians some distance away, racing down the narrow beach in our direction. The sight of them dodging behind rocks and shrubbery as they ran made us wonder if that peace pact was still mutually agreed upon. By a combination of hallooing and waving of arms we directed attention of those ashore to the impending attack. As we joined the rest of our party, the host had increased to five and came rushing over the wide stone wall into the city.

One of them, evidently the leader, wore a pith helmet and a .45-caliber automatic pistol in a holster at his hip. His four burly companions were barefoot, rough shirts open at the neck, cotton trousers rolled to the knees; three of them had ugly-looking machetes, keen-edged knives a yard long, dangling at their sides.

Officially Welcomed to Tulum

Lindbergh, without the slightest hesitancy, went out to greet them, Mrs. Lindbergh and Kidder following a step behind. But any qualms we may have had were quickly put to rest. It was a pleasant relief, and even amusing, when the Indian in the helmet met Lindbergh with a vigorous handshake and his companions greeted us with friendly smiles.

With a flourish, the leader presented his credentials as the caretaker of Tulum. The three with machetes were *chicleros*. And the unarmed member was the caretaker's assistant, who considered his chief's forty-five sufficient protection for the two of them. But mildly interested in the party, the *chicleros* squatted at the edge of the beach and immediately engaged in a highly excited discussion, punctuating every few words with a gesture toward our flying ship. The caretaker, in the best manner of his office, conducted the party through the city, doling out bits of information to Kidder, who in turn translated them.

After days of exploring shrouded temples from the air, this was our first opportunity to look upon the sanctuaries of the Mayan gods. Elated, we crawled up a steep pyramid of loose stones to the great *castillo*, the highest of Tulum's temples we had seen silhouetted against the sky. Between pillars carved in the image of the sacred feathered serpent we passed into a wide chamber, adjoining which was a small sanctuary. At either side of this main temple are smaller shrines, each set upon a high platform, and connected by a wall in which wooden beams are still in good state of preservation. Around the outer square are ruins of large public buildings, while nearer the plaza several small temples, measuring scarcely five feet from ground to roof, are set about between the big edifices.

New Honor for Lindbergh

But the Temple of the Frescoes is the most interesting of all Tulum's splendid ruins. This is a building upon a building, the large square temple forming the foundation for a smaller sanctuary. An image of the diving god stands guard over the entrance. The wall of the interior chamber is covered with beautifully preserved Maya art, humanized figures and symbols in pattern, still in their original colors and drawn in perfect, bold lines. Sections of the wall are even brightly colored after exposure through many hundreds of years. Within this room was a deep pit which Lindbergh explored.

The same diving god presides over the smaller sanctuary which has but one entrance into a hollow vault. Over the walls of both temples are innumerable bright red imprints of the human hand. These strange marks were probably the sign of some secret cult of the ancients.

Clothed in the mystery of centuries, Tulum is one of the world's magnificent sights. Erected near the end of the New Empire, its architecture does not approach the massiveness of the grand pyramids of the south. But so splendidly are its buildings preserved, so inspiring the stately walls of its temples, this city seems to breathe the imperishable glory of the vanished builders. Some day Tulum will be a show place of the new world, a sanctuary where one may, for a fleeting instant, peer down through the corridors of the ages.

Returned to the beach, while Lindbergh and Lorber ferried back and forth from shore to plane, Kidder talked with the *chicleros*. They wanted to know who was in the party. Each member was pointed out and named.

"And that one, in the shirt with no sleeves, is Colonel Lindbergh," Kidder ended.

Two of them were vociferous in their delight; the third was not at all impressed. Bewildered for a moment by the excitement of his companions, he asked:

"But who is he?"

"*Que?*" one of his companions shouted. "You do not know who *el coronel* is?"

"No," the *chiclero* replied, shaking his head slowly, more bewildered than ever.

"*El Coronel Lindbergh*," he was told without an instant's hesitation, "is the man who flew around the world in a single day!"

Thereafter the three Indians watched Lindbergh's every move.

While rubber boats are models of efficiency in calm water they are not deserving of the same credit when put to sea. The tide had begun to come in while we were at the ruins and the ferry could not be brought onto the beach as easily as true passenger comfort required. On the first trip, Lindbergh and Lorber bailed gallons of water out of the boat before the colonel returned for Mrs. Lindbergh. On her voyage to the plane, a bobbing, curly head maneuvered the ferry into the side of a large roller and, an instant later, curly head, silken scarf and rubber boat all bounced over the top of the wave into a drenching on the other side. On his third trip to the beach, Lindbergh, pretending the tide was too strong, had me wade through two feet of water to get aboard.

An armload of photographic equipment was my protection. Arrived at the ship, Lindbergh suggested that, since I had not put in my rowing time, I might return for Kidder. Holding to the struts of the plane to keep us from drifting away, he handed my equipment to Mrs. Lindbergh and Ehmer. The camera was "One," the films "Two." "Three" found me hanging onto the struts myself to keep from upsetting when Lindbergh quickly stepped out.

Then my voyage began. An attempt to keep a straight face and display skilled seamanship resulted only in pulling the little oars out of their locks and setting the boat into the trough of the breakers, and for fifteen hilarious minutes I rocked up and down the coast. Exerting desperate efforts to keep the boat from being tossed onto the rocks, I kept a safe distance from shore.

Kidder removed his shoes and socks and waded, waist deep, to meet the ferry. Carefully he stowed his shoes on the bottom of the boat, where they rested beneath a foot of water and, dodging breakers, he clambered aboard. Vigorous tugs at the oars got us no place. We were fast on a rock despite our strenuous navigation. Within an ace of being swamped, Kidder climbed out and coaxed our seagoing craft back into the surf again. Dripping wet and weak from laughter, no sailors home from the sea ever received a more rousing welcome than awaited the two salts who set sail from Tulum in a rubber boat.

For many miles the temples stood in bold relief against the sky. What an impressive picture the *castillo* must have made to the first Spanish voyageurs who sailed these waters nearly four hundred years ago and who described it in their log as "a town so large, that Seville would not have seemed more considerable nor better." What a proud capital before its people were driven out, its gods confounded in the maelstrom of the Spanish conquest that swept down this coast. Slowly the fortress city moved beyond the horizon as we sped on to Cozumel.

This strange little island is like a bit of Yucatan that drifted out to sea. Only a few minutes in circumference, as a plane flies, much of this island has never been explored. Not far from the southern coast we saw a number of small ruin mounds and, near the heart of the island, Lindbergh discovered a low, square pyramid crested with masonry walls. No other elevations were near; as though this monument had been erected to a minor deity who had not yet justified a great temple.

A Bit of England Transplanted

Lindbergh was interested in the unfinished airport, one of Pan-American Airways' foreign fields, largely because he had heard that natives, in clearing the bush, had uncovered remnants of an ancient city whose columned walls could be seen scattered about the clearing.

Gliding over a sleepy harbor where tiny fishing boats rode at anchor and the bulk of an old four-master lay careened upon the beach, Lindbergh brought the plane down into the channel and we taxied ashore.

As though the jungle were crowding it into the ocean, a gathering of white stone houses with thatch or red tile roofs clung to a narrow strip of coast—San Miguel, the capital of Cozumel, the only modern city in Mexico without a church. At the time of the conquest, this city was considered of first rank by the captain-generals of Spain, probably because of its harbor. Then for many generations it languished until the chewing-gum industry established it as the principal transshipment point for chicle.

The entire population was out to greet the Lindberghs. Excited natives crowded around the long concrete ramp upon which we rolled up from the sea. A squadron of Mexican soldiers piled their rifles on the arms of one much bewildered private to clear a patch for the plane. The airport engineer and his wife presented official Cozumel to the Lindberghs and A. Mosby Adams, who for many years was the island's only white inhabitant, extended us a cordial welcome and the hospitality of his home.

A shiny new dump truck was our conveyance. Mrs. Lindbergh and the engineer's wife rode beside the driver, and the rest of us stood on the running boards or in the back with the luggage. We went to the customhouse first, where a gold-bearded official cleared our few bags as fast as we could unload them. From there we drove to the Adams home.

We were surprised to find a home like this, a charming, thoroughly English dwelling. No one would ever dream such a place existed in this strange land. After showers, we browsed about a fragrant garden, as English as the house itself, until our truck arrived to take us to the airways' barracks.

In the mess hall there—a large thatch-roofed chamber—the native cook had arranged a long table covered with snowy linen upon which was set an amazing dinner of many courses: soup, fish, beans, fried bananas, beef, potatoes, many kinds of vegetables prepared in as many different ways, and salads of assorted native fruit. Of these, Lindbergh essayed the unfamiliar, but the less courageous contented themselves with avocados.

Mayan Sculpture

Interested to see for ourselves a collection of Mayan sculpturing the airport markers had brought into the barracks, we followed the engineer to a small building where a gallery of gods scowled in the rays of the truck's headlights.

Two beautifully preserved images of the feathered serpent, already coated with an airy moss from exposure to tropic dampness, were the largest pieces. The physical features were quite distinct and each of these sacred serpents was not only feathered but wore a large horn in the center of the head. One square stone had carved upon it the complete body of an unknown god. Bits of a giant statue, two hands and sections of the arms, had once been part of a monument which must have measured fifteen feet in height had it followed the general proportion of the human body.

With the field manager for a guide, I searched the city for an assistant minister of the Mexican Government to seek permission to move two of the images to New York. The official was keenly interested in our explorations, but nothing could be done about the images. The laws of Mexico are strict with anything pertaining to the field of archæology. Under no circumstances may the ancient ruins be disturbed, even for scientific purposes, without a special permit from the Federal Government. For no consideration can any object be removed from these ruins and exported from Mexico. He would be glad to have us send in our request to Señor Padilla, Minister of Education.

After the rest of the party had turned in, Kidder and I spent a pleasant hour with our host. Intimate with every foot of the known Maya country, recognized as a friend by its Indians, he listened in astonishment as Kidder outlined the flights of the expedition. In that one day we had visited cities weeks distant by boat and muleback from Cozumel. The previous afternoon we had been at Flores—that isolated village in the heart of the Peten which Adams had spent nineteen days to reach. And when he learned that Coba was not more than twenty minutes by air from his own doorstep, comparisons were beyond him.

The truck was waiting at the door to take the party to an early breakfast at the barracks. Since the first ride Lindbergh had found the lever that controlled the dumping mechanism. So, with the ladies on the front seat, the rest of the passengers kept to the running boards, leaving only the bags in

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SPARK PLUGS

the dumpable back. Breakfast over, we tramped a muddy mile to the airport for a good look at the ruins.

The pillars we had seen from the air were all that remained of an old Maya temple. Only heaps of loose stone marked the line where the walls had stood. Farther out on the field the engineers had found a high round tower which had crumbled to the ground when the trees and shrubbery were removed. One of the rock heaps had given up two stone rings used by the Maya in a game similar to our modern basketball. Judging by the proximity of their courts to the great plaza, the sport was undoubtedly a national pastime.

It is believed Cozumel was a religious capital. Across the Yucatan Channel there are traces of great stone highways which are believed to have connected the Maya capitals in the north. Following a line straight as a die, digressing for neither swamp nor hill, these *vias* measured thirty feet in breadth, sometimes built to a height of ten feet. Kidder had once followed one in a perfectly straight line for forty-five miles only to lose it. Since the Maya had no beasts of burden and no means of overland transportation, these highways were used for religious processions and probably led from Coba to the northern capitals and to a point on the coast from which religious pilgrims boarded boats for Cozumel.

We went back to the city by truck and it was a dressed-up party that climbed aboard the plane for the last six hundred miles of flying that would return us to civilization. Mrs. Lindbergh was cool and fresh-looking in a light-blue dress with jacket to match, a wide-brimmed hat of soft straw, beige stockings and strapped slippers of alligator skin. She carried over her arm a lightweight traveling coat to match her suit and a woven hand bag. Her only ornament, save for her simple yellow gold wedding band, was a dainty string of pearls. Thus attired, it was a great change from the rough boots, knickers and shirt we had been so accustomed to seeing her in. She had been so much one of the party, doing her share of the work, roughing it along with everyone else and neither asking nor encouraging assistance from anyone.

Kidder had gotten a presentable working combination together with trousers he had hastily purchased in Belize and his suit coat; and my ensemble was a good match for his. Lindbergh still wore the same outfit which had really been quite presentable for all occasions, and Lorber and Ehmer were back into their regulation blue and white uniforms.

All San Miguel, man, woman and child, bade us good-by. In the harbor, Lindbergh switched the controls over to his co-pilot. The crowd, the buildings and the beach shimmered in the sunlight; an increasing roar swept us along the surface of the sea; a flood of gorgeous blue water raced past the windows for an instant and then slipped quickly away as we climbed into the sky. In a matter of minutes the plane was across the channel, the familiar jungle was unfolding beneath and the companionable drone of the motors rolled about us.

Lindbergh had wanted to return to Yucatan to see if we could pick up any traces of the old Maya highways. First, he flew to the north, hoping to cross the line between Chichen-Itza and Coba. Being unsuccessful there, we turned back to Coba, where Kidder believed we might be able to find a road leading out from the city. We kept a sharp watch for any uniform strip of bush. Lindbergh circled the plane in ever widening arcs, from a few feet above the tree tops to a thousand feet, but still we met with no success. A shifting mist and the soft light of early morning conspired against us.

The plane turned away as if reluctant to leave this land of mystery, steeped in the stuff of which dreams are made. Harboring deep down in its jungle-clad heart is the story of the First Americans who lived long centuries ago, before the New World existed. In five days the expedition had covered a territory that would have required five years to explore from the ground. Desolate stretches of primeval wilderness had been looked upon for the first time.

Slowly the dreary, haunting jungle of Yucatan slipped beyond the western horizon. A turquoise ocean rolled up on a snow-white beach. Puerto Morelos, a cluster of Indian dwellings scattered beyond the end of a rickety pier. Then only the deep, lustrous blue of the Caribbean. Kidder scribbled a final note. Mrs. Lindbergh picked up her book and began reading where she had left off days—or was it years?—ago. Lindbergh folded up the maps of the Maya land and passed them back into the cabin.

A mail plane streaked through the sky and passed, with a dip of the wings, on its way to Nicaragua. It had left Miami in the early morning. Lindbergh would reach that same port at dusk.

A TRIP ON THE MAGIC CARPET

(Continued from Page 19)

"How about yourself?" I asked the delicatessener.

"Me? Say, listen. In this block you see three delicatessen stores. There's enough business for one. With three, how much money do you think I get from my customers? Do I give them knock-out drops and pick their pockets? No, sir! My broker don't ask me for margin, because my landlord is a good friend. Once a month he keeps me from Wall Street. I speculate because I play: Who dies first, me or my neighbor? I don't need panics to lose money. . . . Take the other kind, mister. They are better and only fifteen cents more a dozen. . . . Yes, sir, she wouldn't listen to me—only to the $100,000 song. She thought the music was dollars in August, and it wasn't even cents in November!"

A few days later I called on the senior partner of one of the oldest and most prosperous houses in Wall Street. I have known him for more years than he would wish me to tell in print. I recalled the story of an intimate friend who is also his customer, who maintained that nobody could make money trading in stocks, for sooner or later the game gets them all. And he cited the cases of a dozen successful operators of the last thirty years, none of whom kept their ticker millions to the end.

"Nonsense," said the broker.

"Can you tell me the name of a single trader who has made money?" challenged the customer.

"Yes. Hundreds."

"Not in this office," quoth the customer, and did not smile.

"Lots of them," said the cheerful broker.

"I've got $1000 that says you can't name two."

"I'm not going to bet on a sure thing," said the broker. "But wait; I'll show you!"

He rang the bell and told his secretary to ask his chief bookkeeper to come in. He had been with the firm from its start and could permit himself the luxury of telling the unvarnished truth as only an indispensable employe can.

"Charlie, I want you to give me the names of those customers who have made money trading in this office."

"Who have been trading in this office five years," corrected the customer.

The bookkeeper didn't stir from his place.

"Don't you understand?" said the broker impatiently. "Here! Put down the names on this pad and bring it in."

He gave the pad to the bookkeeper and the bookkeeper looked at it meditatively a full minute. Then he laid the pad on his chief's desk and tapped the blank page with his forefinger.

"Well, what are you trying to do? Why don't you go back and get the names?" asked the head of the firm.

"I don't have to go back," said the bookkeeper. "See that?" And he tapped the blank page with his finger. "I'd only bring it back looking just as it is now!"

More than once during the late bull market it was made plain that the speculators were of a new generation. The magnitude of the losses was due to that as much as to anything else. Inexperience met the largest bill Wall Street ever presented. The shrinkage in the quoted values of securities has been estimated at forty thousand millions of dollars! This was some bill to pay for speculative education.

The one remark that you were sure to hear wherever men looking for easy money found a welcome was: "The past has nothing to teach the present." Under the circumstances implied by that assertion, nothing was less popular than the citing of precedents when you warned hopeful traders against the inevitable ending of the wild speculation. Young partners of international banking houses, customer's men, nicotinized touts in the Street, heads of investment trusts, tipster agencies, bucketeers, plungers, college professors and a million little bulls told you that past experience as a guide to stock speculation was worse than useless in 1928 and 1929. It was fatal. A new era had dawned. Conditions in American industry and finance had undergone a complete change.

Next to the theory of relativity and our new knowledge of the personal eccentricities of the atom, the most interesting development of the most wonderful decade in all history was the change in stock-market technic.

I really think they were sincere when they told you that if a speculator had to remember anything, he might do well to remember that whatever had been in the past was wrong today. The new-eratics pointed to the pelts of long-memorized bears hung up in rash brokers' offices for the public to see and be warned. Only a lunatic would sell stocks short in such a market at such a time! It was common gossip that by far the ablest of all bear operators since Addison Cammack, had lost not only all his own money but the stakes furnished him by two optimistic multimillionaires. What sense was there in any piker thinking he could defy the laws of nature at present governing the stock market?

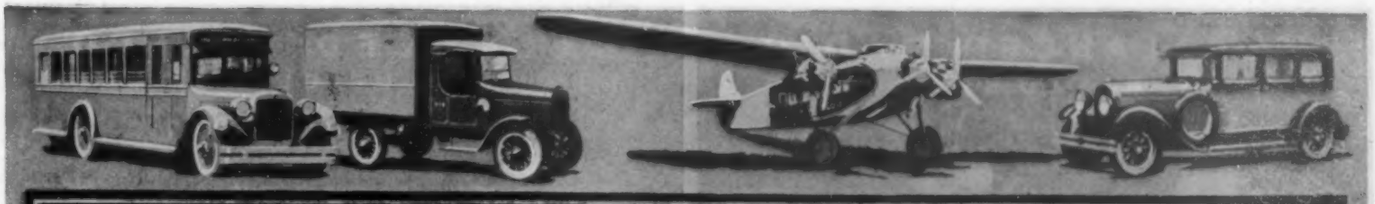
Men who had lived through two or three major bull markets and could not forget that there had always been an unforgettable last chapter yelled themselves black in the face warning their friends. What they heard in reply was:

"You've been talking that way for months. If I had followed your advice I would not today have 178 points' profit in Mail Merchandising. You don't have to make money if you don't want to, but, for the love of Mike, leave me alone. This is the chance of a lifetime and I don't want to hear anything about what happened under entirely different conditions. I know what I am doing."

Of course that was precisely the one thing that he did not know. It took the final chapter to teach him—the same final chapter that had been deleted by the bulls. And after it was all over and the most progressive and wide-awake people on earth had dropped not hundreds but thousands of millions of dollars, the new-eratics recalled that a certain gentleman was dead-right when he wrote: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? . . . There is no remembrance of former things."

Some thousands of years later, Larry Livingstone, the great operator, with the stock market, and not Solomon in mind,

(Continued on Page 101)



Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is -

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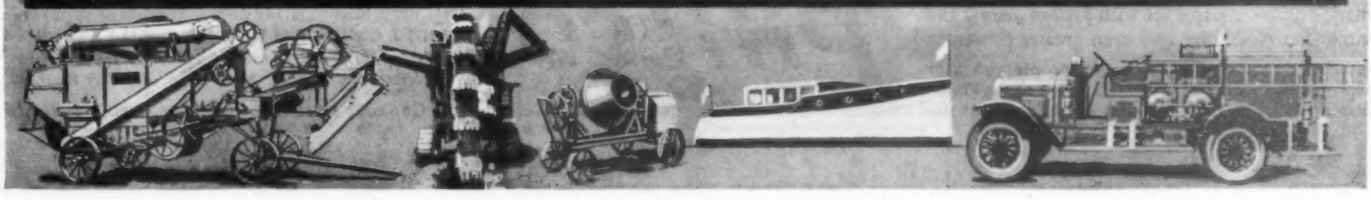

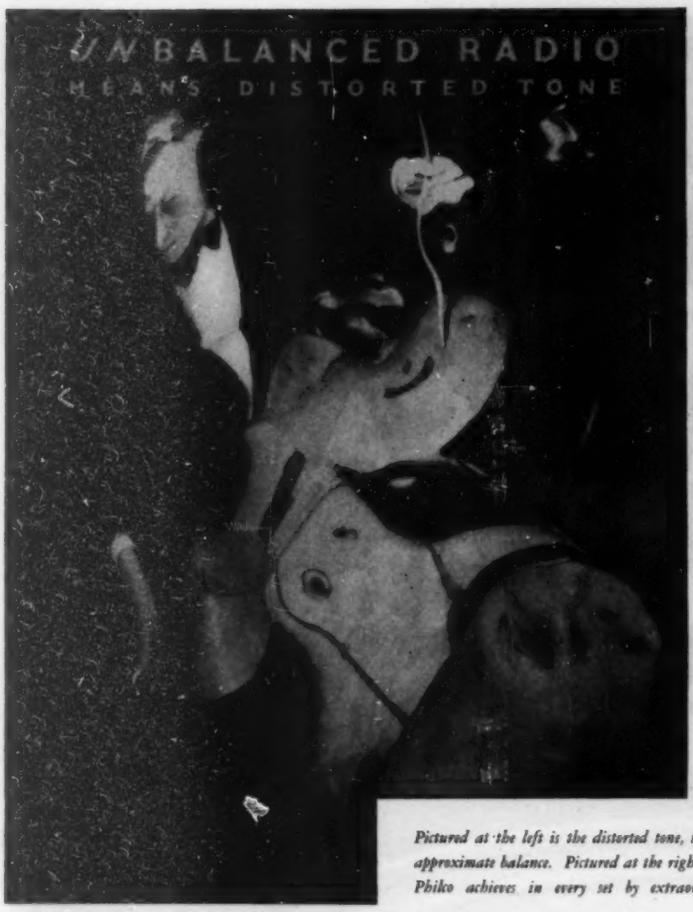

Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of a radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

. . . in which we make some pretty big claims and invite you to test them by demonstration

TWO discoveries recently made in the Philco research laboratories, we have applied the exclusive Philco Balanced-Unit principle and thereby achieved sharper selectivity, greater distance range, and clearer, richer tone than have ever been offered before in any radio at any price.

We do not ask you to allow these statements to pass unchallenged. We are willing to stand or fall by *your* judgment of the performance of these sets and have instructed all Philco dealers to stake their selling success upon actual demonstration of

1. *Philco Screen Grid*—A new seven tube, four condenser set of magnificent tone, enormous power and extraordinary selectivity.

The ordinary screen grid set, while it has used screen grid tubes elsewhere in the circuit, has been forced to employ a 227 tube as the detector. But in this new Philco, special design makes possible the use of a screen grid tube as the detector. This just about doubles amplification and provides such vast power that you will be able to enjoy broadcasting from the seaboard edges of the country—perhaps even from sections outside the United States.

2. *Philco Screen Grid Plus*—A nine tube, automatic volume control set with *built-in aerial;* the same true, clear tone, and even greater power.

A new super-set, built specifically for people who want super-performance. The enormous power of the Philco Screen Grid Plus enables you to bring in distant stations, and its automatic volume control enables you to *hold* and *enjoy* the fine programs from these stations. Like the seven tube Philco, the Screen Grid Plus has a double tuned input circuit which sharpens selectivity and somewhat reduces static and other interference noises.

PHILCO

Finally, for people who want a powerful but moderately priced Neutrodyne, the famous Neutrodyne-Plus 8-tube chassis with built-in aerial is continued with the addition of a smaller and lower priced console.

Any Philco dealer will gladly arrange a free demonstration—easy terms if you decide to buy.

PHILCO LOWBOY

With New Screen Grid Chassis	$119.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	129.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	149.50

A full range of other exquisite furniture models, including a new, compact console with genuine butt walnut and bird's-eye maple panels.

Console, with either Screen Grid or Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$112.00
Highboys	from $139.50 to 169.50
De Luxe Highboys	from 195.00 to 225.00
Table Models	from 67.00 to 97.00

According to type of Chassis selected

Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with *two* 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

In Canada: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

(Continued from Page 98)

told me: "There is nothing new in Wall Street. There cannot be, for speculation is as old as the hills. Whatever happens in the stock market today has happened before and will happen again. To remember this is merely to capitalize the universal experience of speculators. And of all the list, the surest dividend payer is Experience!"

In one of his essays, James Anthony Froude, the historian, says that eras, like individuals, differ from one another in the species of virtue they encourage. In one age we find the virtue of the warrior; in the next, of the saint; in another, of the industrial leader, and so on.

Paraphrasing this, it can be asserted that in these United States, bull markets differ from one another in the particular form of the ballyhoo employed to induce the public to trade in Wall Street. This ballyhoo need not be heard at the beginning of a rise, for, at the start, the upward movement of stock prices is based legitimately upon value-making conditions. It makes its appearance when buying stocks really becomes camouflaged gambling. Though the public still considers real values, it doesn't speculate; it invests. But when it buys merely because it hopes to make a profit by selling at a higher price later, it speculates. For all that, the average man somehow feels the need of an excuse to justify an adventure which, in his heart of hearts, he knows to be extra hazardous. The excuse furnishes the disguise.

The manufacturers of securities on a large scale realize that they cannot appeal to reason alone, and they dare not appeal too openly to greed; so, consciously or unconsciously, they appeal to the imagination. Much more than most people realize, the American imagination has been responsible for the excesses witnessed in every bull market. We cannot be the most imaginative people on earth and not pay for it.

Nobody who lives in a civilized country, where comforts, luxuries and pleasures can be bought, needs to be told what money can do for him. The assurance of a big profit is necessarily the prime selling point. But that is too sordid for some people to swallow uncoated, and the appeal to the imagination does the trick. In all bull markets you will notice that promoters can and do sell to the public what they would not dream of trying to sell to them in normal times, when they have to deal with investors. Talk about the need of hokum in bull markets! In the past seventy-five years we have seen how much it pays to appeal to the patriotism of the most imaginative people on earth, for no matter what business he may engage in or what trade he follows, he is first, last and all the time, an American, a believer in the destiny of the United States.

Waving the Flag

More than once during the late boom, whenever the advance in stocks seemed checked, we heard banking promoters gravely caution the stock-buying public: "Don't sell the United States short!" thereby making it treason as well as bad business to stop being a bull. It was the late Norman B. Ream who, in my hearing, in 1900, told a few bear operators at a New York club one night:

"I have myself helped to bury a dozen men who at one time or another sold the United States short!" The phrase has since been attributed to others.

Politicians discovered long ago that the flag covers a multitude of sins, and in the stock market the belief in the greatness of our country and the genius of our people is always turned to account. During the late boom the ballyhoo that accompanied and explained and encouraged the shift from bonds to common stocks as the most desirable investment was without doubt the most successful of any bull-market patter in our history. Of course, it came not alone from leather-lunged promoters or professional business getters among the commission houses but from reputable bankers who now floated stock issues instead of bond issues as in the past. In other bull markets there were more tips and less ballyhoo, the public doing its stock gambling more frankly in a cruder age, but we always have had the double appeal to the imagination and to the patriotism of the American sucker.

In an earlier boom, Wall Street sold the shares of completed railroads; then it sold unbuilt railroads; and, toward the end, unbuildable roads. And the public, in the three states of mind observed in all stock booms, bought all three kinds equally freely, for what they really were buying were quotations. And because they saw so plainly the change that the railroads would bring about in this country, they had no trouble in reading very plainly the figures on their own dividend checks, dated ten years ahead: The railroads were going to hasten the coming of the new era, when poverty should be exiled to where it belonged—Europe or China. Hardships at home would be relegated to the Colonial period or to pre-Columbian times. Those railroads whose stocks could be bought and sold through members of the New York Stock Exchange had two functions: To make America the richest country in the world, and to dump gold nuggets in each stockholder's front yard. That is why patriotic Americans bought railroad stocks in booms and why prices did not matter. As a matter of fact, they really didn't, for in the end almost every cent went.

Buying Equities-to-Be

In another bull market it was the consolidation of industries. No more ruinous competition! No more trade abuses! No merchandising excesses or insufficient capital or any of the evils that interfered with dividends. With the defeat of Bryanism and Free Silver, a new era dawned for our beloved country! Great as we were, we were destined to be still greater, and the stock market would prove it. Life would become easier with the general prosperity. Unemployment and hard times belonged to the War of 1812 and not to the Spanish War. What Governor Flower said in 1898 was heard by hundreds of thousands who answered by buying stock. One of his counsels was: "Stop sitting on the shirt tail of progress hollering, 'Whoa!' Don't fight the trusts; go into them. Be an American!" And the public, seeing what it wished to see, and being American, bought stocks because that really was equivalent to buying a call on the United States. The public held the stocks until it couldn't hold them. The last chapter was the same. Economists recounted the reasons. The result was the loss of the public's money.

The War Brides' bull market was logical enough, and fundamentally sound; and the lethal last chapter also was logical, as usual. Experts will talk to you about the banking panic, as in 1907, or the frozen-credit situation in 1920, but whatever the economic reason, there is always a last chapter in which the public also loses actual money as well as the beautiful paper profits. The public always overstays the market because it does not know how to trade. The bull market always comes to an end in the same way. Bull markets never die a natural death; they prefer violence. No slow decline for years! And when wise bankers who were not wise enough to escape unscathed permitted themselves to be quoted by young reporters as saying that the reasons for the 1929 collapse in the stock market were psychological and not financial, one could only marvel at the banality. All panics are psychological. They never have been anything else. A state of mind bought stocks at the top and a state of mind sold them at the bottom. And if optimism is contagious, fear is even more so. This should be too well known to use in a newspaper interview.

Always it is the same horde of human beings, moved by the same desires, sustained by the same hopes, gazing at the same mirage, doing the only thing that men can do in that frame of mind under such circumstances. At the height of the boom imaginative Americans merely did what staid Dutchmen did in Holland 300 years ago when they went crazy over tulip speculation and paid $5000 for a single specimen, or bought shares in the ownership of individual bulbs, or sold bulbs before they had come into being, or sold more bulbs than there were in Holland—or in the whole world, for that matter! And more than 100 years ago the stolid Englishmen sold their government bonds to buy stock of the South Sea Company and saw the shares rise from 120 in February to 1000 in July, and then the collapse in November. Same thing; same state of mind; same final chapter.

Possibly because of the vastly increased wealth of the country, or because of the greatly expanded machinery for the distribution of bull tips, or because the spirit of the times engendered an extravagance that necessitated a more quickly obtainable supply of spending money, or because of all these, plus other reasons, the fact remains that never before were stocks lifted to the heights they reached during the late boom. In all major bull markets quotations always rise above real values, but in 1928 and 1929 people blithely bought equities-to-be in preference to actual assets. There was no investment for the investor; always for the investor's grandchildren. It was remembered that Consolidated Automobile once sold at a few dollars a share, and in 1928 it sold at the equivalent of about $7000 for the original stock. This fact was used to attach a very high future value to all common stocks. It was not rash to buy a common stock at $500 a share if it turned out to be a second Consolidated Automobile. But $500 being too high a price for popular trading, it became necessary to resort to the practice of stock splitting.

The split had to be resorted to when an overbulled stock became too blue a chip. For some reason people who will not buy a stock at 500 because it sounds too high will pay 110 for one-fifth of the old share because it sounds cheap. The practice was one of the most striking differences between this and other bull markets. The commission for buying 100 shares of the old stock at 500 was $35. But after the split the commission on 500 shares of the new stock at 98 was $125. Not so bad—for the broker.

The Shorn Lambs

Another difference between the late bull market and others was to be found in the number of know-it-alls, big and little. I never met so many lambs who talked so learnedly about speculation as I did in the customers' rooms in Wall Street in 1928 and 1929. There were plenty of the old-fashioned blind tip takers also and will-o'-the-wisp chasers to make credible all the rumors heard during the panic about the number of unreported suicides and unpublished embezzlements. It is precisely from the blind and the ignorant that stock-market suicides are largely recruited, and the few self-slain presidents of corporations and millionaire business men were as blind and ignorant as the poor clerks and despondent school-teachers. On the day of the first bad break in October, the newspapers in New York had so many reports of suicides that the city editors didn't have reporters enough to verify the news. In one of the offices I met an editorial friend who told me that they had received reports of thirty-nine suicides that day; one big downtown office building alone contributing eleven. The truth was that only one poor girl had flung herself out of a window. The New York correspondent of a London daily cabled to his paper that lower Broadway was covered with crushed corpses. Cause of death: Stock market. Casualties: Thousands! Only a few dozen lost their lives, but thousands lost everything else.

The type of traders to which I have referred had no prototype in past booms. He was a chap who believed he was trading intelligently, in the modern way. He always

Any way you write it Ditto copies it
One copy or a hundred — quick, neat, errorless.
MEMO
Use pencil — for a rush memo, or for salesmen writing orders — Ditto copies it!
Use pen and ink — for signatures, letters, drawings, maps, charts, ruled forms, etc. Ditto copies it!
Use typewriter, addressing machine, billing machine, etc. — for letters, bulletins, reports, statements, etc. — Ditto copies it!
Ditto the quick handy duplicator
Ditto makes copies direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing; no stencil, type, or carbon.
The whole story in a booklet, "Cutting Costs with Copies"—write for it.
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Use several colors; use ordinary paper or card — Ditto copies it!

told me that ours was now a civilized country. To be ignorant of the improved modern way of doing things was a crime against one's family.

If you ventured to tell such a man that he was wrong in thinking a profit-wiping slump was impossible in our now-civilized country, he looked at you with the good-natured tolerance of a young mother of today with her first baby, listening to grandma, who had had ten, giving her views on how to bring up nursing infants. Deafness to advice is as old as human nature, but in Wall Street in 1929 inexperience knew far more than experience, because the world had moved forward so rapidly in twenty years. Oldsters should be seen and not heard. This was a new era!

The number of stories that could be told about the complacent confidence in their own judgment displayed by 99 per cent of the young traders would help to explain why there were so many losses. In writing about the case of one of my friends I would stress that he is an extremely competent business man, that his business has made him a student of men as well as of values, that he has a keen, quick-gaited mind and is familiar with investments. I had business with him in the spring of 1929. Of course, he was in the market; how deeply I did not know, but he admitted that he was carrying quite a load. He had bought the stock on the advice of one of his golfing cronies who was an official of the company. He also admitted that he had a very substantial profit—on paper.

Being skilled in reading faces, he probably perceived my lack of enthusiasm, so that when I asked him if he had ever thought of investing his savings, he answered quickly:

"Certainly. This happens to be an investment. I bought it with that object in view."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it pay dividends?"

"Sure thing!"

"How much?"

"It pays four dollars a share."

"And what is it selling for?"

"Of course, it is only paying four dollars a share now ——"

"What is it selling for?" I persisted.

"Of course, you can't go by present dividends in figuring ——"

"I see! What was the last sale? Come clean!"

"One hundred and thirty-five. But it is going to pay a great deal more."

"How do you know?"

What Makes it a Gamble

"Well, the friend who told me happens to be one of the vice presidents. He's got every cent he owns in the world in that stock, and so have his mother and his father-in-law as well. That was enough for me. He is one of the ablest business men I know."

"And how old is he?"

"Oh, thirty-five or so."

"My boy," I asked him, "how much are you making out of your business, net?"

"Oh, between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a year."

"And so you want to get rich quicker, do you?"

I am one of his clients, and he did not lose his temper. He merely answered earnestly:

"No, I am buying this stock to hold for a long pull."

"Did you buy it outright?"

"Well, I've got it margined down to fifty. And you don't think it can go below that, do you?"

"Oh, yes, it can!" I said. "This is your first gamble, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't call it a gamble," he objected.

"What else is it?" I said. "You represent Today. That means you know so little of Yesterday that you will have a headache Tomorrow. Let me tell you what even you must admit: You can change banking methods and improve technic in singing or better the highways, but you cannot change human nature. You may avert the old money panics, but you cannot prevent fear any more than you can suppress hope, and that, and not economic or financial developments, is what is going to break tens of thousands of people who think and act as you do. Hold on! If I don't let you talk, it is because, having no experience, you cannot grasp what I have in mind. You are making every mistake that the average sucker has always made, to his sorrow."

"For instance?"—and he smiled pleasantly.

The Rosy Future

"You take a tip from an insider, and you are not a poor man. Well, one of the axioms of the Street is that inside information and a fat roll will break any man: You think he knows and you have ample margin. Both these that you think are assets are really heavy liabilities. Your friend may be a wonderful executive and yet be a punk player of the stock market. And your big margin keeps you from thinking of selling in ordinary reactions. You won't know, the first day, whether it is an ordinary reaction or the beginning of a disastrous panic."

"Why won't I?"

"Nobody can who listens to his hopes or to his fears. If he heeds either he no longer is his normal self. Inside information, trade prospects, increased dividends and other bull dope are alike futile in a panic. Facts cut no more ice with speculators on the way down than they do on the way up. If you don't sell when they are too high, you won't buy when they are too low. Only investors do that, so they don't make sudden fortunes—or sudden losses. Wait until the broker calls you for more margin and you haven't any to give him! If you will content yourself with doubling your money, you will last longer. Remember how hard you had to work to make the money you put up as margin. Take your profit!"

"I appreciate all you say. But I happen to know all about this particular stock. You take the case of Steel common. Old Banker Brown has 200,000 shares which cost him under par, and ——"

"Yes," I interrupted, because I knew the argument by heart, "you think of me as an old-fashioned bond man, still riding in a buggy and you are a common-stock fan, using an aeroplane without a parachute. If I had bought stocks instead of bonds I'd have a far larger principal, and so you are going to invest with an eye to the time when the common stock will be worth twenty times today's price. Your prayer is: Give us this day our next year's bread!"

"Isn't it right?" he asked. "I don't need the money now, but I will later."

"As a matter of fact, all the talk about the future of common stocks that you have heard in this bull market was merely an excuse furnished by one set of speculators for themselves and for other speculators to justify their crazy buying of two-dollar dividend payers at $200 or $300 a share. It stresses one of the differences between this and past bull markets. And the most curious thing about it is that it is not only intelligent professional men like yourself who swallow it, but the famous captains of industry and multimillionaire promoters. When the superman and the clever man and the piker all talk the same way, buying common stocks becomes not a venture but a fad. You buy because it is the thing to do to be normal. The herd instinct urges you all—on toward the precipice!"

"But isn't it a fact that the big money has always been made in the common stocks in this country?" he asked me.

"Billions of dollars have been lost through buying common stocks in the past hundred years, notwithstanding the amazing growth of the United States. Because a stock sold at two dollars a share ten years ago and is now selling at $2000, you mustn't imagine the stock you buy today at $200 will be worth $20,000 some day, merely because the United States is going to keep on growing. The trouble with all you fellows is that you don't pick your winners. You simply bet on the bull market lasting a while longer. Every day you read in your paper that Banker Brown's fortune is $1,000,000 greater every time Steel goes up five points. But they don't tell you that his 200,000 shares cost him very little, so that it took neither brains nor courage to hold on. Why don't you ask why he did not buy 1,000,000 shares of that wonderful stock at nine dollars a share in 1925, so that in less than twenty-five years he would have seen his $9,000,000 increase to $300,000,000, if you count the dividends? Every time somebody tells you that your stock is going to duplicate the performance of U. S. Steel, ask him if he ever heard that Carnegie, who knew more about the steel business than anybody else in the world, said about that stock: 'It isn't even water. It is nothing but hot air.' When you think of some common stock that has decupled in value in twenty-five years, glance over the list of the stocks that have been wiped out and every cent lost by the holders."

The Perfect Type

He smiled, without the slightest trace of vindictiveness, so that I had no hesitation in asking him: "Don't answer if you don't wish to, but what is your dream?"

"Well," he said, "I don't want to work forever. I wish to retire when I am still young enough to enjoy life. I mean, I hope to travel and play and grow young with my youngsters and live in reasonable comfort."

"About as you are living now?"

"Yes."

"And if you took your profit tomorrow and invested it safely, getting 5 or 6 per cent on your money, would you have enough?"

"No. If I cashed in this minute I could not get more than about 60 per cent of what I am making in my business. After I retire I shall need more than my present income, because when a man has leisure he always spends more. Instead of being at the office, I would be traveling and spending; and then the children will need more as they grow older."

"I see," I said. "But I don't think you do."

"What don't I see?"

"You don't see that you are absolutely the perfect type!" And I shook hands and left him.

I had occasion to see him about three months later, toward the end of the panic. When he saw me he threw up his hands and shouted: "Yes, you did! You told me so! But don't rub it in, please."

I told him I was sorry and talked about something else. Later, one of his office associates told me that my friend had lost all his paper profits, all his original margin, and all the money he had been able to borrow from the insurance company on his policies. He still had his paying business and the asset of experience, but his retirement was postponed a few years. When he stops working he will have a better idea of the cost of leisure. And he is one of thousands.

"Tools? sure they're KLEINS"

On big production—on small production—wherever good workmanship demands the best in tools, you will invariably find the pliers are Kleins.

"THEY aren't much to look at, these old pliers of mine, battered and scarred with their tape wrapped handles, but believe me they do the job—have done it for ten years. That circle means they're Kleins, and you will find the same name on my strap and belt, on my climbers and lag wrenches. There are a lot of things I am willing to experiment with, but when my life's at stake, I rely on Kleins."

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- ☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

THE TELEPHONE BRINGS THE ADVANTAGES THAT COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE GIVE TO LIVING

This is the telephone's mission

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN THIS COUNTRY, a new type of civilization is being reared—a civilization of better opportunity for the average man, comfort and convenience, business enterprise and higher standards that enrich the daily life of all the people.

To build for this new age, the Bell System in 1929 expended more than 550 million dollars. These millions were used to add new plants and further improve service. Hundreds of new buildings, millions of miles of wire, chiefly in cable, eight hundred thousand new telephones—these were some of the items in the year's program of construction. At the same time, better records were made for speed and accuracy in service.

This American development of instantaneous communication, of fast, far-reaching speech, belongs not to the few, but to the many. It is the aim of the Bell System to permit each personality to express itself without regard to distance.

This is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Cinnamon Waffles
Cheese Waffles
Rice Waffles
Short Cake
Tea Cake
Muffins
Tarts

ALL of these and many other kinds of crispy, golden-brown waffle cakes and dainties are baked with little effort and consummate skill in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron—at the dining table or tea wagon, to the delighted astonishment of the family and guests alike.

If you are in need of a new waffle iron, take advantage of the

SPECIAL SALE
DURING FEBRUARY
UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron
(Illustrated above)
ONLY **$11.50**
At your nearest Universal Dealer's

This $15.00 value UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron has never before sold during campaigns for less than $13.50—and at this special sale price it represents the biggest value that money can buy.

—An Automatic Heat Indicator tells when grids are ready for batter
—Non-sticking, Die-cast Grids require no grease
—An Extra-wide Patented Expansion Hinge allows batter to rise
—Beautiful Designing, including neat tray base, lends itself delightfully to table cookery.
—A UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron Recipe Book is included FREE.

Show this advertisement to your UNIVERSAL Dealer or tell him about it and he will be happy to demonstrate this marvelous UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron—do it today, before it is too late!

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Cartoon and Comedy

DRAWN BY LAWRENCE LA KIRK

In America—"How Vulgar!"

In Europe—"How Beautiful!"

DRAWN BY HOW LUSSE

The Ring and the Look

DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

The Old Folks at Home

"I would like to stress the need for more intensive effort in selling"

CONCENTRATE YOUR ADVERTISING WHERE A PROFIT CAN BE MADE FROM THE SALES

The recent stock market crash did not *create* the necessity for more direct, and less wasteful, merchandising . . . It simply illuminated and emphasized that necessity.

Economists have been hammering at distribution waste for years. Business leaders have deplored it in others, and eliminated it from their own concerns. The Secretary of Commerce in the Administration of 1924-1928, an internationally known economist, said: "I would like to stress the need for more intensive effort in selling . . . A great many manufacturers would undoubtedly find that by limiting their efforts to more circumscribed areas they would not only reduce their selling costs, but would probably produce a larger volume of business."

In this changed and changing era of business, eliminate every type of circulation that interferes with a profit . . . And concentrate your advertising in markets where your consumers are thickest, and easiest to reach . . . in the *city* markets covered by the 25 SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers.

Scripps-Howard offers the advertiser two distinct advantages that help to make impressive reductions in the cost of distribution.

First: The counsel of trained merchandising men, who *know* local conditions, and who cover local retail and jobber outlets daily. They make possible the intensive cultivation of easily accessible dealers.

Second: 25 newspapers, standing high in their communities, meriting and receiving the faith of their readers . . . Circulation secured without tricks, free prizes, or other hypodermics . . . Natural, *wanted* circulation . . . More than 2,000,000 high-type readers *directly* accessible to the advertiser . . . Concentrated in trading areas where selling costs are lower, and where a profit can be made from the sales.

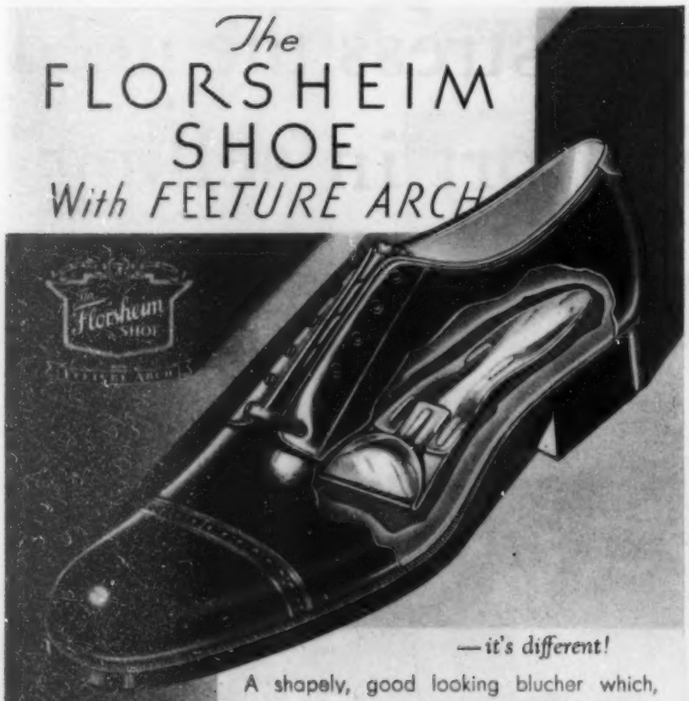
SCRIPPS · HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
...OF THE UNITED PRESS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram*	SAN FRANCISCO . *News*	BUFFALO . . . . . *Times*	COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*	HOUSTON . . . . *Press*	KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press*	WASHINGTON . . *News*	INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times*	AKRON . . . *Times-Press*	YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram*	EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post*	CINCINNATI . . . *Post*	DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*	BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post*	FORT WORTH . . *Press*	SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press*	COVINGTON *Kentucky Post* —*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*	TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*	MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar*	OKLAHOMA CITY . *News*	EVANSVILLE . . . *Press*
			ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*		

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *Stuart S. Schuyler*, DIRECTOR, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

The FLORSHEIM SHOE With FEETURE ARCH



—it's different!

A shapely, good looking blucher which, in addition to all its other comforts, also has the FLORSHEIM Feeture Arch built in, a flexible-rigid support that strengthens weakened arches and keeps healthy feet strong

$12

COMBINATION NO. 17 . . . Style M-382

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · Chicago

"Wish I had some ready cash!"

That's what Earl Buckley said before he—

THERE'S no doubt about it—Earl Buckley was mightily in need of some ready cash when he wrote us, a few years ago, for the details of our money-making plan.

So, just as quickly as we could, we sent back a letter, showing him how easy it was to make big money in his spare time as our neighborhood subscription representative. That letter started Buckley off on a career so profitable that recently he earned $15.00 in a few hours' time.

Stop Wishing—Act!

If you too are in need of ready cash, why not try the same recipe that Buckley used?

Send the coupon below, and we will be more than glad to outline to you our money-making plan—a plan that doesn't call for a cent of capital, a day of experience, or a single minute "off" from your regular daytime job.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
694 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can you help me get some ready cash?

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print Name and Address)

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 5)

"Never mind, Joseph. We have to pay a price for youth."

He would go out again, depressed but dignified. In his own way he was as unsocial as Sarah, as mysterious and self-obliterating as are all good servants.

So, on that last night of Sarah, Judy was with me. She had just arrived, looking a trifle defiant, and at dinner she stated her grievance. Mary Martin was out for the evening, and the two of us were alone at the table.

"Really, Katherine is too outrageous," she said.

"She's probably saying the same thing about you."

"But it is silly. Truly. She wants me not to see Wallie. I don't think Wallie is anything to lie awake at night about, but after all he's my half brother."

I said nothing. It was an old difficulty in the family—Katherine's dislike of Howard's son by his first marriage. It was a part of her jealousy of Howard, her resentment of that early unfortunate marriage of his. She loathed Wallie and all he stood for; not that he stood for a great deal. He was the usual rich man's son, rather charming in his own way, but neurotic since the war. But he looked like Margaret, the first wife, and Katherine could not forgive him that.

"You like Wallie," Judy accused me.

"Of course I do."

"And he had a wonderful war record."

"Certainly he had. What are you trying to do, Judy? Justify yourself?"

"I think he's had a rotten deal," she said. "From all of us. A bit of allowance from father, and now I'm not to see him!"

"But you are going to see him," I told her. "You're going to see him tonight. He wants to look over an old ormolu cabinet Laura has sent me."

She forgot her irritation in her delight.

"Lovely! Has it got any secret drawers? I adore looking for secret drawers," she said, and went on eating a substantial meal. These young things, with their slender waists and healthy appetites!

She had already rushed up to the third floor to greet Sarah, and while we were eating I heard Sarah on the way down. This was nothing unusual. She would go out sometimes at night, either to the movies or to take Jock and Isabel for a walk, and I could sit at my place at the table and watch her coming down the stairs. The fireplace in the music room is set at an angle, and in the mirror over it I would see Sarah—first her soft-soled, low-heeled shoes, then the bottom of her white skirt, and then her gray coat, until finally all of Sarah emerged into view.

This evening, however, I saw that she had taken off her uniform, and I called to her.

"Going to the movies, Sarah?"

"No." She had no small amenities of speech.

"Don't you want the dogs? They haven't been out today."

She seemed to hesitate. I could see her in the mirror, and I surprised an odd expression on her face. Then the dogs themselves discovered her and began to leap about her.

"Do take them, Sarah," Judy called.

"I suppose I can," she agreed rather grudgingly. "What time is it?"

Judy looked at her wrist watch and told her.

"And do behave yourself, Sarah!" she called.

But Sarah did not answer. She snapped the leashes on the dogs and went out. That was at five minutes after seven. She went out and never came back.

Judy and I loitered over the meal, or rather I loitered; Judy ate and answered the telephone. One call was from a youth named Dick, and there was a subtle change in Judy's voice which made me suspicious. Another, however, she answered coldly.

"I don't see why," she said. "She knew quite well where I was going. . . . Well, I'm all right. If I want to go wrong, I don't need to come here to do it. . . . No, she's gone out."

I have recorded this conversation because it became highly important later on. To the best of my knowledge, it came soon after Sarah left—at 7:15 or thereabouts.

Judy came back to the table with her head in the air.

"Uncle Jim," she said. "Wouldn't you know mother would sick him on me? The old goose!"

By which she referred not to Katherine, but to Katherine's brother, Jim Blake. Judy had chosen to affect a dislike for him, not because of any inherent qualities in Jim himself but because Katherine was apt to make him her agent when Judy visited me.

Personally I was fond of Jim—perhaps because he paid me the small attentions a woman of my age finds gratifying—and certainly Katherine adored him.

"He asked for Sarah, but I told him she had gone out. What in the world does he want with Sarah?"

"He may have had some message from your mother for her."

"Probably to keep an eye on me," said Judy dryly.

I think all this is accurate. So many things happened that evening that I find it difficult to go back to that quiet meal—quiet, that is, up to the time when Joseph brought in our coffee.

I know we discussed Jim—Judy and I—and Judy, with the contempt of her youth for the man in his late forties who takes no active part in the world. Yet Jim had organized his life as best he could. He was a bachelor who went everywhere, for a reason which I surmised but Judy could not understand—the fear of the lonely of being alone.

"Uncle Jim and his parties!" said Judy. "How in the world does he pay for them?"

"He has a little from his mother."

"And more, probably, from my mother!"

Well, that might have been, so I said nothing, and as money meant nothing in Judy's lavish young life, she was immediately cheerful again.

It is hard to remember Jim as he was in those days; as he must have been when he left his house that night. A tall man, still very erect, and with graying hair carefully brushed to hide its thinness, he was always urbane and well dressed. He was popular too. He had never let business—which in his case was a dilettante interest in real estate—interfere with a golf game or bridge, and by way of keeping up his social end he gave innumerable little tea parties and dinners. He had a colored servant named Amos who was a quick-change artist, and so people dined with Jim on food cooked by Amos, to be served by Amos in a dinner jacket, and then went outside to find Amos in a uniform and putties, standing by the car with the rug neatly folded over his arm.

There are some people to whom all colored men look alike, and to these, no doubt, Jim Blake appeared to be served by a retinue of servants.

"The deb's delight!" was Judy's closing and scathing comment, and then Joseph brought in the coffee.

That was, according to Joseph's statement to the police and later before the grand jury, at 7:30 or 7:35.

I remember thinking how pretty Judy looked in the candlelight, and how the house brightened when she was there. Joseph was moving about the pantry, and in the silence I could hear distant voices from the servants' hall beyond the kitchen.

Judy had lapsed into silence. The initial excitement of her arrival was over, and I thought now that she looked dispirited and

(Continued on Page 109)

Germs Incite 80% of Dental Ills

Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film

Free... *special film-removing tooth paste for you to try*

This special method that removes film and combats bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It will bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market. (See coupon.)

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: *stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of gum troubles noticeably controlled.*

That is a great deal—you may think—for a tooth paste to accomplish. But you will find by actual test that Pepsodent can do that and even more. Please write today.

The new principle of combating germs of dental ills

The great destroyers of teeth and tissues are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, cause pyorrhea, too. For 80% of all dental ills germs are held primarily responsible. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. *But on the teeth bacteria cannot be reached by ordinary methods.*

A sticky, stubborn film envelops and covers them. It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they breed by millions. You can brush until the gums are sore without removing film effectively. *And to fight these germs you must remove germ-laden film.*

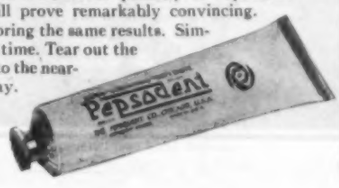
A different way to remove film

Too vigorous brushing injures gums and teeth. Dentists know that to be a fact. So under high dental supervision Pepsodent was developed to remove film by a unique scientific action. It *curdles* film so that light brushing easily removes it—gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive. It is recommended for the soft, sensitive teeth of children. You can tell by its feel how different it is from all other methods you have ever tried.

Please accept this tube

We ask to send you a sufficient quantity of Pepsodent for a test that will prove remarkably convincing. No other way can bring the same results. Simply give it 10 days' time. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address . . . today.



Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'N' ANDY

You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday at:

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 232, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . London, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. Sydney, N. S. W.

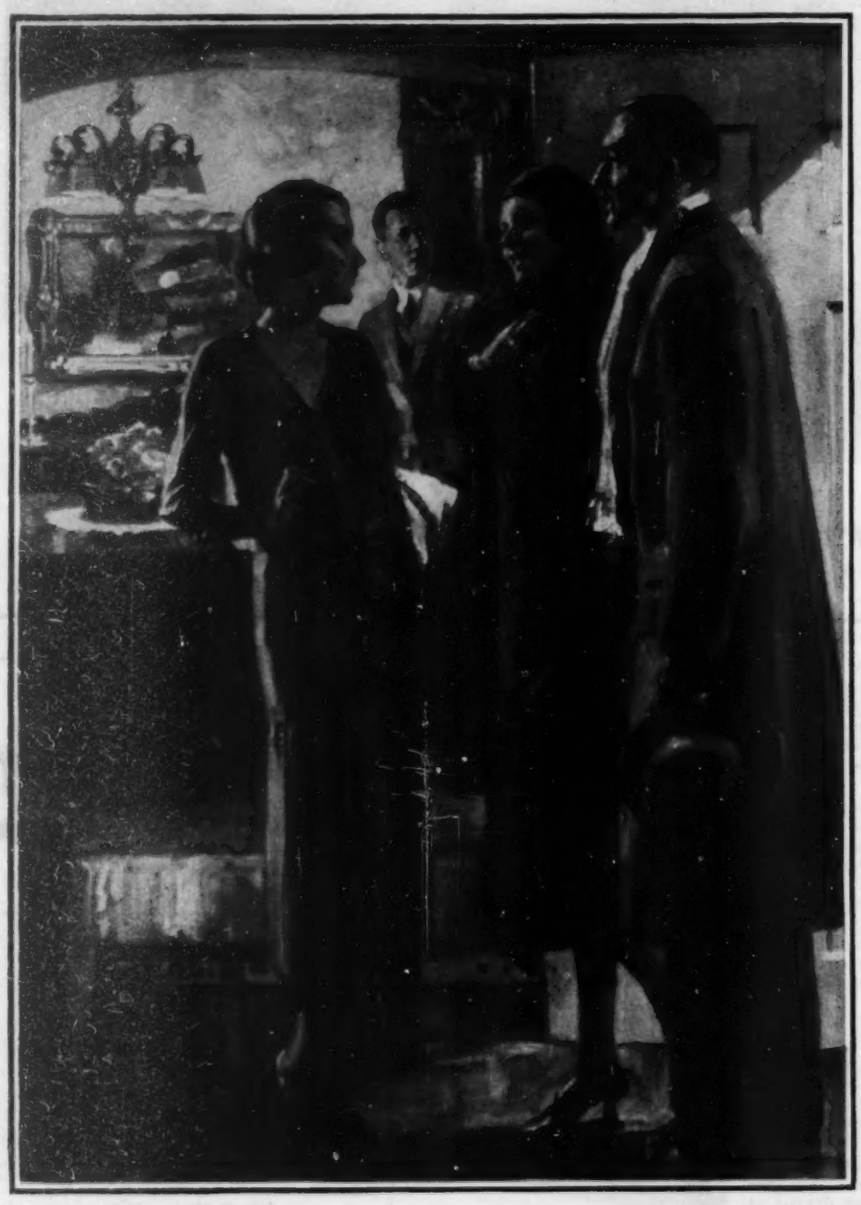
Only one tube to a family 3364

Is There Hesitation In Your Invitation When You Say

"Won't you come in and make yourself at home?"

THE tinkle of the door-bell . . . Callers! Will you greet them cordially, confidently, as do those fortunate folks who have realized the importance of *first* furnishing a home—adequately and attractively?

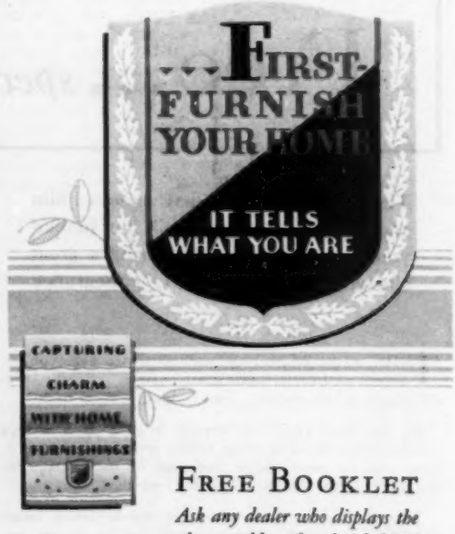
Or will you hesitate, conscious of the fact that your furnishings are a handicap, when they should be a help? Right in the center of the room, there's that old arm chair that should have gone attic-ward along with the kerosene lamps of Grandfather's day; over in a corner the tabouret that Aunt Emily couldn't find a place for when she moved into an apartment; and on the west wall, the landscape painted by Cousin Eunice at the age of seventeen . . .



These are the tell-tale things that subtract from your social standing; that make you uneasy when company comes. Always you have said, "Some day we'll get better furnishings." Why not fulfill this promise, now?

You enjoy meeting new people; like to cultivate new friends and visit their homes. So take the hesitation out of your invitation; put the confident "handclasp" of hospitality into your home with friendly furnishings.

Determine now to have a home of which you can be proud. It's so much simpler than you think. Even a modest investment in home furnishings will work wonders, and the modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.



Free Booklet

Ask any dealer who displays the above emblem for this helpful 24-page color illustrated booklet. If no dealer in your community displays this emblem, write National Home Furnishings Program, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, for your free copy.

©1930 N. H. F. P.

(Continued from Page 106)

rather tired. Then I happened to raise my eyes, and they fell on the mirror.

There was a man on the staircase.

III

HE SEEMED to be crouching there. I could see only his legs, in darkish trousers, and he had no idea that I could see him at all. He was apparently listening—listening and calculating. Should he make a dash to get out or retreat? The door from the dining room to the hall was wide open. I would surely see him. Was it worth the trying?

Evidently he decided that it was not, for without turning he backed soundlessly up the stairs.

"Judy," I said quietly. "Don't move or raise your voice. There's a burglar upstairs. I've just seen him."

"What shall I do? I can close the library door and call the police."

"Do that, then, and I'll tell Joseph. He can't get out by the back stairs without going through the kitchen, and the servants would see him."

I rang for Joseph, feeling calm, and rather pleased at my calmness. Such few jewels as I keep out of the bank were on me, and if he wanted my gold toilet set he was welcome. It was insured. But while I waited for Joseph I took off my rings and dropped them into the flower vase on the table.

Joseph took the news quietly. He said that Robert was still in the garage, and that he would station him at the foot of the back stairs, but that to wait for the police was nonsense.

"He'd jump out a window, madam. But if I go up, as though I didn't know he was about, I might surprise him."

"You're not armed."

"I have a revolver in the pantry, madam."

That did not surprise me. There had been some burglaries in the neighborhood recently—I believe the bootlegger had had the tables turned on him, a matter which I considered a sort of poetic justice—and I stood in the doorway watching the stairs until Joseph reappeared.

"If he gets past me," he said, "stand out of his way, madam. These cat burglars are dangerous."

He went up the front staircase, leaving me in the lower hall. I could hear Judy at the telephone, patiently explaining in a low voice, and I could hear Joseph overhead, moving about systematically—the second floor, the third, opening room doors and closet doors; moving with his dignified unhurried tread, but doing the thing thoroughly.

He was still moving majestically along the third-floor hall when I heard a slight noise near at hand. I could neither describe it nor locate it. Something fairly near me had made a sound—a small, sharp report. It appeared to have come from the back hallway, where there is a small lavatory. When Judy emerged, I told her, and against my protests she marched back and threw open the door.

It was quite empty, and soon after, Joseph came down to say that he had found nobody, but that someone might be hiding on the roof, and as by that time a policeman had arrived on a motorcycle, I sent him out to look.

The officer inside and Joseph out, it seemed scarcely credible that we found nobody. But our burglar had gone—without booty, too, as it turned out, for my toilet things were undisturbed.

I think the officer was rather amused than otherwise. Judy saw him out.

"If you're ever in trouble again, miss, just send for me," he said gallantly.

"I'm always in trouble," said Judy.

"Now is that so? What sort of trouble?"

"Policemen," said Judy pleasantly, and closed the door on him.

Looking back, it seems strange how lighthearted we were that night. That loneliness which is my usual lot had gone with Judy's arrival, and when Wallie arrived at 8:30 he found Judy insisting on my smoking a cigarette.

"You're shaken, Elizabeth Jane," she was saying. "You know darn well you're shaken."

"Shaken? About what?" said Wallie from the hall.

"She's had a burglar, poor dear," Judy explained. "A burglar in dark trousers, crouched on the staircase."

"On the stairs? Do you mean you saw him?"

"She saw his legs."

"And that's all?"

"That's enough, isn't it? The rest of him was sure to be around somewhere. The said legs then ceased crouching and went upstairs. After that they vanished."

He said nothing more but walked back into the dining room and surveyed the mirror.

"That's a tricky arrangement you have there, Elizabeth Jane," he called. He had adopted Judy's habit. "Go up the stairs, Judy, and let me see your legs."

"Don't be shameless!" she said. "How's this?"

"All right. Yes, I see them, and very nice ones they are at that."

When he came forward again Judy insisted on examining the stair rail for fingerprints, although Wallie said that it was nonsense; that all criminals wore gloves nowadays, and that with the increasing crime wave the glove factories were running night shifts. But she departed for a candle, nevertheless, and Wallie glanced up the staircase.

"Rather a blow for the divine Sarah, eh, what?" he said.

"Sarah is out, fortunately. She took the dogs."

It struck me, as he stood there in the full light over his head, that he was looking even thinner than usual, and very worn. He had much of his mother's beauty, if one dare speak of beauty in a man, but he had also inherited her high-strung nervous temperament. The war must have been hell for him, for he never spoke of it. I have noticed that the men who really fought and really suffered have very little to say about it; whether because they cannot bear to recall it or because most of them are inarticulate I do not know. While we stood there I told him about the sound I had heard, and he went back to the lavatory and looked up.

This lavatory is merely a small washroom opening from the rear portion of the hall, and lighted by an opaque-glass ceiling, in the center of which a glass transom opens by a cord for ventilation. The shaft above is rather like an elevator well, and light enters through a skylight in the roof.

Onto this well there is only one opening, and this the window to the housemaid's closet on the third floor. As, during the tornado of 1893, the entire skylight, frame and all, had been lifted and dropped end-on into the shaft, crashing through the glass roof below, my father had had placed across it some iron bars. These—four in number—were firmly embedded in the walls about six feet below the window sill.

"I suppose nobody has examined the shaft."

"I really don't know. Probably not."

He continued to gaze upward.

"He might have swung into the shaft and stood on the bars."

"Provided he knew there were bars there," I said dryly.

Suddenly he turned and shot up the stairs, and a moment later he was calling from the third floor.

"Get a ladder, somebody. There's something on top of that skylight down there."

"You mean, the man himself?"

He laughed at that.

"He'd have gone through the glass like a load of coal! No. Something small. I can see it against the light beneath."

He ran down, rushed into the library for matches, and when Robert had brought a ladder from the garage and placed it in the lavatory, he was on it and halfway through the transom in an instant.

We stood huddled in the door, Judy still holding the candle, and I—for some unknown reason—with a lighted cigarette in my hand which someone had thrust on me, and Robert and Joseph behind.

I don't know what I had expected, but I know that I felt a shock of disappointment when Wallie said: "Hello! Here it is. A pencil!"

He found nothing else, and came down in a moment, looking dirty and rather the worse for wear, but extremely pleased with himself.

"A pencil!" he said exultantly. "Now how about it? Will Scotland Yard send for me or will it not? That's what you heard, you see."

But Judy only took one glance at it.

"Possibly," she said. "Still, as it's the sort Elizabeth Jane uses herself, with the point looking as though she'd sharpened it with her teeth, I see nothing to write home about."

That annoyed him.

"All right," he told her. "We'll see. It may have fingerprints."

"I thought you'd decided he wore gloves. Why don't you try to find how he got in? That's more to the point. And also how he got out?"

It seems strange to be writing all this—the amiable bickering between Wallie and Judy; the light-hearted experiment to find if a pencil dropped from the third floor made the sound I had heard, and my own feeling that it did not; and the final discovery of the shattered pane in the rear French door of the drawing-room, and our failure to see, lying on the step outside, that broken point of a penknife which Inspector Harrison was to find the next morning. Strange—almost frivolous.

It was Judy who found the broken pane, hidden as it was behind the casement curtains on the door, and who pointed out the ease with which our intruder had reached in and turned the key. There is another door at the back of the drawing-room—a sort of service entrance which opens into the rear hall beside the servants' staircase—and it was evident that he had used this to gain access to the upper floors.

"Easy enough," said Judy. "But he couldn't get out that way. Clara was coming down to her dinner, so he hid on the front stairs."

"And I suppose he was not in the light shaft at all?" Wallie demanded.

"I don't say he wasn't," said my surprising Judy. "I only say that the pencil is not proved. I think it very likely he did hide in the shaft. He'd retreated before Joseph as far as he could go."

"But what did he want?" I demanded. "I don't suppose he broke in here to drop a pencil. If he was coming down when I saw him ——"

"Well, he might have been going up," said Judy practically. "A good burglar might start at the top and work down. Like housecleaning."

Wallie had sealed the pencil in an envelope for the police, and I dare say all of this had not taken much more than half an hour. It must have been at nine o'clock or thereabouts, then, that I sent the maids to their beds and watched them as they made a nervous, half hysterical start, and 9:30 before Joseph and Wallie had placed a padlock on the broken door in the drawing-room. Then I ordered Joseph to bed, but he objected.

"Miss Sarah has not come in."

"She has a key, Joseph."

But I was uneasy. In the excitement I had forgotten Sarah.

Wallie looked up sharply from the door. "Sarah!" he said. "Is she still out?"

"Yes. And she has the dogs. Where could she stay until this hour with two dogs? She has no friends."

I left Wallie and Judy in the drawing-room and wandered out and down the steps. It was a cool, clear night, with plenty of starlight, and I walked down the drive. I remember that as I walked I whistled for the dogs. Sometimes she loosened them and they preceded her home. It seemed to me that I heard a dog barking far off somewhere, but that was all.

I was vaguely inclined to walk in that direction. The dog seemed to be at the far end of the Larimer lot or beyond it, in the park. But at the gate I met Mary Martin, hurrying home. She had been out somewhere for dinner, and she was slightly sulky: it was a continued grievance with her that Sarah had a key to the house and she had none, but I have an old-fashioned sense of responsibility to the people in my employ, and Mary was a still young and very pretty girl. On the way to the house I told her about our burglar, and she relaxed somewhat.

"I don't think you should be out here alone," she said. "He may still be about."

"I was looking for Sarah," I explained. "She's out with the dogs, and it's getting late."

To my intense surprise, she stopped perfectly still.

"When did she go out?" she said sharply.

"At seven. That's almost three hours."

She moved on again, but in silence. The front door was open, and in the light from it I thought she looked rather pale. At that moment, however, Wallie appeared in the doorway, and suddenly she brightened.

"I wouldn't worry, Miss Bell. She can take care of herself. And she has a key!"

She glanced at me rather pertly, favored Wallie with a smile as she went in, greeted Judy with considerable manner—she seemed always to be afraid that Judy might patronize her—and teetered up the stairs on the high heels she affected.

Wallie gazed after her as she went up. At the turn she paused. I saw her looking down at us intently—at Judy, at myself, at Wallie—mostly at Wallie.

"I wouldn't worry about Miss Gittinga," she said. "She's sure to be all right."

"You might see if she's in her room, Mary," Judy suggested. "She may have come in while we were in the drawing-room."

We could hear her humming as she went on up the stairs, and shortly after she called down to say that Sarah was not in her room, but that it was unlocked.

"That's queer," said Judy. "She always locks it, doesn't she?"

We could hear a sort of ironic amusement in Mary's voice as she replied. "Not so queer this evening," she said. "She knew I was out! Her key's in the door, on the outside, but she forgot to take it."

I do not remember much about the hour between ten and eleven. Wallie was not willing to go until Sarah returned, and Judy and he worked over the cabinet. The house was very still. For a time, as I sat in the library, I could hear Mary moving about on the third floor, drawing a bath—she was very fastidious in everything that pertained to herself—and finally going into her room and closing her door. But by eleven Judy had given up all hope of a secret drawer in the cabinet and was yawning, and a few moments after that Wallie left and she wandered up to bed.

But I still waited in the library. I had a queer sense of apprehension, but I laid it to the events of the evening, and after a time—I am no longer young, and I tire easily—I fell into a doze.

When I roused, it was one in the morning, and Sarah had not come back. She would have roused me if she had, have put out the lights. Nevertheless, I went upstairs and opened her door. The room was dark. I called to her, cautiously, but there was no answer, and no stertorous breathing to show that she was asleep.

For the first time I was really alarmed about her. I went downstairs again, stopping in my room for a wrap, and in the dining room for my rings, which I had almost forgotten. Then I went out on the street. The dog or dogs were still barking at intervals, and at last I started toward the sound.

IV

IT IS one of the inevitable results of tragedy that one is always harking back to it, wondering what could have been done to avert it. I find myself going over and over the events of that night, so simple in appearance, so dreadful in result. Suppose I

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had turned on Sarah's light that night. Would I have found her murderer in the room? Was the faint sound I heard the movement of her curtain in the wind, as I had thought, or something much more terrible?

Again, instead of sending Joseph upstairs to search, what if I had had the police called and the house surrounded?

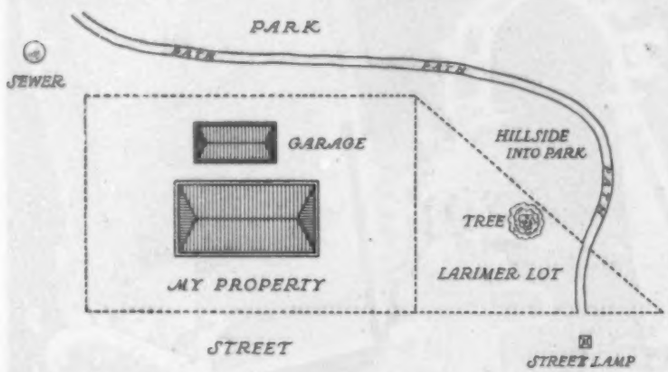
Still, what could I have done for Sarah? Nothing. Nothing at all.

I was rather nervous as I walked along, going toward the Larimer lot and the park. But the occasional despairing yelps were growing more and more familiar as I advanced, and when at last I let out that feeble pipe which is my attempt at a whistle, the dogs recognized it in a sort of ecstasy of noise. I could make out Jock's shrill bark and Isabel's melancholy whine, but for some reason they did not come to me.

I stood on the pavement and called, loath to leave its dryness and security for the brush and trees and dampness of the Larimer property. Frightened, too, I admit. Something was holding the dogs. I am quite certain now that when I started to run toward them I expected to find Sarah there, unconscious or dead. I ran in a sort of frenzy. Once, indeed, I fell over some old wire, and I was dizzy when I got up.

But Sarah was not there. Far back in the lot I found the dogs, and if I wondered that they had not come to me, that mystery was soon solved. They were tied. A piece of rope had been run through the loops of their leashes and then tied to a tree. So well tied that, what with their joyous rushes and the hard knotting of the rope, I could scarcely free them. Asked, later on, about that knot, I had no clear memory of it whatever.

It was very dark. Far back on the street a lamp lighted that corner where the path took off, to pitch steeply down into the park. The Larimer lot is a triangle, of which the side of my property is the vertical, the street the base, and the ravine beyond, the hypotenuse. Thus:



I remember calling Sarah frantically, and then telling the terrier to find her.

"Go find Sarah, Jock!" I said. "Find Sarah!"

He only barked, however, and an instant later both of them were racing for home.

But I still had a queer feeling that Sarah must be there. I went back to the house, to find the dogs scratching at the front door, and when I had roused Joseph, I took him back with me to search the lot. He with his revolver and I with my searchlight must have been a queer, clandestine sort of picture—two middle-aged folk, Joseph half clad, wandering about in the night. And so the roundsman on the beat must have believed, for when he came across to us his voice was suspicious.

"Lost anything?"

"A middle-aged woman, rather heavy set," I said, half hysterically.

"Well, she oughtn't to be hard to find," he observed. "Now if it was a ring, with all this brush and stuff ——"

But he was rather impressed when I told my story.

"Tied to a tree, eh? Which tree?"

"Over there; my butler's examining it. The rope's still there."

But a moment later Joseph almost stunned me.

"There is no rope here, madam," he called.

And incredible as it may sound, the rope was not there. The policeman searched, we all searched. There was no rope and no Sarah. The policeman was not so much suspicious as slightly amused.

"Better go back and get a good night's sleep, ma'am," he said soothingly. "You can come around in the morning and look all you want."

"But there was a rope. I could hardly untie it."

"Sure," he said indulgently. "Probably the lady you're looking for tied them up herself. She had business somewhere else and they'd be in the way. See?"

Well, it was possible, of course. I did not believe it, knowing Sarah; but then, did I know Sarah? The surface of Sarah I knew—the unruffled, rather phlegmatic, faithful Sarah—but what did I really know about her? It came to me like a blow that I did not even know if she had any family, that there was no one I could notify.

"You go home now," he said as coaxingly as he would speak to a child, "and in the morning you'll find she's back. If she isn't, you can let me know."

And he said this, too, with an air, a certain paternalism; as though he had said: "Just leave this to me. I am the law. I'll fix it. And now just run along. I've my job to attend to."

The next morning was rainy and gray. I had slept very little, and I rang for my breakfast tray at eight o'clock. Any hope that Sarah had slipped in early in the morning was dashed by Joseph's sober face. I drank a little coffee, and at 8:30 Judy came in yawning, in a luxurious negligee over very gaudy pajamas.

"Well, what explanation did she give?" she said. "May I have my tray here? I hate eating alone."

"Did who give?"

"Sarah."

"She hasn't come back, Judy."

"What? I heard her. From two until three she walked about over my head until I was almost crazy."

Sarah's room was over Judy's. I sat up in bed and stared at her. Then I rang the bell again.

"Joseph," I said, "have you been into Sarah's room this morning?"

"No, madam. I overslept, and I hurried right down."

"Then how do you know she has not come back?"

"She hasn't been down for her breakfast. She's very early, always."

And just then we heard Mary Martin talking excitedly to Clara in the hall overhead, and then come running down the stairs. She burst into my room hysterically, to say that Sarah was not in her room and that it was all torn up. Judy was gone like a flash, and while I threw something about me I questioned Mary. She had, it seems, knocked at Sarah's door to borrow the morning paper. The morning paper, by the way, always reached me fourth hand. Joseph took it in and looked it over, Sarah got it from him, Mary Martin borrowed it from Sarah, and when I rang for it, usually at nine o'clock, it was apt to bear certain unmistakable scars—a bit of butter, a smudge of egg or a squirt of grapefruit juice. Anyhow, receiving no answer, Mary had opened the door, and what she saw I saw when I had hurried upstairs.

Sarah's room was in complete confusion. Someone had jerked aside her mattress and pillows, thrown down the clothes in her neat closet, looked at her shoes and turned out her bureau. Even her trunk had been broken open, and its contents lay scattered about. Those records of family illnesses, which she carted about with her as a veteran might carry his medals, had been thrown out onto the bed and apparently examined. There was something ruthless and shameless about the room now. It had no secrets, no privacies. It was, in a way, as though someone had stripped Sarah, had bared her stout spinster body to the world.

Judy, rather white, was in the doorway.

"I wouldn't go in," she said. "Or at least I wouldn't touch anything. Not until you get the police."

Clara, the housemaid, was staring in over my shoulder.

"She'll have a fit over this," she said. "She's that tidy!"

But I had a dreadful feeling that poor Sarah would never again have a fit over anything in this world.

It was 9:15 when I telephoned to headquarters, and at a quarter to ten a policeman in uniform and the assistant superintendent of police, Inspector Harrison, reached the house.

The two of them examined the room, and then, leaving the uniformed man in charge of Sarah's room, Inspector Harrison listened to my story in the library. He was a short stocky man, very bald and with the bluest eyes I have ever seen in an adult human being.

As he talked he drew a wooden toothpick from his pocket and bit on the end of it. Later on I was to find that he had an apparently limitless supply of the things, and that they served a variety of purposes and moods. He had given up smoking, he said, and they gave him "something to think with."

He was disinclined to place any serious interpretation on Sarah's absence until it was necessary, but he was interested in the housebreaking episode; especially in Wallie's theory that the intruder, on his first visit, had swung himself into the light shaft; and he carefully examined it from above and below. There were, however, many scratches on the sill of Clara's pantry and little to be learned from any of them.

The inspector stood for some time, looking down into the shaft.

"He could get in all right," he decided, "but I'd hate to undertake to get myself out, once I was in. Still, it's possible."

After that he wandered around the house, sometimes alone, sometimes with Joseph. Wallie had arrived, and he and Judy and I sat there waiting, Judy very quiet, Wallie clearly anxious and for the first time alarmed. He moved about the room, picking things up and putting them down, until Judy turned on him angrily.

"For heaven's sake, Wallie! Can't you keep still?"

"If I annoy you, why not go somewhere else?"

She looked at him, puzzled.

"I don't get it," she said slowly. "What's Sarah to you? You never cared much for her."

"You'll know some day."

She cocked an eye at him. "If eventually, why not know?"

But he merely turned on his heel and resumed his nervous pacing of the room.

Some time later he suggested that Sarah might have gone to New York, and that Judy telephone and find out. In the end, in order not to alarm Katherine, I called up Jim Blake and told him, and he agreed to invent a message for Katherine. Asked later about his manner over the telephone, I could remember very little. I know he seemed surprised, and that he said he was not well, but that he would dress and come around that afternoon.

When he called back it was to say that evidently Sarah had not gone there, and that he would be around at three o'clock.

The information had a curious effect on Wallie, however. As I watched him it seemed to me that he looked frightened; but that may be in view of what I know now. I do, however, recall that he looked as though he had slept badly, and that day, for the first time since the early days after the war, I saw him begin to twist his seal ring again. When he was not lighting a cigarette or throwing it away, he was twisting his ring, turning it around and around on his finger.

Once he left us and went upstairs to look at Sarah's room. The policeman opened the door, but would not let him enter, and I believe he spoke a few words with Mary. Indeed, I know now that he did. But he was back in the library when the inspector finally came in and selected a fresh toothpick—this time to make points with.

"First of all," he said, "it is best not to jump to any conclusions. The lady may not be dead; very probably is not dead. We are, however, sending to the morgue and the hospitals. But there are many reasons why people occasionally choose to disappear, and sometimes to make that disappearance as mysterious as possible. For example, Miss Gittings had a key to the house. It is just possible that she herself came back last night and ransacked her own room."

"In a pair of dark trousers?" I demanded sharply.

He smiled at that.

"Perhaps! Stranger things have been done. But now, about this key. It was outside the door last night?"

"My secretary said so."

"Well, it's inside now."

"I don't understand it, inspector. Sarah always locked her door when she left the house—locked the door and took the key with her."

"There isn't a second key to her door?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then we'll say that this key is hers. It may not be, but it looks like it, and wherever it was last night, it's on the inside of the door now. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that she had decided to go away; to say nothing and go away. She might have forgotten something and come back for it."

"Very probably," said Judy. "She might have forgotten her toothbrush."

He smiled at her.

"Precisely. Or something she had hidden, and forgotten where she had hidden it."

"I see," said Judy. "She forgot her toothbrush, so she came back to get it, and as she didn't want Joseph to know she'd forgotten it, she hung in the light shaft and dropped a pencil. It's perfectly clear."

"We have no proof yet that anybody was in the light shaft," he told her, without resentment. "Where is that pencil? I'd like to look at it."

I unlocked a drawer of my desk and took out the envelope.

"This been handled since?"

"I picked it up by the point," Wallie told him.

"Sure it wasn't there before?" to me.

"I think it is unlikely," I said. "The ceiling is glass, and is regularly cleaned. It would have been seen."

He held it carefully by the eraser and examined it, whistling softly to himself. Then he dropped it back into the envelope and put it into his pocket.

"Well, that's that. Now, as to Miss Gittings herself. I suppose she had no lover?"

"Lover?" I was shocked. "She is nearly fifty."

He seemed to be amused at that.

"Still, stranger things ——" he said. "Perhaps not a lover. Some man, probably younger, who might pretend to be

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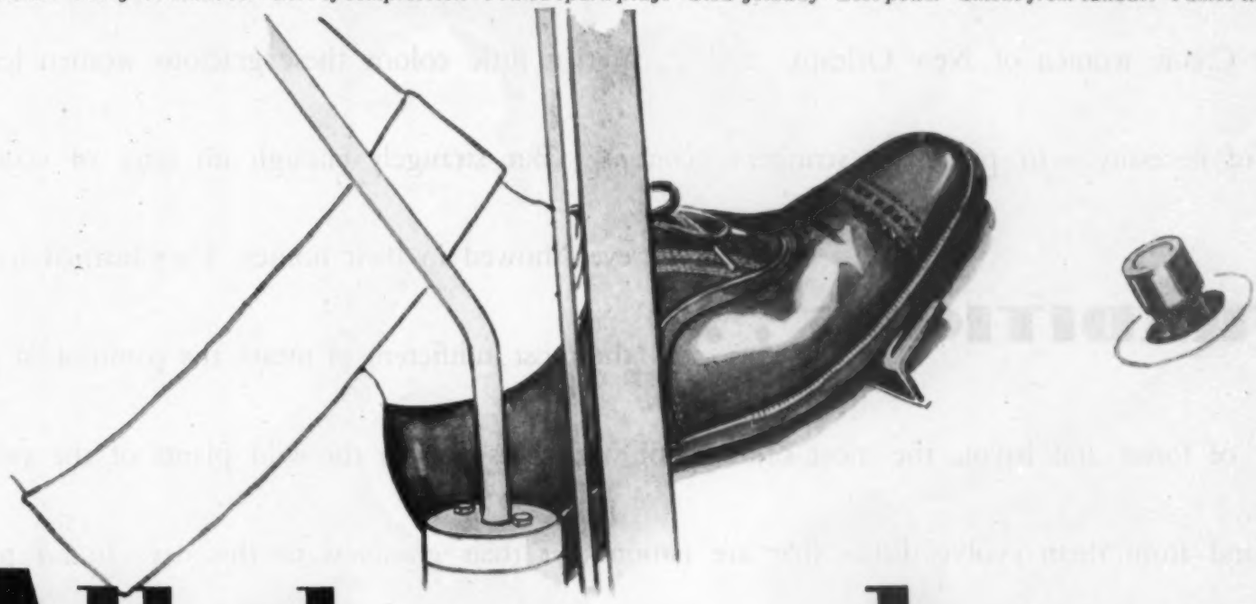

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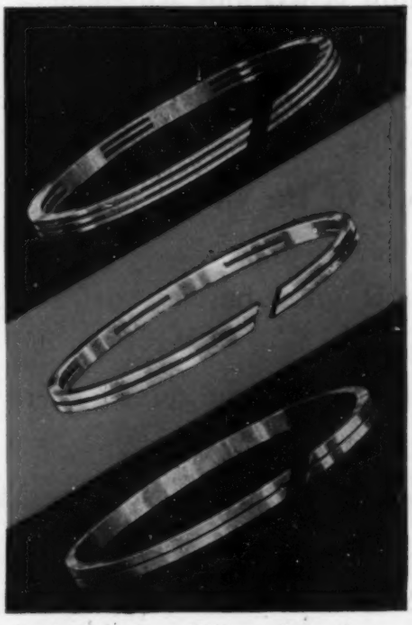

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interested for some ulterior purpose. Say money. There's more of that than you might think. I suppose she had saved something?"

"I don't know. A little, perhaps."

He turned to Judy:

"You accepted that it was Miss Gittings you heard moving in her room?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"It was her room. And the dogs had not barked. They would bark at a stranger."

"Oh!" he said, and took a fresh toothpick. "That's interesting. So the dogs knew whoever it was! Very interesting." He sat for a moment or two, apparently thinking. Then: "I gather she had few or no outside contacts?"

"None whatever."

"She never mentioned anybody named Florence?"

"Florence? Not to me."

He settled down in his chair.

"It is a curious thing," he said. "We think we know all about certain individuals and then something happens, the regular order is disturbed, and we find we know nothing at all. Now let me tell you certain things about Sarah Gittings: She has been nervous for some time—two weeks or so. She has eaten very little and slept less. Sometimes she has walked the floor of her room at night for hours. At least twice in that time she was called up by a girl named Florence, and made an appointment to meet her. One of these was made yesterday morning at eleven o'clock. The cook was trying to call the grocer, and overheard her. Unfortunately, the place of meeting had evidently been prearranged and was not mentioned.

"At a quarter to five yesterday afternoon Sarah Gittings left this house. She was back in half an hour, according to the butler. She asked for an early dinner and left the house again at five minutes after seven. But following that return of hers, Sarah Gittings did two peculiar things: She went down to the cellar, took a chair from the laundry there and carried it into the room where the firewood is stored; it is there now. And according to the laundress, she cut off from a new clothesline an undetermined amount of rope. The line had been neatly rolled and replaced, but she is a sharp woman, that laundress."

Wallie had been following this intently, and it seemed to me that he looked relieved. He had stopped twirling his ring.

"I see," he said. "She tied the dogs to the tree herself."

"It looks like it."

Judy was watching him. "Feeling better, Wallie?" she asked, looking more cheerful herself. "Weight off the old mind, and all that?"

But he did not even hear her. He drew a long breath and lighted a cigarette.

"I don't mind saying," he said to the detective, "that this thing is vitally important to me. I—you've relieved me more than you know."

But I had been thinking.

"If she took that piece of rope, it was not to tie the dogs up; I can assure you of that. She had not expected to take them. I don't think she wanted to take them. And as for this man on the stairs," I went on rather tartly, "you tell me that that was Sarah Gittings, who had left the house only a half hour before, and who could get in at any time! I am to believe that Sarah went to that empty lot, tied up the dogs, put on a pair of dark trousers, broke her way in through the drawing-room door, and deliberately let me see her on the staircase! Remember, she knew about that mirror."

"But that's where the man in the case comes in," said Judy maliciously—"Sarah's lover. He met her at the lot and found she'd forgotten her toothbrush. Naturally he refused to elope with her without her toothbrush. It's all perfectly simple."

Mr. Harrison smiled.

"Still," he said, rising, "she did take the rope. And now we'll look at that broken door."

But with the peculiar irony of events which was to handicap all of us through the entire series of crimes, all traces of footprints in the ground near the steps—there is no walk there—had already been obliterated. The rain was over, and Abner Jones had commenced his spring cleaning up of the lawns and had carefully raked away any possible signs.

Nevertheless, Judy maintained that Mr. Harrison had found something on the steps.

"When he stooped over to tie his shoe," she said, "he stooped and picked up something very small and shiny. It looked like the point of a knife."

By noon there was still no news of Sarah. All reports had been negative, and I believe that the inspector found no further clews. Judy reported once that he and the officer in uniform were going through the trash barrel in the service yard and taking out the glass from the broken window. But the rain must have washed it fairly clean. Clara had been told to put Sarah's room in order again, but when that had been done, Inspector Harrison advised me to lock it and keep the key.

He left us at noon. It was raining hard, but some time later I saw him, in a dripping mackintosh, moving slowly around in the Larimer property. When I looked out again, an hour later, he was still there, but he seemed to have exchanged his soft hat for a cap.

It was not until the figure had disappeared over the hillside that I decided that it was not the inspector but someone else.

V

THE vast majority of crimes, I believe, are never solved by any single method or any single individual; complex crimes, I mean, without distinct clews and obvious motives.

Certainly in the case of Sarah Gittings, and in those which followed it, the final solution was a combination of luck and—curiously enough—the temporary physical disability of one individual. And I am filled with shuddering horror when I think where we all might be but for this last.

That day—Tuesday—dragged on interminably. I could do no work on the biography, and Mary Martin was shut up in her room with a novel. The servants were uneasy and even the dogs seemed dejected; Joseph pattered about, looking aged and careworn, and the maids seemed to drink endless tea in the kitchen and to be reluctant to go upstairs.

At three o'clock, Jim not having arrived and Judy being out with the dogs, I decided to call Katherine once more. It seemed to me that she might have a clew of some sort. She knew Sarah better than any of us, and I felt that at least she should be told.

But all I obtained from her was a thorough scolding for harboring Judy.

"Well!" she said when she heard my voice. "It's about time! You tell Judy to come right home. It's outrageous, Elizabeth."

"What is outrageous?" I asked.

"Her chasing that idiotic youth. Now listen, Elizabeth; I want you to keep him out of the house. It's the very least you can do, if she won't come home."

"I haven't seen any youth yet," I explained mildly. "And I'm not worrying about Judy. I have something else to worry about."

Her voice was shrill when I told her.

"Missing?" she said. "Sarah missing? Haven't you any idea where she is?"

"None, except that I'm afraid it's serious. The police are working on it."

"Maybe I'd better come down."

I checked that at once. Katherine is an intense, repressed woman who can be exceedingly charming, but who can also be exceedingly stubborn at times. As that stubbornness of hers was to work for us later on, I must not decry it, but I did not want her then.

"You can't do anything," I said. "And Howard probably needs you. Judy says he's not so well."

"No," she said slowly. "No. He's not so well as he ought to be."

She said nothing more about coming down, but insisted that I see Jim at once.

"He was fond of Sarah," she said, "and he really has such a good mind. I know he will help you."

She had no other suggestions to make, however. Sarah had no family; she was certain of that. Her great fear seemed to be that she had been struck by an automobile, and as that was mild compared with what I was beginning to think, I allowed it to rest at that.

I had made no promise as to Judy, which was as well, for when she came back she was accompanied by a cheerful-looking blond youth who was evidently the one in question, and who was presented to me only as Dick.

"This is Dick," was what Judy said. "And he is a nice person, of poor but honest parents."

Dick merely grinned at that—he seemed to know Judy—and almost before I knew it, he and I were standing in the lower hall and Judy was dropping lead pencils down the air shaft.

"Does that sound like it, Elizabeth Jane?" she would call to me at the top of her voice. "Or this?"

To save my life, I could not tell. They seemed to be less sharp, less distinct, but I was not certain. Indeed, when Mr. Carter—for that turned out to be the youth's family name—tapped with his penknife on the marble mantel in the drawing-room, the effect seemed rather more like what I had heard.

"That for Wallie!" said Judy, coming down. "That pencil's probably been there for ages. I'd like to see his face when he finds six more there! And now let's have tea."

I liked the boy. Indeed, I wondered what Katherine could have against him. Poverty, perhaps; but then Judy would have enough and to spare when Howard died. And Howard had already had one attack of angina pectoris that I knew of, and others, possibly, which he had concealed.

Judy was clearly very much in love. Indeed, I felt that she could hardly keep her hands off the boy; that she wanted to touch his sleeve or rumple his hair; and that he, more shyly, less sure of himself, was quite desperately in love with her.

But he was businesslike enough about the case. He wanted the story, or such part of it as he might have.

"It will leak out somehow," he said. "Probably Harrison will give it out himself; they'll give out something anyhow. Somebody may have seen her, you know. A lot of missing people are turned up that way."

We were still arguing the matter—Judy taking Dick's side of it, of course—when Jim Blake came in.

I can recall that scene now—the tap-tap of the glazier's hammer as he repaired the broken pane in the drawing-room, the lowered voices of Judy and Dick from the music room, whither they had retired with alacrity after Judy had dutifully kissed her uncle, and Jim Blake himself, sitting neatly in his chair, pale gray spats, gray tie, gray-bordered silk handkerchief, and hair brushed neatly over his bald spot, explaining that he had felt ill that morning or he would have come earlier.

"Just the old trouble," he said, and I noticed that he mopped his forehead. "This wet weather ——"

Some years ago he had been thrown from a borrowed hunter and had sprained his back. Judy had always maintained that his frequent retirements to his bed as a result were what she called "too much food and drink." But that day he looked really ill.

"Tell me about Sarah," he said, and lighted a cigar with hands that I thought were none too steady. He did not interrupt me until I had finished.

"You've had the police, you say?"

"I have, indeed. What else could I do?"

(Continued on Page 119)

LOOK THROUGH A *Gas-pipe*

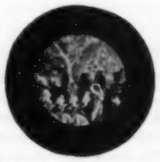
Mr. Jack Donahue gave us permission to use these pictures from his play "Sons o' Guns," now in New York

THEN LOOK THROUGH A *Megaphone*

THIS is a crude and exaggerated explanation of how these new Tillyer Lenses make seeing easier—but it's a sincere and accurate illustration of their scientific principle.

Through a foot of gas-pipe your field of vision is only a tiny circle. Through a megaphone, the angle of your vision is widened because, as you say, "nothing interferes."

Through these new Tillyer Lenses "nothing



interferes." They are as accurate at the edges as they are through the centers.

In lenses before Tillyers, you could see best through the center of the lens—the "gas-pipe," as it were—but there was always need for greater accuracy in the margins of the lenses even though you were not always conscious of this need.

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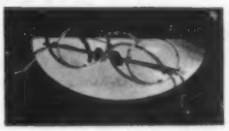

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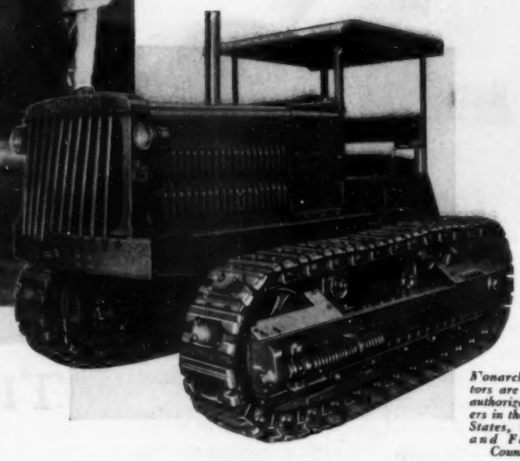

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Allis-Chalmers Monarch Tractors

(Continued from Page 116)

"Katherine doesn't want it to get into the newspapers."

"Why not? There's no family disgrace in it, is there? That's idiotic."

He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead again.

"It's queer, any way you take it. You say Wallie was here last night? What does he think?"

"He seems to think it's mighty important to find her. As, of course, it is."

"And she'd tied the dogs to a tree? That's curious. Just where did you say they were?"

He sat silent for some time after that. Judy was banging the piano in the next room, and the noise seemed to bother him.

"Infernal din!" he said querulously. And after a pause: "How is Howard? What does Judy think about him?"

"I don't believe she knows very much. He's a secretive person. Katherine is worried. I know that."

He seemed to ponder that, turning his cigar in his long, well-kept fingers.

"This girl who telephoned—this Florence—she hasn't been identified yet? They haven't traced the call?"

"Not so far as I know."

Asked later on to recall Jim Blake's attitude that day—if it was that of an uneasy man—I was obliged to say that it was. Yet at the time it did not occur to me. He was an orderly soul, his life tidily and comfortably arranged, and what I felt then was that this thing, with its potentialities of evil, had disturbed him, his small plans, possibly, for that very afternoon, the cheerful routine of his days.

"I suppose they've searched the lot next door, and the park?"

"Inspector Harrison has been over it."

He sat for some time after that, apparently thoughtful. I realize now that he was carefully framing his next question.

"Elizabeth," he said, "when was Howard here last? Has he been here recently?"

"Howard? Not for months."

"You're sure of that, I suppose?"

"He hasn't been able to get about, Jim. You know that."

He looked at me with eyes that even then seemed sunken, and drew a long breath.

"I suppose that's so," he said, and lapsed again into silence.

There was, at the time, only one result to that visit of Jim Blake's. I called Dick in and told him and Judy, Katherine's desire for secrecy.

"Trust mother!" said Judy. "Keep in the society columns and out of the news!"

But the story was suppressed. Not until Sarah's body was found, four days later, was there any publicity.

The discovery of the body was one of those sheer chances to which I have referred. Without any possible motive for her killing, the police still believed it possible that she had deliberately disappeared. But, as Judy pointed out, there was as little known reason for such a disappearance as for her murder. And then, on the Saturday of that week she was found, poor soul.

I have no distinct memories of those four days of nightmare, save of the increasing certainty of disaster, of Katherine's and Laura's frenzied suggestions by telephone and wire, of Judy's forced cheerfulness, and a queer sort of desperation in Wallie which I could not understand. He had joined the police in the search, visited the morgue, gone through her effects to find a photograph to be sent to other cities. During those days he seemed neither to eat nor to sleep, and he grew perceptibly thinner. All his old nonchalance had left him, and at least once in that four-day interval he came in somewhat the worse for liquor.

It was that night—I do not remember which one—that he told me he had written me a letter and put it in his box at the bank.

"So you'll understand," he said, his tongue slightly thick. "So, if anything happens to me, you'll understand."

Judy looked up at him. "You're lit," she stated coldly. "Lit and mawkish. What's going to happen to you?"

"You'll see," he said somberly. "Plenty may happen to me. If you don't believe it, look at me!"

"You're not much to look at just now," she told him. "You'd better order him some black coffee, Elizabeth Jane."

She told me later that she did not believe he had written me any letter. But he had indeed. Months later we found it where he said it would be—in his box at the bank. But by that time we needed no explanation.

The finding of Sarah's body was as extraordinary as was everything else in this strange case. Judy had taken the dogs for their usual walk in the park, and somewhere there she met Dick—certainly not by chance. It appears that for purposes of their own they had left the main park and walked through that narrow ravine which is behind my own property, and through which a bridle path follows the wanderings of a small stream. As this ravine lies close to the lot where the dogs had been found, there had been a search of sorts. The two young people, then, were not searching. They were walking along, intent on their own affairs. In front of them a man on a gray horse was ambling quietly along.

Suddenly and without warning the horse shied violently and the rider went off. He was not hurt, and Dick caught the horse and led it back to him.

"Not hurt, are you?" Judy asked.

"Only surprised," he told her. "Surprised and irritated! That's the second time this beast has shied at that sewer, or whatever it is. Twice this week. Yet he's seen it a hundred times."

Well, he got on again, having led the animal past the obstacle, and Judy and Dick looked at it. At some time it had evidently been intended to raise the road level there, and what they saw was a brick sewer entrance, circular, and standing about seven feet above the ground.

"Funny," said Judy. "What's happened to that thing this week?"

Dick laughed at her. Neither of them, I am sure, was thinking of poor Sarah. It was a bright, cool, spring day, made for lovers, and he teased her. It was a part of the game.

"I suppose that horse can see things we can't see," he said.

"Why not? Dogs can."

And at that moment, Jock, beside the base of the structure, suddenly raised his head and let out a long wail.

They were rather incoherent about what happened after that. It was Dick who finally got to the top and looked down. At first he could see nothing. Then he made out what looked like a bundle of clothing below, and Judy knew by his face.

Even then, of course, they were not certain it was Sarah. They did not come home; they got the park police at once, and Dick did not let Judy wait after that. He brought her back whimpering, and I put her to bed and waited.

It was Sarah.

They never let me see her, and I was glad of that. She had been murdered. There were indications of a heavy blow on the back of the head, not necessarily fatal; but the actual cause of death—poor creature—was two stab wounds in the chest. One had penetrated to the right ventricle of the heart, and she had died very quickly.

Only later on was I to have the full picture of that tragic discovery: The evidence that the body had been dragged along beside the bridle path for almost a quarter of a mile—a Herculean task—the inexplicable fact that the shoes had been removed and thrown in after the body; the difficulty of explaining how that inert figure had been lifted seven feet in the air to the top of the sewer, to be dropped as it was found—head down—into that pipelike orifice; and strangest and most dreadful of all to me, that the very rope with which the dogs had been tied when I found them had been fastened under her arms and used to drag the body.

The homicide squad, I believe, was early on the scene, a cordon of police thrown out,

(Continued on Page 121)

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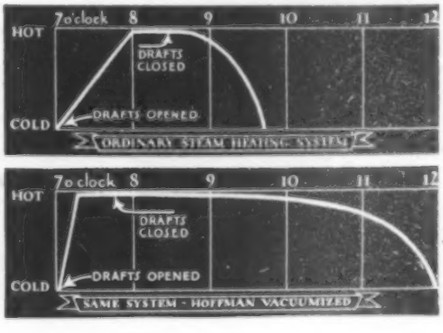

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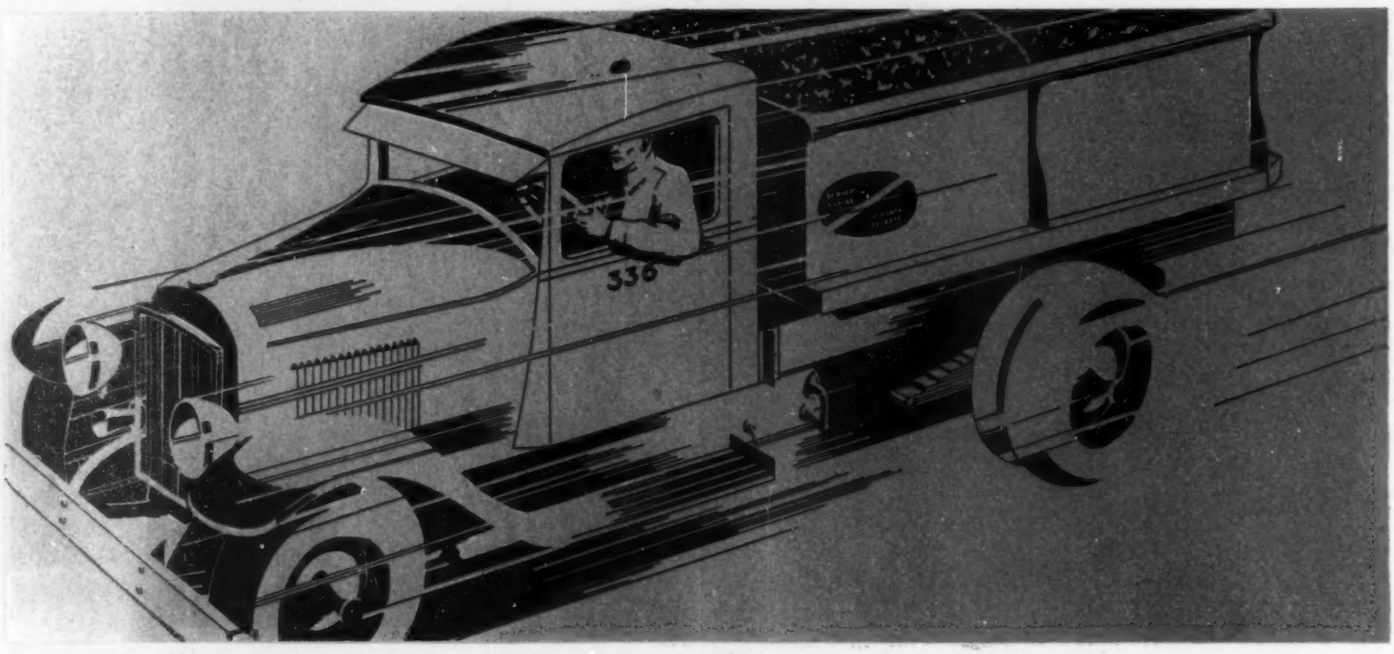

COAL dealers, lumber dealers—all who do heavy hauling—find that to make a profit, loads must be hauled that pay as they go. Gripped in the pincers between State Highway weight limits and small profit margins, structural dead weight is the crux of the problem. Cutting this dead weight in half, Alcoa Aluminum Alloys furnish the solution.

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(Continued from Page 119)

and the path closed from the Larimer lot to a point beyond the sewer. But the heavy rain and the fact that the path had been used had obliterated all traces save those broken branches down the hillside which apparently proved that Sarah had been killed on or near the Larimer property.

The body had been found at three o'clock, and the medical examination took place as soon as it could be removed. The crime-detection unit—a group of specialists—had been notified before that removal, but of the seven, only one of them found anything to do there, and that was the photographer. And a gruesome enough exhibit those pictures made—the waiting ambulance, the mounted men holding back the curious who attempted to break the line, and close-up photographs of that poor body in its incredible resting place.

Inspector Harrison, sitting gravely in my library that night, was puzzled and restless.

"It's a curious case," he said. "Apparently motiveless. She was not robbed; the purse was found with the body, although —— You say she carried a key to this house?"

"Yes. Inspector, I have been wondering if she did leave her bedroom door unlocked that night when she went out. If that man on the stairs hadn't already killed her and taken both keys."

"I think not. And I'll tell you why. Now, the time when you saw that figure on the stairs was at 7:35, approximately. You'd finished a seven o'clock dinner and had got to your coffee. That's near enough, anyhow. But Sarah Gittings did not die until around ten o'clock."

"I don't understand. How do you know that?"

"By the food in the stomach. It had been in the stomach for approximately four hours before she died. The autopsy showed us that. But it does not show us where Sarah Gittings was between seven o'clock and ten—three hours between the time she left this house and the time of her death. Where was she? What was she doing during that three hours? Once we learn that, and the identity of this Florence, we will have somewhere to go."

"I have wondered if a maniac—a homicidal maniac ——"

"On account of the shoes? No, I think not; although there may have been an endeavor to make us think that. No. Why did Sarah Gittings take a chair from the laundry and place it in the wood cellar? Why did she agree to take the dogs, and at the same time take a rope with which to tie them? What was in her room that would justify breaking into this house to secure it? Those are the questions we have to ask ourselves, Miss Bell. About this rope," he went on thoughtfully. "You left it when you untied the dogs and went back for Joseph?"

"I left it by the tree."

"And when you got back it was not there?"

"No. We searched for it as well as we could. But a rope doesn't move itself, and it was not where I left it, or anywhere near by."

He got up to go, and standing in the hallway, stared back at the lavatory door.

"This Florence," he said—"she may try to get in touch with you. She reads the papers, and God knows they are full of it today. If she does, don't scare her off. Find out something. Coax her here if you can, and notify me."

He went back into the lavatory and stood looking up at the ceiling.

"A strong man," he said, "or a desperate one, if he got himself out of that shaft—and he may have—and it took strength to put that body where we found it."

As an afterthought, on his way out he turned and said: "Strange thing. Both those stab wounds were exactly the same depth—four and a quarter inches."

Wallie and Jim had made the necessary identification, and the coroner's jury brought in the only verdict possible. After that, and pending the funeral, we had a brief respite, although hardly to be called a peace. Reporters rang the bell day and night, and the press published sensational stories, including photographs of the house. Cameramen even lurked in the shrubbery, trying for snapshots of any of us. One they did get—of Judy. They had caught her unawares, and to prevent the picture she had made a really shocking face at the camera. They published it, nevertheless, and Katherine was outraged. Katherine came down to the funeral. She was shocked and incredulous over the whole affair.

"But why?" she repeated over and over when we got back from the service. "She had no enemies. She really had nobody but us."

"Is there anything phony about any of us?" Judy inquired. "Some family secret, or something she knew?"

"Judy!" said Katherine indignantly.

"But I mean it, mother. If we're all she's had for twenty years ——"

Fortunately for Judy, Jim Blake came in just then, and I sent upstairs for Mary Martin, who had been left to herself for several days, and ordered tea. It seemed to me that we needed it.

We were five, then, that afternoon after Sarah's funeral, when we gathered around the tea table—Katherine in her handsome black, the large square emerald which was Howard's latest gift to her on one white slim hand, saddened but controlled; Judy, with her boyish head and her girlish body; Mary, red-headed, pretty, not too sure of herself, and resentful of it—it was clear that Katherine rather daunted her; Jim, well valeted and showing in relaxation some slight evidence of too many dinners and too many cocktails; and myself.

Katherine inspected Jim critically as he came in.

"You look tired, Jim."

"Well, it's been an uneasy week," he said evasively.

But she could not let it rest at that. Everything attached to Sarah had grown enormous in her eyes; already she was exalting Sarah in her mind—her virtues, her grievances.

"I didn't suppose you'd bother much. You never liked her."

"My dear girl! I hardly knew her."

"You never liked her, Jim. That's all I said. Although why you should dislike the poor dear, I don't know."

It seemed to me that Jim looked annoyed—more than annoyed, indeed—alarmed. Also that Mary was staring at him with a rather singular intentness, and that Judy had noticed this. There was no particular sympathy between the two girls. Judy, assured, humorous and unself-conscious, was downright and frank to the shocking point, and her small artifices were as open as herself. But there was nothing open about Mary Martin, and very little that was natural, save the color of her hair.

"Her mind's always on herself," Judy had complained once. "She poses her very fingers, if you know what I mean. She's self-conscious every minute."

And if there is one crime in the bright lexicon of modern youth, it is to be self-conscious.

Katherine, upset and nervous, was gnawing on her grievance like a dog on a bone.

"But you thought Howard was foolish to remember her in his will, Jim."

"Nonsense, Katherine. Howard's money is his, to leave where he likes. Anyhow, let's hope he doesn't leave it all for a good many years."

That silenced her. She sat very still, with her eyes slightly dilated, facing the issue she had herself brought up—Howard gone and herself alone. The years going on and she alone.

And into that silence Mary Martin's voice broke, quiet, but very clear:

"I have always meant to ask you, Mr. Blake. Did you receive the letter Miss Gittings wrote you on Sunday, the day before the—the thing happened?"

"A letter?" said Jim. "She wrote me a letter?"

But he was shocked. A child could have seen it. His teacup shook in his hand, and he was obliged to rest it on his knee. I saw Judy's eyes narrow.

"She did indeed. I went in while she was writing it."

"A letter?" Katherine asked. "Did you get it, Jim?"

"I received no letter." He had recovered somewhat, however, and now he turned on Mary sharply. "How did you know it was to me? Did she say so?"

"No. She was addressing the envelope and she put her arm over it so I could not see. That is how I know."

"Do speak up," Judy said irritably. "What's the sense in being mysterious? God knows we've got enough of that."

"Her uniform is still hanging in the closet, and Mr. Blake's name is quite clear on the sleeve. Of course you have to take a mirror to read it."

I do not think any one of us doubted that she had told the truth, unless it was Katherine. And Mary sat there, pleased at being the center of attention, the picture, however, of demureness, her eyes on her well-manicured hands, which were, as Judy had said, carelessly but beautifully posed in her lap.

"I don't believe it," Katherine said suddenly. "Please bring it down, Miss Martin."

I saw the girl stiffen and glance at me. She was taking no orders, said her attitude, except from me.

"Will you, Mary? Please."

She went out then, leaving the four of us in a rather strained silence. Jim was staring into his teacup. Judy was watching Jim, and Katherine had put her head back and closed her eyes.

"I don't like that girl," she said. "She is malicious."

"There's nothing malicious in her giving us a clew if she's got one," said Judy with determined firmness. "We don't know that she sent the letter, but if she wrote one ——"

"Well?"

"It looks as if she had had something to say to Uncle Jim which she didn't care to telephone, doesn't it?"

Mary came back then, and I dare say all of us felt rather sick when we saw Sarah's white uniform once more. There is something about the clothing of those who have died that is terribly pathetic; the familiarity, the small wrinkles left by a once warm body. And in Sarah's case the uniform spelled to most of us long years of loyal service. Katherine, I know, was silently crying.

Judy was the first to take the garment and examine it. I noticed that Jim did not touch it. Mary had brought a mirror, and I saw that Joseph—who was gathering the teacups—was politely dissembling an interest as keen as ours. Judy, however, did

(Continued on Page 123)

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FRANKLIN

AIR-COOLED

(Continued from Page 121)

not help him any. She looked at the ink marks on the cuff which Mary had indicated, and then silently passed both mirror and garment to me.

There was no question of what was there. Somewhat smeared was the word "Blake," and though the house number was illegible, "Pine Street" was quite distinct.

No one spoke until Joseph went out. Then Jim cleared his throat and said: "I don't care what's there. I never got a letter from her."

"She put a stamp on it," said Mary.

Judy turned on her.

"That doesn't prove that she mailed it."

But Mary shrugged her shoulders. I thought then, and I still think, that at that moment at least she was sincere enough, and also that she was enjoying the situation she had forced. For once the attention was on her and not on Katherine and Judy, with their solid place in the world, their unconscious assumption of superiority.

"You knew her," she said laconically. "She wouldn't waste a two-cent stamp."

She was unwilling to give up the center of the stage, however. She said that the uniform might or might not have importance, but that she felt the police should see it. If looks could have killed her, she would never have left that room, but she had put the issue up to us and what could we do?

"Certainly," said Judy shrewishly. "You might put on your things now and take it, Mary!"

And with all eyes on her, Mary merely looked at her watch and said that it was too late.

When, a half hour or so later, Inspector Harrison came in, he found us all sitting there, manufacturing conversation to cover our discomfort, and Mary Martin blandly smiling.

We had to give the uniform to him. But from that time on there was not one of us who did not believe that Mary Martin was a potential enemy, and potentially dangerous; nor one of at least four of us who did not believe that Jim had actually received a letter from Sarah and was choosing to suppress the fact.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 21)

and the power to issue notes for almost three-quarters of that sum, in a town of six hundred inhabitants. Jarrot Bensalem, a director in the bank, replied with a public statement of its affairs; it was, he declared, better than solvent; its critics,[a] Jarrot continued—its particular critic in Frankfort; a lawyer and member of a faction long ago discredited in Kentucky—venting their rancor upon an institution created to save the people of Kentucky from the intolerable burden of hard money, were less than secure. The Bardstown bank, Jarrot asserted, was prepared to add lead, or even steel, to its strong resources of paper. He repeated this, phrased in different and unsupportable terms, to James before the courthouse; then, scarcely allowing any of James Sash's courageous reply, the evil of his words turned into a knife's glitter.

What, Manoah wondered, in consequence of this, would happen to Jarrot Bensalem? It was only four days since the murder, but already the law had taken its preliminary course. Jarrot was in the common jail, in a room with no opening but a trap cut through the ceiling, waiting without bail for trial before the circuit court. He had been immediately taken into custody by the sheriff, John Bartlett, and presented to two magistrates, who had ordered him held. Manoah had heard further that the sheriff would be directed to summon a jury at once; political weight had moved the trial forward to the first week in July. Jarrot Bensalem was valuable to his cause; he was greatly, with reason, feared; it was hoped by his supporters that he would not only be freed by the court but that Governor Slaughter could be brought to remove the political disabilities placed on him by his engagement in what, optimistically, the Relief Party called a duel.

There was a chance, Manoah knew, that Jarrot Bensalem would be liberated; just then the calmness and impartiality of the law were threatened and distracted by the financial crisis and the bitterness of party spirit. Yes, it was possible Jarrot would be released. What then, Manoah Abel asked himself. He didn't know. He couldn't think. He would face that, he told himself, when it arose.

Manoah's thoughts shifted again to the consideration of Nancy and their coming marriage. It had been fixed for October, and he wondered about that. Would Nancy now want to marry him sooner or put the wedding off until next year, when it might more resemble the happy occasion she had planned?

In either case, what an incredibly fortunate man he was, first to own the long friendship of James Sash and then gain the love of his daughter. He adored Nancy in no tepid manner. When she was a little girl, staying in Bardstown while her father was away with military expeditions, Manoah realized, he had loved her. He had not known it then; he was too full of his own excellence and prospects at the bar to consider any serious attachment to a girl; but when he came to live with the Sashes in Frankfort, when suddenly—almost overnight—he realized that Nancy was grown up, his adoration for her swept everything else from his mind. He had told her this in words more impetuously honest than adroit, and, without hesitation, blindingly sweet, she accepted his love and him.

He would have to make large adjustments in his legal affairs. He would, without doubt, be appointed executor of James Sash's estate; he would continue to occupy the law rooms, keep on with the practice, James had shared with him. Fortunately, where they were concerned, the present financial difficulty was not serious. James and he had had one of the best practices in the state; there was enough money safely to carry Liza Sash and her children, and Nancy, into better times.

The moon was high now; it fell with a white brilliancy through a side window into his room and made the garden at once clear and mysterious, at the same time bright and unreal. After supper Nancy had gone up to her stepmother's room; she would not, she had explained, see him again that night. Then she kissed him. Usually he had kissed her; she accepted his acts of affection; but since the death of her father Nancy had changed—she had grown more demonstrative and deeply tender. That elevated him to an almost unbearable happiness; her beauty and warmth, he thought, were too much for any man to experience.

She was, it was everywhere admitted, lovely-looking. Nancy was not tall; she was slender, with a cool, shining mass of hair and clear blue-gray eyes—the eyes, James had always said, of his grandmother, Sarah McKee Abel. She was at once gay in spirit and grave; in spite of her youth, Nancy's love of parties and dancing, the admiration that always surrounded her, she owned the curious quiet determination, the fixed allegiance to certain inner principles and necessities that had dignified her father. There she was changeless.

The morning following the funeral a small group of the men of James Sash's family entered Manoah's law chambers on Broadway: Beriah Mace, James' uncle by marriage, from Harrodsburg; Pearce Salkead, who had married Louanna Abel and lived in Lexington; Eale Sympson, wedded to Manoah's sister Kate; Pitt McAfee, the brother of Cora McAfee, James' first wife; and Green Mayhew, in the upper house from Nelson County, who had married Felicity, Bruton Abel's youngest daughter. Pearce Salkead, a tall, bony man with red hair, stained and dappled with gray, closed the door that shut them all into Manoah's inner consulting room. Beriah Mace, Manoah thought, seemed ill; his sagging fat was clearly a burden to him. Eale Sympson, small and compactly built, was invested in both his black Sunday clothes and solemn Sunday manner. Pitt McAfee, younger than any of the others—he was scarcely twenty—noted for his physical power and destructive temper, walked restlessly about the small interior. Green Mayhew was, as usual, urbane in manner and fastidiously dressed. He, too, was a young man.

"I might as well as any speak for the family," Beriah Mace proceeded; "I'm older than any of the rest. I knew James longest. There wasn't no such man to be found in the rest of Kentucky. He always stopped with us, riding through Harrodsburg. But you couldn't bring James to call it anything but Harrodstown. The old ways set hard on him. I mind the day he carried his new wife home to Frankfort from Bardstown, and Nancy with her. One of the traces broke, and me and Thomas Lafoe helped to mend it. He had Liza wrapped up in his military cape, and nobody could bring a word out of her. All you could see was a pair of big, scared eyes.

"I go away back of that, too; when I was setting up with his Aunt Kate; when James was a little boy of twelve or thereabouts. He took a great fancy to John Abel's wife, Laure—her that John fetched from New Orleans. Old James called her the strange woman, and she were more than that. It wasn't long, though, before she was dead. I never spoke out a word of that. Not to this day."

Pitt McAfee harshly interrupted him. "What's that got to do with why we're here?" he demanded. "We don't want to hear a lot of family history. Mr. Mayhew, you talk to Mr. Abel."

Green Mayhew addressed Manoah. "It's about Jarrot Bensalem, of course," he said. "I heard yesterday, from a very reliable source—Jacob Swigert had it direct from Francis P. Blair—that it would be very difficult to convict Bensalem. I understand his supporters have already reached the governor, counting on him being released. They need him right away in this campaign for state offices."

Pearce Salkead put in, "They will never have him if I stand alive."

Mayhew continued: "That, my dear Manoah, is why we are present. What, in other words, is to be done about Mr. Bensalem if the court lets loose of him?"

Pitt was still aggressively troubled. "Hell, no!" he exclaimed; "come down to the right of it. Who is going to kill him? That's all, and it's everything. I'll tell you this much for me—he's only alive now because he's in jail. I'd have cut him into bloody keepsakes could I have reached him."

"That is it," Beriah Mace added; "only we want some dignity in the killing. We want to make it plain it's a family affair. It must be dignified, with no slip up to it. You got to admit that Jarrot is hardy, and at the same time he'll suspect everybody who looks like an Abel from now. We don't want another tragedy," Beriah Mace asserted.

"Manoah," Green Mayhew continued, "you are familiar with me; you know I am ambitious, that I think well of what is ahead of me. Well, if the responsibility and privilege of killing Jarrot Bensalem fell upon me, if necessary I'd sacrifice everything I am and hope to be to do it. Before God."

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HERE it is at last! The new inner coil mattress made by Simmons to retail at $19.95.

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Ever since the success of the famous Beautyrest Mattress with inner coil construction, it has been clear to everybody that cotton, felt, and hair mattresses are to be replaced by this new type. And The Simmons Company

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"Deepsleep" Mattress

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So would he, Eale Sympson said.

"I'd kill him like you snap the head off a snake," Beriah Mace added.

Pitt McAfee was even more emphatic. "I'm the youngest here," he declared; "there's no one depending on me and I'm not a state senator the way Mr. Mayhew is. I'm not a celebrated lawyer. Likely I'll never be nothing, so it's for me to put death on him."

Manoah Abel, seated at his desk, watched them all intently. Pearce Salkead was no less positive than the others.

"If my family stood in my chance of doing it," he asserted, "I wouldn't have no family."

The air was tense with the emotion, the determination, of the men around him. Manoah, strangely, was filled with a heavy sadness. It was all so useless now. James Sash had not been saved from the agony of his death; it would not end the tragic suffering and loneliness, the supreme loss, his death had brought about. At the same time, he was seized by a fixed conviction.

"All this is very moving," he said; "though it is what anyone who was a member of our family would expect. You understand, of course, that I am part of it. I am more than part—I saw Bensalem kill James. With a long broad knife. I have been closer to James Sash, through his later life, than any of you. I loved him more, if you will allow me to say it, than anyone else here. He was, in the way of spirit, my father. If Jarrot Bensalem is freed I am the one who should meet him and settle, for all of us, with him. If justice is interrupted, then I ought to be justice."

"What I got to know is, can you?" Pitt still persisted. "Are you able to do it? Like Mr. Mace said, it will take a lot of doing. Are you hardy enough? I'll say here, in the family, I've killed two men, and there's a knack to it. Once you start, you got to keep on."

Manoah surveyed him coldly. "We don't doubt your ability," the older man explained. "There is no question of your courage or attachment to your own people; but, on account of that, it would not be advisable to allow you to act. One of us who is older, and with authority, must be selected. . . . Green"—he turned to his sister Felicity's husband—"you are only married to an Abel. I am Manoah Abel. I specially won't permit you to chance everything you have built up, for us." He rose and spoke in a tone of sharper authority: "You must leave this with me—to me. I believe I can be trusted."

Beriah Mace addressed him in a solemn voice: "*If* this Bensalem escapes a sentence, then, you, Manoah Abel, give us your say that you will stamp out and kill Jarrot Bensalem with no more mercy than he dealt to James Sash. Except death comes to you."

"I believe I can be trusted," Manoah repeated.

Pitt McAfee grasped his shoulder with an immense hand. "If he kills you," Pitt promised, "I'll set a slow fire to him." When they had gone Manoah's sensation of melancholy, of futility, increased. He wanted to hear James' voice again. He wanted to feel James' hand, and not Pitt McAfee's brutal grip, on his shoulder. Manoah would have given anything to walk home once more through the sweetness of June with James Sash.

He had, curiously, very little interest in Jarrot Bensalem alive or dead. His hatred for Jarrot was an abstraction more than a reality directed at an individual. He loathed all that Jarrot—an impersonal evil—represented.

He hoped the process of the law would be successful, the murderer judicially executed. Not because he was afraid of Bensalem; or, rather, Manoah was not afraid of death—no, James would have infinitely preferred the other. He was, he saw, due in the Federal court at once, but it was no more than across the way. Men on the street and in the lower paved area of the courthouse, Manoah thought, looked at him with a questioning intentness. It seemed to him they were all wondering what his attitude was toward Jarrot Bensalem. Isaac Caldwell, the prosecuting attorney for Franklin County, joined him.

"We must get a conviction," Caldwell asserted. "This time the law will have to be upheld. An immediate trial ought to help us, Manoah; the outrage will be fresh in the jury's mind."

Home from the office late—the heat had exceeded all probabilities and increased—Manoah discovered that Gabriel and Sarah McKee Sash were waiting for him to take them bathing in the river. It was then at its lowest; the broad flat rocks of the river bed were everywhere exposed; and, at the foot of the Sash lawn there was a shallow, almost still, pool. Gabriel was dark and quiet, a sensitive, thoughtful child; but Sarah McKee was the reverse—round, her color bright; she was filled with a tireless energy, a loud and assertive confidence. Walking down through the garden, the children in their nightdresses, she swung with a surprising weight on Manoah's hand and chanted that she was going in the river. "I'm going in the river," she sang; "the river, river, river! I'm going in the river!" Gabriel said that of course they were. "That is a silly song," he told her. They descended broad stone garden steps and entered an arbor of cinnamon roses.

It was always, at that time of year, sweet with the perfume of its flowers; but just then, Manoah thought, the fragrance of the roses was heavier than he ever remembered it before. The light of the declining sun lay in a golden radiance on the world, a tender lace of gold hung in the dusk of the arbor. It was a place apart from all the loud contentions, the conflicts, of life. He hated to leave it for the brink of the river. Sarah McKee screamed happily when the water rose above her ankles; Gabriel moved steadily into the river pool with a determined, serious expression.

"Look, Gabriel," Manoah Abel announced; "Sarah McKee is wet all over already. She is a girl, but she is wet first."

Gabriel, in a doubtful voice, said he supposed she was a girl. "I don't have to hurry if I don't want to," he asserted.

He lowered himself gingerly, with tight lips, into the water. The sunlight faded from the trees on the opposite bank; the river grew darker. It didn't make a sound among its stones.

Manoah sat on a slope of grass where white violets were still in bloom. For a moment the trouble enveloping, threatening, him fell away; he was folded in a profound peacefulness. There were light footsteps behind him—it was Nancy, in white, with Caroline, one of the children's nurses.

"Sarah McKee," Caroline called, "Gabriel, it's time for you to come right out of that river. You got to be in bed."

Gabriel was immediately obedient; he left the water with his nightdress plastered transparently on his thin fine body; Sarah McKee continued to enjoy the water.

"You mind what I tell you," Caroline cried at her; "always want too much of everything! I wouldn't be surprised if something would catch you right by the foot pretty soon now."

Sarah McKee demanded sturdily, "What?"

Never mind what, she was told. She was to come along quick.

The negro woman vanished with the children; the sound of their animated retreating voices lasted for a little on the air; and Nancy sat beside Manoah Abel.

"What did you do today?" she asked.

"There was a decision in the Federal court," he replied, "favorable to me. Tunstall against the Frankfort Bridge Company."

She hesitated, then spoke again. "Manoah," Nancy Sash went on, "when is the trial?"

He told her that Jarrot Bensalem's trial was fixed for the sixth of July, two weeks off.

"There can't be any doubt about it?" she asked. He was silent. Nancy turned and faced him. "Manoah, I said there couldn't be any doubt about it."

Not if justice was satisfied, he told her. "But politics may come into it. The Relief Party control near everything now. In spite of the failure of their money. Bibb is against us and Francis Blair is working for Bensalem."

"If Mr. Bensalem goes free what will happen?" she demanded quietly. The silence that followed her question was long and profound. Manoah stared fixedly out over the river.

"Please answer me," Nancy insisted.

"I don't know," Manoah admitted; "I don't know. We had better let that wait to see if it happens."

She replied, "I have to ask this. I don't want to. I don't want to at all. If Mr. Bensalem gets off, will—will our family do anything about it—I mean, about Mr. Bensalem? Manoah, I have heard that question suggested. It wouldn't, with men like ours, be unlikely."

He still evaded her. "I don't see how he can get off."

That, she pointed out, did not answer her.

"It isn't a proper question," he protested, "for you. Women must have nothing to do with such things. It is not becoming." The cold edge of a premonitory dread entered Manoah Abel.

"Mostly you'd be right," she agreed. "This is special. It's special because it is about my father. Manoah, you almost told me what I was afraid of. What I hated to ask. You were closer to him than anyone else; he couldn't have loved you more; you would be the first to make Mr. Bensalem pay for what he did. Darling, if father had been different perhaps I would want you to kill Mr. Bensalem. Even if he did kill you. That isn't sensible, but you see what I mean. If father were different. But you knew him too. You understand how he hated what was violent. My father wouldn't want any member of his family to shoot Mr. Bensalem on his account. If he could be alive he would not allow it."

That, Manoah Abel told himself, was wholly true. Nancy put her arm around his; she pressed his arm against her warm body.

"You mustn't do it, Manoah," she said. "Promise me now you won't. All this must die with him. The way he'd want it to do. I can only explain this to you; I haven't a bit of influence with the rest; if they kill Mr. Bensalem it's dreadful, but it can't be helped. I just want for you not to do it."

In place of the dark river, Manoah saw the men of the Abel family facing him in his law chamber; he heard again the solemn, requiring voice of Beriah Mace and felt the weight of Pitt McAfee's hand on his shoulder. Green Mayhew spoke with dignity and courage. Eale Sympson, his brother-in-law, watched him with steady, intent eyes. Pearce Salkead put his dependent family out of all consideration.

"I don't want to do it, Nancy," he proceeded. "I hate Jarrot Bensalem as much as anyone could, but I can't think of him individually. I can't believe it would do much good to kill him now. It won't put things back where they were. So happy. Nothing can accomplish that."

Nancy put her arm around his neck. He could feel that there were tears on her cheeks; it was clear she was enormously relieved. Manoah gathered her closely to him, but an uncomfortable sense that he was lying to her possessed him.

"That is exactly how I wanted you to feel," she said. "I have been so miserable, Manoah. Manoah, if you killed Mr. Bensalem I could never marry you. Not with father like he was. I can't explain it better than to tell you that. I wanted us—you and me—to bring peacefulness to father. He'll know about it, Manoah, in heaven."

Manoah Abel, wretched, began to argue with her. "You might be very wrong," he repeated. "This is a thing you wouldn't understand. Men have to decide it, and not a woman. There are some obligations we can't avoid, no matter what they cost. James would have admitted that. He'd hate it, as you said, but he'd agree with me."

The sound of frogs rose, persistent and mournful, along the river bank. The eastern sky faded through faint rose to a clear green. The earth darkened.

"Sometimes," Manoah said, "there are obligations greater than any individual necessity. More than any man's hopes."

He felt a shiver pass over her. Nancy freed herself from him and rose. "I don't like it here," she told him. "The frogs ——"

It was even closer, more magically sweet, in the arbor than before. Nancy wound her arms about him and drew herself up, a warm and distracting weight, upon his body.

"You won't hurt us," she whispered—"father and me. We don't know what we would do without your help and love."

It occurred to Manoah Abel that Nancy was like the rose arbor in the Sash garden. The session of the circuit court had just adjourned at noon, and he was gathering together the papers on the table before him. All three of the judges were sitting—Henry Daveridge and the associates, Nathaniel Richardson and Silas Noel. Daveridge stopped to speak to him; what he said was trivial, but it seemed to Manoah that the presiding judge tried to convey to him an expression of sympathy, the hint of a necessarily restrained support. Yes, Nancy was like the arbor of cinnamon roses; she held him with a perfumed and warm beauty away from the senseless clamors, the universal discord, of the world outside their love. He stood with her—they were made one by their embrace—in a heavenly, golden light. His thoughts inevitably returned again and again to what she had said on the bank of the Kentucky River. If it had been another girl, any girl, he reflected, he would have paid little attention to her. Nancy was different. She was different not only on account of her singular determination but because, too, of the depth of her love for her father. His death had made her feeling, her memories of him, hardly less than exalted.

In a way, Manoah realized, that was regrettable; it was a dangerous condition of mind. The dead were very often tyrannical. It was fortunate that his affection for James Sash was so complete; it allowed him to understand and sympathize with her. All this brought him to the exact consideration of an insuperable difficulty: What, in the event Jarrot Bensalem was freed, would he do? When he addressed himself to the problem of a liberated Jarrot Bensalem, he found that his attitude remained the same—he had no overwhelming desire to kill him. He could not feel that that would balance again the scales of justice. He would far rather attack the principle, the present murderous existence, that made the menace of Bensalem possible. He would rather give his life to the removal of the law from the sphere of political influence. That attitude, Manoah realized, was part of the dignified heritage left to him by James Sash. The thoughts occupying his mind were James Sash's thoughts. That did not, however, dispose of his responsibility to the other men of his family. He had not specifically given them his word that he would, if necessary, kill Jarrot Bensalem. He had said and repeated that he could be trusted.

Manoah Abel wondered if, secretly, he was afraid of Pitt McAfee and the rest; it might be that he dreaded public opinion; perhaps, at heart, he was no better than a moral coward. A moral coward was a man who sacrificed his beliefs for any consequent safety or profit whatever or to preserve the good opinion, the support, of the mob. There was a very ugly possibility. Manoah would not believe that it was so. His present situation, for one thing, was not so simple; it included far more than the mere assurance of his courage. There were abstract ideas and Nancy to consider. In a

(Continued on Page 129)

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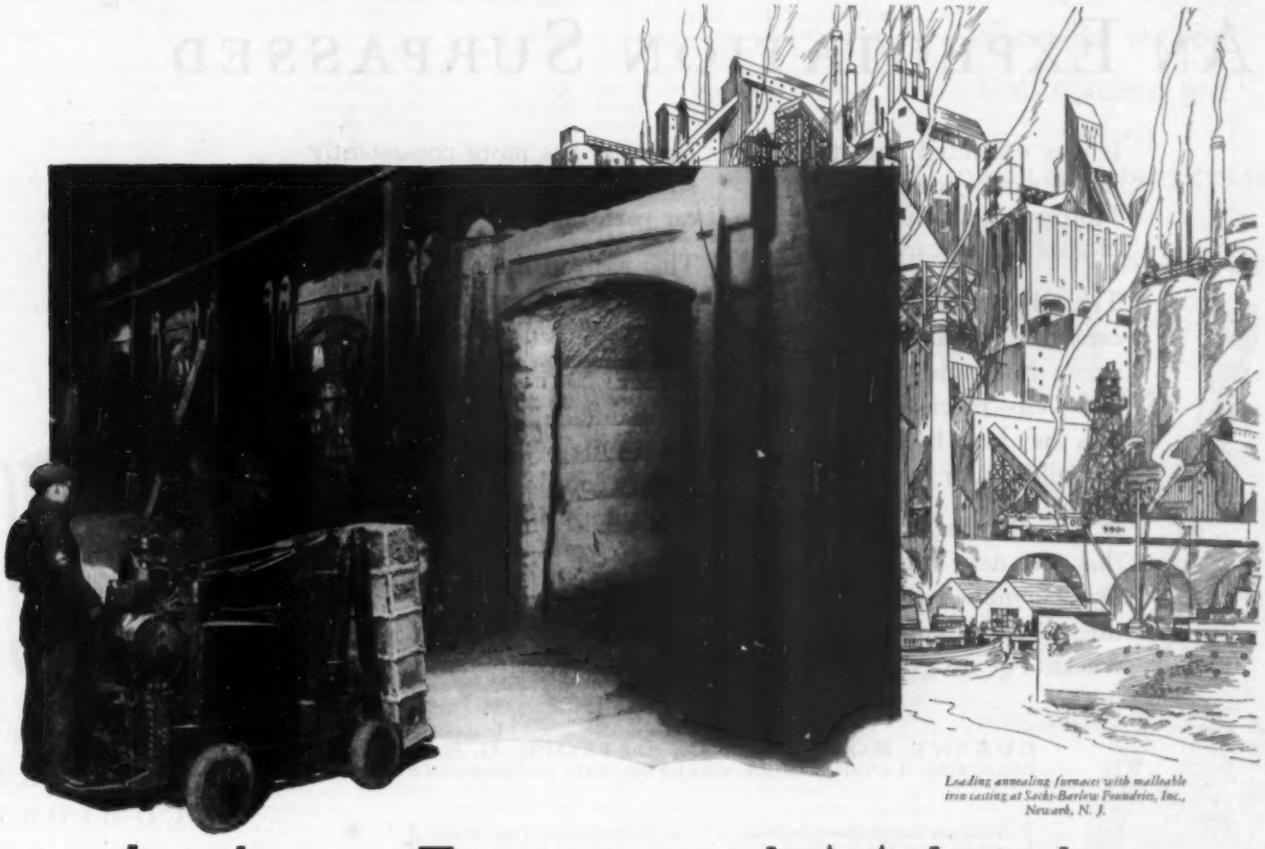

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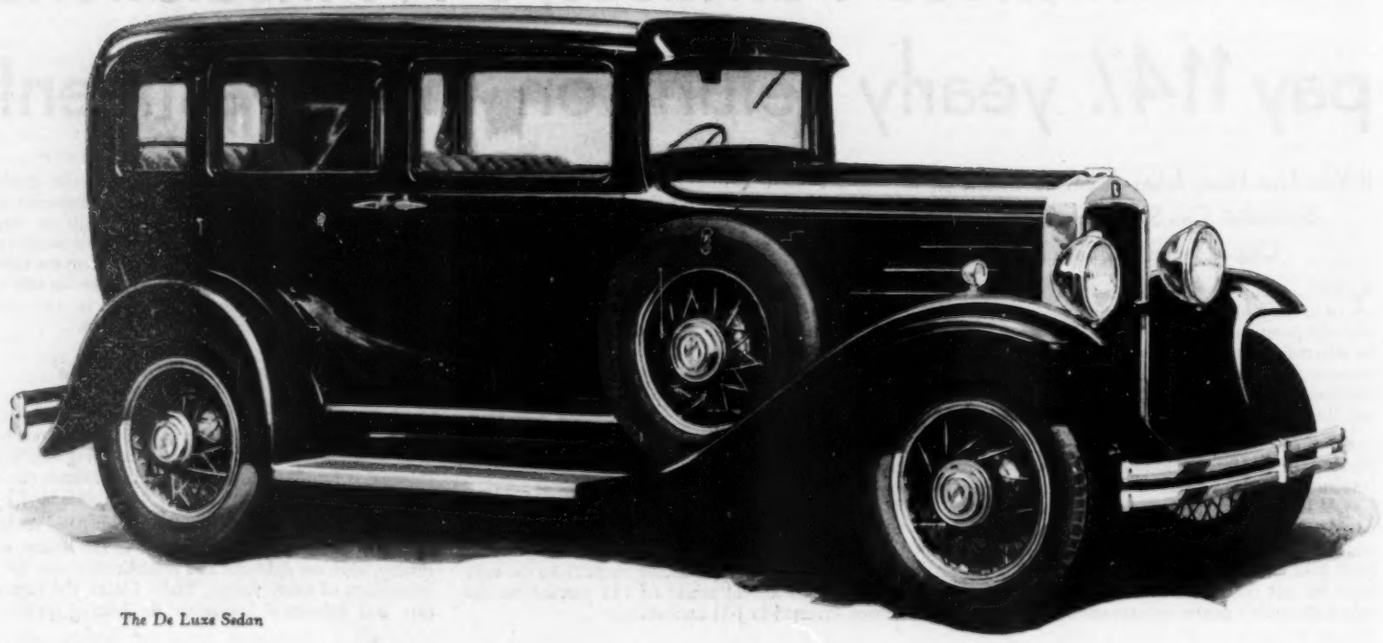

The De Luxe Sedan

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 126)

way, it seemed to Manoah Abel, the past was arrayed against a newer and different conception—the old, harsh Mosaic law against the self-effacement of the New Testament.

He was in his law chambers with George Oakley, newly admitted to the bar of Franklin County, whom he had taken into his practice. Oakley sat motionless and attentive through the long period when Manoah Abel was lost in thought.

"Ask Mr. Hardin to step in this afternoon," Manoah said at last. "Around three o'clock, if possible. He is at the Love house. Tell him Mr. Crittenden and Robert Wickliffe will be present." They, men of position and political weight, had been close associates of James Sash's. Manoah, at least, was determined to move everything in his power to have Jarrot Bensalem legally executed.

"The Relief Party," Robert Wickliffe declared later, "in spite of the general depression and bank scandals, will own the next legislature and keep control of the senate. But none of them wants Bensalem convicted. He is an important member of the party, a man always before the public, and it would damage them to have him hanged. Aside from that, he is useful in the lower house. There is no doubt, if he gets off, they count on Slaughter acting in his favor.

"They are going to have some trouble shoving more replevin laws down our throats. We might just as well admit, if that occurs, that a contract has no constitutional guaranty whatever. What will happen? I'll tell you: There will be an immediate short stay on all executions for debt. No one able to collect a cut silver dollar. An attack on the branches of the United States Bank and on the Supreme Court. And, finally, everyone in Kentucky will be forced to accept worthless paper or give up hope of any payment at all. You heard Rowan at the bank meeting here in the spring—yes, and Sharp and Bibb and Barry and T. B. Monroe. General Allen made what they expect pretty plain."

Hardin agreed with him: "All that and perhaps worse is ahead of us. Bensalem would be very useful to it. The only thing for us to do now, obviously, is watch the drawing of the jury."

That, Crittenden said, he would attend to. "I am sorry John Bartlett is quitting the sheriff's office. I hardly know the new sheriff. I believe his name is White—Philip White. This system of summoning a jury for a specific case is a mistake. A general panel, with a scattered interest, would be better. More difficult to reach. Then, Manoah, to go back to Bensalem, there isn't a doubt the Relief Party counts on him to intimidate the opposition. They depend on his reputation. A remark of Jarrot Bensalem's was repeated to me only this morning; he said that when he left Virginia he carried an empty saddlebag to hold the ears of the men he killed."

A silence followed in which Manoah Abel again felt that he was the object of a deep, voiceless curiosity. What, he was certain Crittenden and Wickliffe and Hardin were wondering, would he do if Bensalem were released. He had an impulse to cry out angrily at them that he didn't know. He left his law chambers early, anxious to escape to the serenity of the Sash garden and Nancy's love.

Manoah was seated in his room, with his coat and waistcoat laid aside and his shirt loosened at the throat, drinking a tall glass of whisky, when there was a knock, at once firm and light, on the door. He rose and, to his tremendous surprise, admitted Nancy Sash. She had never before been in his room when he was there. She was a little flushed but wholly calm; deliberately she shut the door behind her. Manoah busied himself with his shirt and stock, but Nancy interrupted him.

"You mustn't bother," she said; "I specially want you to be comfortable, in a charming humor, now." She made Manoah sit down, and then she brought a low chair to his side. Nancy sat with her elbows on his knee.

"This is very unbecoming conduct in a female," she admitted.

"It is," he agreed. "I can't imagine what has made you suddenly so forward."

It was his fault, Nancy replied. "You are so irresistible. Manoah," she continued, "you love me, don't you?" He kissed her. "You want to marry me."

He kissed her again. It was a long kiss. He dragged her up close to him. When, at last, Nancy slipped back into her chair, he was dizzy with his passionate adoration for her.

"Well, then," Nancy said presently, "I wish you would marry me. I want to marry you, Manoah, right away. Perhaps tomorrow. Or even today if it isn't too late."

Manoah Abel suddenly avoided her widely opened blue-gray eyes. An insupportable desire for her swept over him pierced, like the metallic warning of a bell, by the sound of Jarrot Bensalem's name. He would not, however, he felt, consider Bensalem any longer. He could not consider himself except in connection with his love for Nancy. He had not said that he would kill Bensalem. His relation to the Sashes, his responsibility, was different from all others. His greatest obligation was to the will—it wasn't dead in Manoah—of James Sash. The ironlike clamor within him grew louder. It drowned out the voice of his immediate hope. His rapture was stilled.

"Nancy," he said, "I can't do it yet. Not just now. I want to. More than I can ever tell you. You understand that, don't you, Nancy darling? Nancy, you understand that much."

The town, on the day that Jarrot Bensalem was found not guilty of murdering James Sash, was in a threatening state of political and individual excitement. The streets around the courthouse and the Capitol Square were filled with crowds of men and loud, angry argument. Already, in fights, two men had been killed—one by shotgun wounds in George Gayle's tavern, a notorious resort; the other, an Anti-Relief supporter, had his skull crushed by a stone flung by an undiscoverable person. Frankfort was full of men from the country, in butternut shirts, with linsey coats on their arms, and wide-brimmed dusty black hats. The handles of long knives were visible above belts; heavy pistols, in wide variety, were only half concealed.

It was, on the whole, George Oakley told Manoah, a throng of Relief sympathizers. Jarrot Bensalem, after his release, had appeared on Broadway and there was a tremendous demonstration of approval. Bensalem had said a few words. Entirely political. It was clear that George Oakley was bothered.

Manoah realized that he had expected all he had just heard. He had, deep within him, known that Jarrot Bensalem would be freed. His contrary bearing had been active rather than secure.

"I won't need you today," he told Oakley. "Perhaps you had better keep out of the way. Off the streets. It would be very easy for you, for anyone at all connected with me, to get in trouble. I don't want that. There is enough trouble now. Too much." Too much, he repeated wearily to himself.

George Oakley left and Col. Anthony Crockett came into the office. "I wanted to see were you alone," he said to Manoah; "you are, and it isn't safe."

He sat down with determination. Anthony Crockett—in spite of the fact that he was past sixty—had attached his affection and person to Manoah. He was one of the rapidly diminishing number of Revolutionary soldiers. He had fought at White Plains and at the Brandywine, at Monmouth and Saratoga and Germantown, Princeton and Trenton. He had, beyond the age of military service, fought with distinction in the War of 1812; and he was now sergeant at arms of the Kentucky Senate.

As he moved, an exceptionally long revolver was plain under the skirt of his black coat.

"I don't want to hinder you, Manoah; you got to have somebody responsible by you. With things like they are. Frankfort—Frankfort? Hell, the whole state—has lost its wits. Damn it, I don't know what's come over Kentucky. When I reached here, after the English war, and settled on the Lawrenceburg road, it wasn't much better than the backwoods, and the Indians made things right disagreeable, but there was some sense to it. We didn't think, then, you could get something for nothing. Most everything went by trade, and a very good way it was too. A beaver skin was worth six shillings and an otter skin twice as much and more. Take James Wilkinson—there's nobody now in Kentucky his equal for trading. He controlled the fur market up to Fort Venango, he as good as owned the salt licks, and he sold tobacco personally to the governor of Louisiana. James Wilkinson came near making this an independent country of his own. I mind the election for the Fourth Convention, in 1786, when he was a candidate; he wanted to break off from Virginia without any more bother; his views stirred up considerable of a fuss, but he was elected. There was an Abel—John Abel—along with him too. I recollect him because he had a good deal to say about the lower Mississippi River and New Orleans."

Manoah Abel scarcely heard what the older man was saying; he was intent upon the fact that Jarrot Bensalem was free in Frankfort; he was probably, that moment, back with his wife at the Love house. His thoughts returned to Nancy. She had grown very silent, withdrawn, Manoah realized. Her usual animation and color had fled; that, if anything, made her not less but more desirable.

She was waiting, he knew, for him to come to her with the assurance that he would not kill Jarrot Bensalem. Waiting—it was the same thing—for him to ask her to marry him at once. Well, he told himself defiantly, he would ask her to marry him. That—their love for each other—was the only important thing in life. All the rest were abstract problems of conduct; they were immaterial compared with it.

Colonel Crockett lighted a long thin, a rat-tail, cigar. In spite of his years of struggle, of the hardships and perils of warfare, he was surprisingly serene. His dark face was scored with the exposure of long campaigns, his mouth a hard line stained yellow by tobacco juice, his gaze was as cold as Jarrot Bensalem's; yet his expression, his whole being, was engagingly tranquil. Manoah momentarily wondered about that.

"I like things laid out in a plan of battle," Anthony Crockett proceeded; "the enemy drawn up there and your own forces here. Orderly. The good and the bad different. That's it, Manoah, different. It is all mixed up now. You don't know which is which. A member of your own family puts a knife in you.

"I have lived a long while and I've seen a little of most everything. Battles and death and women and power and gold. I've seen all that, but only one thing you could depend on. Order," Col. Anthony Crockett said again. "That is the same thing, to my mind, as decency. It takes some effort. You can't always be comfortable. You can't hardly ever be sober and happy at the same time. You can't never be safe. Yet, Manoah, it's the only way you are safe. I mean then you can't disgrace yourself."

"You are talking about honor," Manoah Abel said shortly.

"That is a big word," Crockett objected. "You wouldn't use it to describe your own ideas."

There, of course, was the secret of Anthony Crockett's security—he had a fixed conception of decency. He had adhered to it. Decency or honor, the name didn't matter. You could not, possessing it, Crockett

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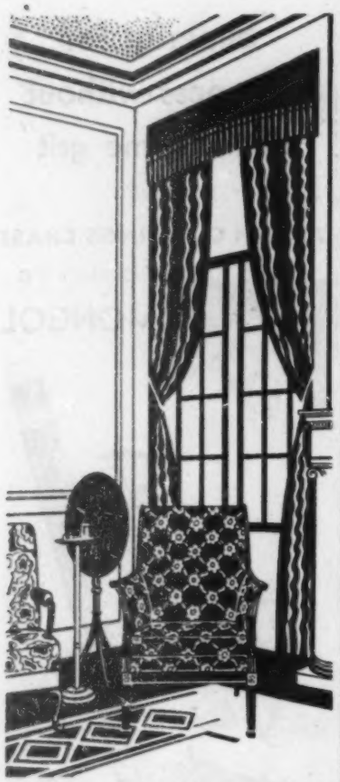

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had insisted, be comfortable or safe or happy. Manoah moved to a window opening on Broadway and watched the somber passing stream of men. Clouds had come up and there was a patter of rain. The procession of faces was grim. Intent, angry faces and the hard pressure of men's bodies. He wasn't, he assured himself again, afraid of them, but their solidarity, their primitive singleness of mind, overwhelmed him. Their feet made a continuous rhythmical sound.

Colonel Crockett, it seemed to Manoah, had expressed their simple inarticulate convictions. He had summed up all, in a world of men, that men most highly regarded. It was sustained by a species of bitter beauty. A masculine and human variety of self-effacement. James Sash had been different, and yet James, too, had gone to war. He had fought with the English and killed them. But he could never, Manoah realized, make Nancy understand that. She would not, if he killed Jarrot Bensalem, marry him. That at last made his position clear—his reluctance to kill Bensalem came from his desire for her. His doubts and distractions, viewed in that light, were no better than arguments for his happiness. But he couldn't, the truth was, be happy in that way. Manoah saw that, married to Nancy, his question would never be answered, his doubt never stilled. The Old Testament would forever contend in his mind with the New. The close-surging men of Kentucky caught him in their march and carried him with them to their common fate.

He was suddenly entirely calm; all his confusion was changed into a hard simplicity of resolution. Manoah was seated at his desk, and he pulled forward a sheet of paper, he dipped his pen in ink. He put them both aside. There was nothing, after all, for him to write. Nothing that, in any eventuality, could be helped. Nancy, he thought, smiled into his eyes. The scent of cinnamon roses was plain about him. The rose arbor! He moved his chair back sharply, and the legs made a disagreeable sound on the wood floor. Colonel Crockett gazed at him keenly. The afternoon was waning.

The rain stopped, the angry tide of men drained away from Frankfort, the afternoon became a space of still heat. Manoah Abel turned into the main street and made his way toward home. He walked neither fast nor slow, but reflectively, with his gaze fixed on the ground before him. He was, in spite of the lingering blaze of the sun, wholly dry; his hands, he thought, must be dusty. With a sudden, illogical violence he wiped them on his handkerchief. The sensation of dryness was not dispelled. A voice addressed him in civil greeting; he didn't look up; he made no effort to identify it. Manoah told himself there wasn't a drop of sweat to him. His lips were like paper. His hat suddenly seemed unbearably heavy; its rim cut into his forehead; and he took it off and carried it in his hand. He heard a bird singing in a tree over his head. Birds, animals, were fortunate; their lives were without the problems, the complications, of a state of civilization. A tight smile appeared for a moment at the word "civilization." Civilization—the state of living in a peaceable manner with men. "The law" was another term that mocked him; a phrase he silently mocked. Things like that were only pretentions, the formal and hypocritical dressing of hideous, naked facts.

He came to the gate of the Sash house, and his hand, resting on the latch, began to tremble; it shook so violently that it was incapable of any service. All his effort to control it, to stop the trembling, was useless. He stood gazing at his jerking fingers with an expression of deep surprise. It might almost have been no part of him, something entirely foreign that he had suddenly encountered. This stopped as abruptly as it had started. There were widespread trees on the Sash lawn; it was definitely cooler than the center of the town. The sod was vividly green in the shadow of the boughs. Bright and variegated patterns of flowers were partly in shadow and part in sunlight. Manoah did not go into the house; he wanted to see things and not people; restful inanimate plants and an arbor of cinnamon roses. He stood for a long time in the rose arbor. It was filled with the sound of bees. Waves of fragrant sweetness passed over him. The sun cast a tender veil of gold through the rose leaves. "I must go into the house," Manoah said to himself; "soon supper will be ready." Nancy would expect him. "Nancy," he repeated, "will be waiting for me."

She was in the large formal room on the left of the lower hall. Nancy, in pale yellow, a wide airy skirt—a skirt like sunny air—with her neck and arms bare. She looked up at him and smiled.

"You'll be late with your bath," she said.

Instead of obeying the implication of her speech, going up to prepare for supper, he sat in a chair across the floor from her.

"We heard that the court let Mr. Bensalem go," she told him. He made no reply to that, and she didn't pursue it further. "You know, Manoah," she proceeded, "I don't approve of your working so hard. Not in weather like this. It can't, even with all you have to do now, be necessary. You ought to go to Blue Lick Springs. We might all go—Eliza and you and me and the children. I think I can persuade Eliza. It would do her as much good as you. For a month. Not a day less. . . . Manoah, is there anything you want to say to me?"

She meant, he realized, to ask if he was prepared to marry her. He looked at Nancy with a troubled face. He didn't answer.

She tried—the effort was obvious—to be light, cheerful in manner. "You won't do anything for me," she went on; "even take a bath."

He thought seriously about that. It would be better to go at once. The tub was in a small inclosure on the second floor. It had a tap for cold water—hot had to be brought from below—and the fresh shock after all the heat of the day largely revived him. Manoah Abel wanted to linger in his room, dress slowly, but there wasn't time. Not a moment to lose. He put on immaculate white linen and brushed his long hair back from his cheeks. He gazed at himself curiously in a mirror and said aloud, "Manoah Abel." Nancy was still on the sofa in the big drawing-room. He sat beside her now, his arm on the sofa back, almost touching her. Her appalling candor and tenderness returned.

"I love you so much, Manoah," she said. "I love you so much, it's wicked. I try not to think of you when I'm in church, but I do. If I wake up unexpectedly at night you are in my mind the instant I wake. When I'm falling asleep you are there. I wonder all day what you are doing. Where you are—if you are in your law chambers or at court, and which court. I want to hear you argue your cases. But not more than other things. I'd just as lief hear you ordering dinner at a tavern. I suppose that's wrong. It isn't serious. Manoah, darling, the things serious for women are different from those men think are. I think the way your hair falls across your forehead is terribly serious. I believe that made me be in love with you. Just your hair on your forehead. I expect you will laugh at me."

He didn't laugh. He looked at her with a desperately longing gaze.

"Don't stop," Manoah told her; "not this once. Keep on." He glanced quickly at his watch.

"There was some trouble or other in the kitchen," she explained, "with the stove. I'm sorry I hurried you. Are you hungry?"

No, Manoah Abel said, he wasn't hungry.

"What was I saying?" she continued. "Oh, yes—that being in love with you made me bad, Manoah. Aren't you upset about that? About making me bad? I don't care for anything or anybody else. Not one damn bit."

He had never heard her swear before. It at once delighted him, flattered him, and made him infinitely sad.

"I don't want to go anywhere, do anything, that doesn't bring me to you. I can't bear to have people come into the house, when it isn't you. That is wicked."

Her voice, he recognized, had grown more rapid; her face was as pale as possible; Nancy was looking at him intently. She rose and stood before him. Before Manoah could prevent it, she was on her knees with her head and arms resting upon him. Her face was hidden. Manoah bent over until his cheek rested against her bowed head. An unendurable suffering constricted his heart.

Her hands slipped around his knees and she clung to him with a desperate and surprising force. Once, the day James was killed, he had knelt and held her to him. A negro servant stood awkwardly in the doorway; Manoah Abel touched Nancy's shoulder.

"I think supper must be ready," he said.

She made no answering movement and the servant went quickly away. Nancy rose slowly; she moved back from him; a change came over her—her tenderness hardened into a remote rigidity, her mouth was pinched and a fanatical glimmer made her eyes unfamiliar.

"If supper is ready," she said in a metallic voice, "then, of course, we must go to supper."

She went deliberately to the long mirror between the windows on Wilkinson Street. There she rearranged her hair. When she turned, faint new lines drew down the corners of her mouth. Nancy walked past Manoah Abel, ignoring him, to the door of the drawing-room.

Following her, in the beginning dusk, Manoah had an illusion that Nancy's hair was gray. He thought of her grown lonely and old, and a deep sorrow for her, for both of them, possessed him. They had been helpless in a pattern of character and existence that nothing could change. Rebellion was dead in him. Eliza Sash, a silent figure in black, her face haggard from grief, already stood beside the table.

Manoah Abel—now the head of their family—said a grace: "God, we ask you to forgive us, remitting our sins. In the name of Christ, the Saviour." There was a deep blue bowl of clear soup with an aroma of wine before Eliza, a dark Kentucky ham by Manoah Abel, a wide bowl of summer greens, and jellies. The man who had announced supper stood at Manoah's back; a maid brought in hot bread.

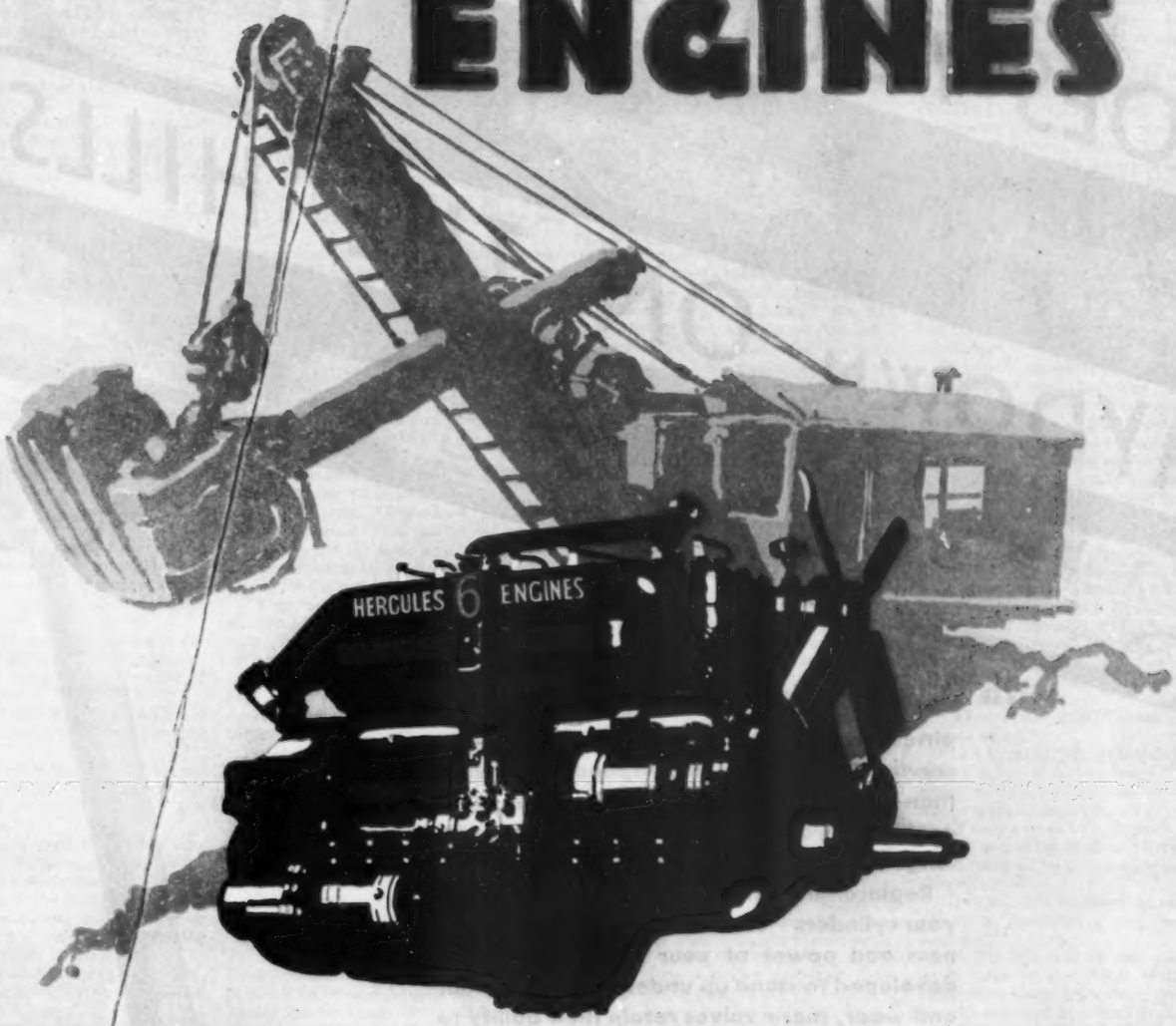
There was a passage of feet through the hall. "Mr. Philip White and two—two gentlemen are outside and would like to see Mr. Manoah." The servant pronounced the word "gentlemen" with a scornful hesitation. Manoah Abel quickly rose.

"I must beg you to excuse me from supper," he said to Eliza Sash. He did not look at Nancy.

PHOTO, BY LUCIEN KELLOGG

In the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Washington

HERCULES ENGINES



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Thompson Valves

VOTES

(Continued from Page 23)

Hector Sparr mayor? Didn't I tell you Trago was finally going into politics, even though he doesn't know it yet? Where else could I be going but to see that old hellion, Jim Booley?"

IV

ANY complacence that the law offices of Jim Booley might have boasted was utterly dissipated within ten seconds of the arrival there of Old Tim Callahan. He came unannounced and quite swept off her feet a gentle young lady who presided over the mahogany desk just inside the door.

"Where," he demanded abruptly, "is Jim Booley?"

The tone of his voice startled the girl and his resplendence added to her confusion. She hesitated in uncertainty. Old Tim tapped sharply against the floor with the ferrule of his stick.

"Where is he?" he repeated. "Tell me where to find him."

The girl rose and stepped through the mahogany railing at her back. "If you'll take a chair, sir," she suggested, "I'll find out if Mr. Booley is in."

"Do you suppose I'd be here if he wasn't in?" Old Tim snapped. "I know what time he gets here in the morning."

"Y-yes, sir," the young lady acknowledged as she retreated still farther behind the railing. "Who shall I say wants to see Mr. Booley?"

Old Tim stepped forward around the girl's desk and through the mahogany barrier.

"He'll know me when he sees me," he snapped. "You lead the way."

The suite of rooms served as offices for Booley's organization of criminal lawyers. It consisted of a series of private offices fenced off by mahogany-and-opaque-glass partitions.

On the door of each office a name appeared in black letters. Old Tim glanced about him and surveyed these names in search of Booley's.

"I'm not sure Mr. Booley can be interrupted," the girl ventured. "Will you take a chair, please?"

"I didn't come here to sit down," the old man answered testily. "I came to see Booley. As for him being interrupted, you leave that to me."

Thereupon he ignored the young lady and stepped into the passageway before the private offices. Booley's was the last at the end of this passage, and when he reached it Old Tim unceremoniously opened the door and stepped inside, holding the walking stick at its middle in his left hand.

Booley, who was dictating to a secretary, raised his eyes inquiringly at the unexpected intrusion.

What he saw transformed the look of inquiry into a kaleidoscope of surprise, recognition, disbelief and outright amazement—all this in a fleeting second.

He was a heavy-featured man, square of chin and slovenly in appearance. He wore a plain black sack suit which wrinkled across the shoulders and corrugated between his waistline and chin. His hair was iron gray and disheveled. His hands were soft and fat.

"Hello, Jim Booley," Callahan greeted him tersely.

Booley rose from his chair at the greeting and his fat hands made some gesture of welcome in the place of words to which he could not lay his tongue.

"Send this girl out of here," Callahan ordered peremptorily as he slipped into the room and adjusted a chair on the opposite side of the flat-top desk. Booley turned and nodded to the young lady, who gathered together some papers and a notebook and quietly left the room. This business gave Booley opportunity partially to collect himself.

Before Old Tim could speak again, however, a phone on Booley's desk buzzed gently. Mechanically the man lifted the receiver to his ear. His mind remained on Callahan while he listened and spoke.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Yes, I see. He's in here now. . . . Very well. . . . I know you couldn't help it."

He placed the receiver back on the hook. Old Tim smiled wryly. "It wasn't the girl's fault," he explained. "I walked right in past her."

"Sit down, Tim," Booley said, his fat hand waving at the chair Callahan had placed; he himself sank back into his swivel chair. "I don't blame the girl."

"I'm against women in offices," Callahan grunted.

He laid his gold-topped stick across Booley's desk and sat down.

"This is the first time you've ever been in my office," Booley said.

Callahan laughed querulously.

"When I tell you what I'm here for, Jim," he answered, "it will probably be the last."

A cautious light crept into Booley's eyes and for a long moment he held his silence. By and by he said, "I wouldn't say that, Tim. . . . What's on your mind?"

"Election," Callahan answered. "Who's your candidate?"

"Candidate for what?" Booley parried.

"Mayor," Callahan snarled.

Booley affected surprise at the question. "I didn't know you was interested, Tim."

"You know it now," Callahan answered briefly.

There was another brief pause. The men measured each other with their eyes. At last Booley said, "We wasn't expecting anything unusual, Tim. So far as I know, we plan to run the same gang—Parker for mayor, Williams for chief magistrate, Gilhooley for district attorney ——"

"They won't do," Callahan interrupted sharply. "We gotta have a new shake. I want Hector Sparr for mayor, John Cato for district attorney"—he leaned across the desk and rested his withered hands on its edge before him—"in fact, Jim," he continued steadily, "I want an entirely new ticket."

Booley's fat face became suffused with red. One of his thick hands caught the arm of his chair and the knuckles whitened from the pressure he applied there. His heavy jaw set at a definite angle and his lips compressed into a straight line. Everything about the man bespoke resistance, and this was so obvious that Callahan cackled a short laugh.

"You needn't say a word, Jim," he suggested. "I can see by your face what you're thinking."

"It's asking a good deal of a man," Booley countered angrily, "when you come in with a list of candidates for all his offices. As for Hector Sparr, he couldn't be appointed a deputy sheriff without the indorsement of the organization! And who ever heard of John Cato? Gilhooley gave him his appointment as assistant just to get a good worker to help control that end of the foreign vote. Both of them are organization men and would drop out of sight in an hour without the organization to back them. I don't know the rest of your ticket, Tim, but so much for that."

Callahan laughed again.

"I just as soon tell you my ticket," he snapped. "For chief magistrate, Norman Trago!"

At mention of his name, Booley's brows shot upward. "You couldn't get him," he grunted. "Trago will have nothing to do with politics."

"He's my candidate for chief magistrate," Callahan answered. "And I'll have a candidate for every other important office. You can play along if you like."

Booley swung his chair and angrily got to his feet.

"Say," he demanded, "what's the big idea? Who are you, to come storming into my private offices, pushing aside my organization and telling me how I'll run my job?"

Callahan rose, and though he was but half Booley's size, he approached the man like a bantam cock. He snatched up his cane as he stepped around the desk, and his talonlike hand flirted the gold head not six inches from Booley's face.

"I'm Tim Callahan!" he shouted querulously. "That's who I am! I never was a man to waste words—time is the only valuable thing in the world. I know there's no love lost between us and you know I'd of been back in the game long ago if it hadn't been for my kids. I guess you ain't so much surprised, Jim. Not so very much!"

Booley sneered and the two momentarily glared at each other.

"Then you're back, eh?" Booley queried. He laughed heavily. "Sort of an old gladiator's return, I suppose?" He was sneering. "Well, have it your way, Tim. We're too much alike to allow any friendship between us. I wouldn't trust you with your own money, and I guess that goes double. God only knows what's in the back of your mind, but I haven't spent the last ten years as boss of this party without erecting a few walls of my own. So I don't care why you're back. But as long as you are, I judge you've finally discovered how much time you have been wasting on those no-good kids of yours. You've staged a fine failure with them. That's why, I guess, you've come back for another fling at politics. Well, let there be no mistake; my walls are up. Whenever you are ready you can start butting your brains out against them."

The reference to Patricia and Timothy Junior had left Old Tim white to the lips. The cane in his hand shook so that Booley raised a fat arm as if to fend off physical attack.

"I'm ready now!" Callahan cried. "I'll break you, Booley, just as sure as I made you. I was going to give you a chance to play second fiddle. Now you'll play no fiddle at all. I'll run you out of town on a rail."

"Get out of my office, you old fool," Booley retorted. "You couldn't run down an eight-day clock in two weeks. Why, you senile old thief, if I wanted to tar and feather a man, you wouldn't even do for one of the feathers!"

"We understand each other, anyway," Callahan returned savagely. "There'll be no quarter, Jim, either way."

He whirled and strode out of the office, along the passage, and so to the mahogany railing outside of which the gentle young lady once more regarded him in mild terror. Seeing her there, Old Tim plunged a hand into his trousers pocket and from it extracted a roll of bills. From the outside of this he unseeingly peeled a fifty-dollar bill. The mahogany gate swung back of him and the girl behind the desk rose and looked at him as though she were on the point of fleeing.

"You needn't be afraid of me," Old Tim snarled. "If you can stand that hogshead, Booley, you ought to fall in love with me." He dropped the fifty-dollar bill on her desk, and said, "You buy yourself a hat or a dress, and when you wear it, remember Old Tim Callahan."

The girl flushed red and drew back from the man and the bill he had dropped. It was quite clear that she considered Old Tim a maniac. His hard, bright eyes surveyed her just an instant; then he laughed his high, cackling laugh and passed through the door into the outer hall and so to the elevator. That visit to Jim Booley made history.

But Old Tim was not content with this one call. When he reached the street and the limousine, he resented Mason's thoughtful attempt to assist him into the car.

"Lemme alone," he snapped. "Take me to the Commercial Building!"

Mason touched the visor of his cap respectfully and climbed under the wheel. Old Tim sat in the right-hand rear corner of the car, both hands hooked over the top of his stick, and his face, head and eyes set square to the front. About him was an air of savage belligerence. But Mason, who had been in his employ a number of years, knew that something had happened to make the old man thoroughly happy.

At the Commercial Building, Callahan entered the offices of Norman Trago. Here his manner was entirely different. There was a quiet tone of elegance about the place, and to this Old Tim conceded a good deal.

"You tell Norman Trago," he said to the young lady who received him there, "that Old Tim Callahan is out here." He paused a moment, then could not resist adding: "And can't be kept waiting."

He seated himself in a deep, leather chair and glanced about the walls of the reception room. Several portraits in oil served as decorations. Two of them were of former Presidents, another was of a bishop, and still another of a famous commander in the World War. All of these men, Callahan knew, had found it expedient and helpful to secure, from time to time, the calm, level-headed and dignified advice of Norman Trago.

In a brief moment Trago himself appeared in the reception room. He was of average height, white of hair and wore a neatly trimmed Vandyke beard. It was traditional with the man to appear in his office in a double-breasted, dark blue suit, tie to match, and highly polished black shoes. If there was a touch of the dandy, it was to be found only in the small corner of a white silk handkerchief which protruded modestly from the breast pocket of his coat. He smiled now, and his white teeth glistened. He held forth his hand and Old Tim rose to grasp it cordially.

"Tim," Trago said, "this is a delight. You old grafter, you look like Astor's pet horse!"

Old Tim's only answer was a brisk handshake and smile.

"Where's your office?" he asked. "Your private office?"

"As it happens," Trago responded, "I'm in the midst of a conference." But he added quickly: "However, if you don't want too much time, Tim, we can drop into Mr. Nelson's room for a moment."

Old Tim nodded curtly and Trago slipped a hand through his arm, led him into one of the private offices.

"Isn't it a little unusual," he asked, "for you to be downtown at this hour of the morning?"

Old Tim removed his hat and laid it on a table in the center of the room. Beside it he placed his walking stick. After that he searched in a trouser pocket and withdrew a handkerchief. With this he mopped his brow, his cheeks and the circumference of his neck.

"I don't like these clothes," he admitted frankly. "But this isn't so early for me. I've made other calls this morning, though none of them quite as important as this one."

Trago's gray eyes twinkled in a friendly manner at the remark, and under the fastidiously trimmed beard his lips twitched as though the man might be smiling.

"I feel flattered, Tim," he remarked banteringly, "that you should consider a visit to my humble office important."

Old Tim's bright eyes glittered and he regarded Norman Trago in a somewhat puzzled way. "Why do you say that?" he demanded to know. "You're too cynical, Norman. Lord knows, I've a reputation for being hard-boiled, but I never yet struck the likes of you."

Trago laughed outright. His voice was pleasant, resonant and well modulated. If there was anything in his countenance which belied the attitude he expressed, it was the bantering, unbelieving light that abided in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 137)

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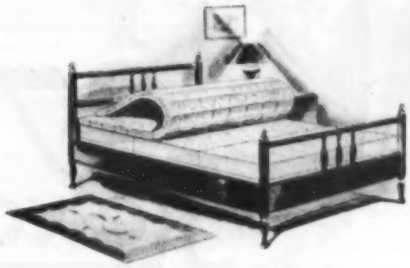

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Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

(Continued from Page 133)

"You misjudge me," he assured Callahan. Then, meditatively, his right hand gripped Old Tim's arm in a gesture of friendliness. "You see, you old reprobate, your appraisal of me is based entirely upon my politics, or rather, my attitude toward politics."

"What you really mean," Old Tim grunted, "is your attitude toward my politics." His voice stressed the "my".

Trago laughed again, but he nodded his head agreeably. "They are pretty bad, Tim," he admitted frankly. "Or they were."

This seemed to be the opening for which Old Tim sought. "You needn't modify your statement," he muttered. "Whatever my politics are, that they are—not were."

Trago looked surprised. "What am I to assume from that?" he asked.

"Norman," Old Tim said a bit tensely, "I'm back in the game. You know me too well to think I'd pose as an angel, but bad as I am, Booley is so much worse that the people have gotta have a change. Things are getting tougher all the time. Speakeasies on every corner, crime rampant, public buildings going to seed, streets in need of repair, the public fed up with corrupt government—I could go on for hours. Enough to say there's gotta be a change."

"And you, Tim," Trago asked gently, "have taken it upon yourself to make the change?"

"After a fashion," Old Tim nodded.

"And what a fashion!" Trago sighed. "Do you realize, Tim, that you, of all men, are actually talking reform to me?"

"I know what I'm doing, all right," Tim grunted. "And I know you're laughing at the thought of me reforming anything. But I don't want to go too much into that right now. First, there are three things I want to ask of you."

Trago bowed slightly from the hips. His face lit up in a smile. Obviously he was in a receptive mood.

"I'm trying to conserve your time," Old Tim pointed out. "I want you to come up to my house to dinner tonight at eight o'clock."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, Tim," Trago announced, "but the fact of the matter is, I have an engagement of some time standing."

Old Tim raised his clawlike hand and pressed it firmly against Trago's chest. "You'll break that engagement," he urged. "You'll make some arrangements for me, Norman, because I need you."

A serious light came into Trago's eyes. Probably no one on earth knew Old Tim Callahan better than this lawyer, and probably no one was fonder of him. "Since you put it that way," he said slowly, "I'll try to make the arrangements. No town crier is needed to indicate that you are well stirred up about something, Tim."

Old Tim nodded in satisfaction. "The second matter," he went on, "may be a little more difficult for you to arrange, but I want you to do it."

Trago's lips were smiling again, but his gray eyes were boring steadily into Old Tim's. He waited in silence for the boss to continue.

"I want you," Callahan said, "to find for me a thoroughly honorable, discreet and capable young man who can make my home his headquarters for the next two or three months. He'll act as my secretary."

"That is somewhat more difficult," Trago acknowledged. "To be successful in such a position, Tim, a man would have to have the brains of seventy at twenty-five; he would have to have the patience of the pulpit in a den of iniquity; in short, he would have to be just about the kind of a young man that doesn't exist."

Old Tim appeared somewhat bewildered, but in the eyes of Trago he caught a twinkle that reassured him.

"Say what you please," he muttered; "all the people that work with me seem to like their jobs. I'm mighty generous with my help."

Trago laughed again. He seemed enjoying the situation. "The young man, I take it," he said at last, "would be a sort of executive secretary to yourself. Obviously, in as much as you want him for only three months, he would be your right-hand man during the campaign. You'll need an educated man, an efficient one, and one steady on his feet when the wind blows high. For such a man, what salary do you consider paying?"

"Did I mention salary?" Old Tim asked testily.

"I did," Trago reminded him.

"Then you find the man and name his salary," Old Tim snapped. "Bear in mind now, Norman," he went on, "I want a youngster who don't know politics. Some lad just out of college. It'll be a fine experience for him."

"One of our partners," Trago announced, "has a son just becoming active here in the office. He has been admitted to the bar. I can think of no spot in which he could more quickly learn that life is not exactly a bed of roses than as your secretary."

"Send him up to me," Old Tim snapped. "He'll need a stenographer. Tell him to select one."

Once more Norman Trago, his eyes twinkling, nodded acceptance of these peremptory orders. Old Tim picked up his walking stick and his hat.

"I appreciate this, Norman," he said. "Arrange to have this young man come with you tonight to dinner. I'd like an opportunity of looking him over."

"Very well," Trago agreed. "I'll see what can be done."

Old Tim strode toward the door. "I'll see you at eight," he said. "And let me tell you again that I appreciate it."

"I am running over in my mind," Trago answered him, "the orders you have given me. I remember that you said you had three things on your mind. Thus far, you've told me only two."

"That's right," Old Tim agreed, hooking his hat once more onto his head. "You're right enough there, Norman. I've mentioned but two. The third is that you finally are going to get into politics. I'll give you more of the details tonight, but you can figure on this: I'm out to clean up this town and you've gotta help. In the primary you're going to run on an independent ticket for chief magistrate. We'll put you over, of course. Then you'll sweep the election clean. What this town needs is a firm hand in the suppression of crime."

Trago threw back his head and laughed wholesomely. "Surely, Tim," he said, "you're not serious."

"At eight," Old Tim responded. "You'll see how serious I am. You plan on this campaign, Norman, because you're going to make it. You can't do anything else. I'm going to see to it that the public itself demands that you make this fight. I know I can't control you, and you ought to know I don't expect to. This is on the level, you understand? I'll handle the political end that'll make you chief magistrate. Then it's up to you."

He turned abruptly and walked through the door. Trago, still laughing, followed him to the reception room and, until eight that evening, bade him good-by. His tone was jocular, his fine eyes dancing frivolously.

Old Tim did not stress his point further. Seemingly content, he returned to the limousine and instructed Mason to drive him home.

As he rode through the crowded streets he went over once more in his mind the exact results he felt he had accomplished in his two visits. In them he could find nothing that evoked disapproval. Booley he wanted to fight. None knew better than he that this was the only treatment Booley could understand. The man never again would be satisfied to play a subordinate part in the affairs of the party. Naturally Old Tim would not. It inescapably followed that one of them must go down to defeat. Old Tim determined that that one must be Jim Booley.

As for Trago, for some reason which Old Tim himself could scarcely explain, he had every confidence that the man would lend the weight of his name and reputation to the insurgent ticket. That he should was vital to Old Tim's plans. The city boasted no man in whom the public had greater confidence or for whom they held greater respect than this same Norman Trago. And Trago was rich; he knew success and should find satisfaction in the genuine service of others.

Old Tim hooked his hands once again over the knob of his stick and gazed straight ahead. There remained one more conference before dinner. That was with Hector Sparr at three o'clock, and about it Old Tim had an idea or two of his own.

V

UPON his arrival at home, Morton advised Old Tim that Miss Pat had taken her roadster and gone to the country club for the afternoon.

"She'll return for dinner," he explained. And then he added, "Tito is making a special effort with the dinner. I made it clear to him that he must spare nothing."

Old Tim nodded. "I'm going up to my room," he said. "You'd better come along. I want to get out of these stiff clothes." He led the way up the stairs and Morton trailed him. As they walked, the aged boss turned and said over his shoulder, "What has become of Young Tim? I haven't laid eyes on him in three days. He's probably dodging me on account of that accident."

Morton smiled, indicating that his feeling toward the young man of the family differed very much from that which he entertained toward the daughter.

"It may be that he's living at his club," he suggested disinterestedly.

"Yes," Old Tim growled, "and so far as I'm concerned, he can continue living at his club until this election is over." As a sudden afterthought, he exclaimed, "I don't want him here to dinner tonight! If he should come in, you tell him that. Tell him I'm having a business dinner and don't want to be interrupted."

"I'll tell him," Morton agreed.

Old Tim sat on the edge of the bed while Morton removed his shoes. He complained irritably while the other man freed him of the tie and the starched collar.

"I'll have to be wearing these quite a little," he muttered. "I hate 'em. . . . Get my dressing gown. . . . Did you get those card files out?"

Morton made no verbal answer. He threw the vivid dressing gown about Old Tim's shoulders and helped him get into it and lash it about his hips. Then he bent and placed slippers for the boss' feet.

"Never mind the slippers," Old Tim snapped.

Morton straightened and from his pocket withdrew a small key. This he handed to Old Tim.

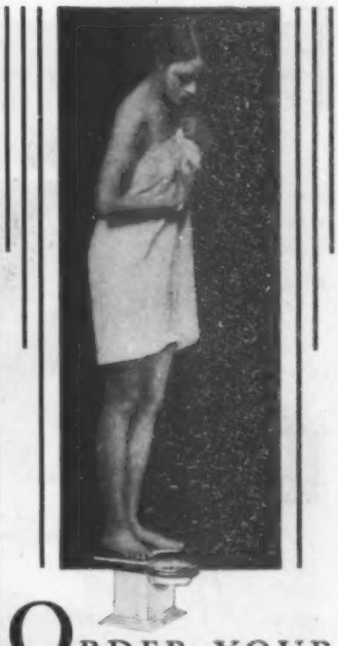
"That's for the card files, I suppose?" the boss asked.

"That's for the card files," Morton answered. "They're on the table in the library."

"I'll look 'em over," Old Tim said. "Get me a chop, Morton. A chop and some potatoes, and maybe some green peas. Bring them to me in the library, along with a bottle of cold ale." Morton nodded and Old Tim walked into the hall. From there he called out, "And don't be dumb about that ale, Morton. Get it cold. Get a bottle that's been right on the ice."

Once again Morton disdained a reply. He busied himself in the duties of a valet and Old Tim Callahan, in his stockinged feet, proceeded down the stairs and into the library.

There he occupied himself for half an hour with the card files. From them he removed the names and addresses of various men whose political and court activities had been sufficient to attract his interest. In the list were professional bondsmen, district leaders, leaders of labor unions, police officials and detectives, walking delegates, operators of private detective agencies,



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commission merchants, stevedores, and others who were legion.

Old Tim fairly gloated over these cards. From time to time he chuckled to himself as the appearance of a name recalled from the dim recesses of memory some particular incident. He was like a man exploring old and familiar territory; like one who renews acquaintance; in fact, comes again to grips with conflicts of yore.

When Morton brought the luncheon the old man was like to ignore it, and the butler spoke to him two or three times before finally he relinquished the card files and fell to eating. Between mouthfuls he gave instructions to Morton.

"There'll be five for dinner," he explained. "Trago is bringing a young man who will be my secretary." He took a chop between his fingers and gnawed with his teeth at the bone. "See to it, Morton, that desks are moved in here—one a typewriter desk. And don't be fool enough to forget the typewriter that goes with it." To all these injunctions Morton nodded a placid head.

"Things are going to move around here," Old Tim promised vengefully. "It will be hop, skip and jump from now on." Morton stooped beside him and retrieved the napkin which had slipped from Old Tim's knees. He replaced it. "Pour the rest of that ale into the glass," Old Tim ordered, and Morton complied.

The boss fell to eating again, now and then chuckling to himself over some forgotten thing which the card files had recrudesced. Suddenly he pushed the tray of food away from him and stood erect. His stockinged feet swished over the great hearthstone at the fireplace and his scrawny hands hooked together behind his back. So he paced back and forth, laughing to himself while Morton arranged the tray for removal.

"Did Hector Sparr call up?" he asked suddenly.

"He'll be here at three," Morton answered.

"Why the devil didn't you tell me so?" Old Tim demanded irritably. But immediately he chuckled to himself, and Morton let the remark pass unanswered.

"I'll see him in here," the boss said. "Don't rattle those dishes so much. . . . That chop wasn't any too good at best. . . . Bring me a toothpick."

Morton hoisted the tray on the palm of his hand. After a strenuous sucking at his teeth, Old Tim called after him, "Never mind the toothpick. I got it out. . . . Bring Sparr in here when he comes."

Then he returned to his precious card files and gloated over them, regardless of the passing of time, until Sparr was announced. This man he greeted, just as he had Cato and Boden, from the winged tapestry chair there at the corner of the hearthstone.

"So you want to be mayor of this town?" he called querulously as the politician was ushered into the room. The remark left Sparr at a distinct disadvantage. He smiled somewhat uncertainly, but strode around the table with his hand extended.

"It is always a pleasure to meet with you, Mr. Callahan. You seem to have discovered that which escaped Ponce de Leon," he gushed.

"Who the hell is he?" Callahan grunted. And Sparr laughed.

"I pay you great tribute by the remark," he explained. "Ponce de Leon was the man who sought the fountain of youth in Florida. You seem to have found it. Each time I am privileged to meet with you, you appear healthier and younger."

"Sit down and stop your claptrap," Callahan ordered. "Cato and Boden tell me you want to be mayor."

Sparr laughed again, uncertainly, and dropped into a chair. He crossed his legs, hooked his elbows onto the arm of the chair, and his finger tips met beneath his chin. It was something of a pose, and the fact did not seem lost on Old Tim.

"Senator Boden," Sparr said, "along with Mr. Cato of the prosecutor's office, Mr. Glench, the alderman, and Mr. Spurgeon approached me recently with something of the sort in mind," he admitted modestly.

"I see," Old Tim nodded shrewdly. "They told me as much. Cato is sure you can win. But Boden doubts you can win without me."

"I'd like to feel, Mr. Callahan, that you are on my side," Sparr admitted frankly. "But in any case, I'd have to feel that any nomination tendered me was a call from the electorate itself."

"The rank and file, I suppose?" Old Tim sneered.

"Exactly," Hector Sparr countered imperturbably. "My record indicates that my entire recompense for public service has been the unhampered manner in which I have been able to serve the people. These gentlemen who approached me seemed to feel, along with the rest of us, that the Booley régime anchors the progress of the party, moors it fast to the rock of stagnation and corruption."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Callahan grunted. He paused a moment as though selecting his words with care, then abruptly he emitted his cackling laugh. "You're an idiot," he snapped. "You insult my intelligence. Before long you'll find it pays to be honest with Old Tim Callahan."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Sparr demanded indignantly.

"You couldn't pull the wool over the eyes of a rag doll." Old Tim laughed. "You think I'm a fool? Think I'm blind? Do you think I don't know who started this Sparr campaign?"

Sparr reddened and groped for words he could not find.

"We'd best save time about this thing," Old Tim went on. "So you'll not longer take me for a jackass, I'll analyze a bit. You sent to me Cato and Boden. They tell me that they represent an insurgent wing of the party which approached you to tender a nomination for the mayoralty. Immediately I see that Cato is a fat and slovenly penny snatcher. He hasn't the brains to lead; he simply follows. On the other hand, Boden, who has some brains, admits to me that he isn't entirely sold on the insurgent fight. What does this signify?"

He paused and laughed again, and the sound jarred on Hector Sparr's ears. "It means only one thing, Sparr," he went on: "That is that you yourself started this insurgent idea and were fool enough to try and make me credit it to popular demand!"

Sparr was on the point of making some answer, but Old Tim's clawlike hand waved him to silence and the boss continued:

"Understand me, I don't blame you for going after what you want. All I want to do is disabuse your mind of the idea that I don't see through you like a kid sees through a knot hole in the fence of a ball park."

Sparr smiled rather broadly. He shrugged his shoulders and nodded his head by way of admission. "You're right," he said simply. "It's my own scheme. You know, God helps those who help themselves. I think I'm big enough to win. It was Boden who brought you into the picture."

"Could you win without Boden?" Old Tim snapped.

"I might," Sparr answered slowly, "but I plan on him to help me."

"Who in all the world do you think can help you most?" the boss insisted.

"You," Sparr admitted immediately. "If you'd get back into the game and back me I'd win hands down."

Old Tim laughed in high glee. "You've got some sense, at that," he remarked. "You know Boden himself won't dare take a hand in things unless I do."

"Both Cato and Boden," Sparr interrupted, "indicated to me that you might be ready to play a part in my campaign."

"Then they indicated too much," Old Tim growled. "I told them I might take a hand; might even take the whole thing and make you mayor of this town ——"

(Continued on Page 141)

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READY COOKED—MILK FED WHOLE OR HALVES

(Continued from Page 138)

"You could do it," Sparr cut in vehemently.

"—— but I also told them," Old Tim went on, "that there were one or two things I wanted to settle with you first."

"That's why I'm here," Sparr suggested. "You have the advantage of knowing that I'll go a long way to get your help. What do you want to talk about—patronage?"

"No," Old Tim growled.

"City contracts?" Sparr asked.

"No," Old Tim growled again.

Sparr spread his palms in a gesture that urged Old Tim to state his conditions. The old man found a pipe on the cellaret and filled and lit it. He settled back deep into the recesses of the chair.

"I want to ask you a few questions about yourself," he snapped.

"The gate's wide open," Sparr smiled.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-one."

"Why have you never married?"

Sparr laughed. "Perhaps because I've been too busy," he said. "Perhaps because I never met the right girl. Perhaps any one of a dozen things."

"You've never been married?"

"No."

"Are you in the Social Register?"

"Yes."

"Are you rich?"

"Rich enough."

Old Tim snarled. "Be more definite," he demanded. "I don't know how rich that is. Have you got a million?"

"Yes," Sparr answered.

"Have you got two million? Three, four, five?" Old Tim went on.

"I venture to say I've got five million," Sparr said. "My grandfather made a very large fortune and my father was wise in the ways of commerce."

Old Tim sucked his pipe thoughtfully. By and by he said, "I suppose your only outlet would be politics. You've got social position and money. . . . Is there any definite reason why you shouldn't marry?"

"Not if I met the right girl." Sparr smiled casually. "But she'd have to be the sort of woman who has sense enough to realize that I'm a public man, and so not demand too much of my time. I never got much pleasure in drawing-rooms. I like politics. I'm frank to say that the marriage contract has always appealed to me as one of two things: Either a mistake of adolescence or a convenience."

"Yes." Old Tim nodded. "You like politics a lot. What you want is power, glory. Personally, I never cared a hang for that stuff, but I know a lot of good men who have, and I never laid it against them. But you see, Sparr," he added then, "the mayor of a city like this ought to be a married man. There are a good many social requirements. Those things must be considered in selecting a candidate."

Sparr laughed gently.

"I presume that could be arranged," he answered. "Probably I'm no more offensive to the ladies than the average man. Half there are better looking and, doubtless, half uglier."

Old Tim surveyed the man carefully. His clothes were tailored in the latest fashion. His brown hair, slightly grayed at the temples, was neatly brushed. His mouth was firm and impressive, his features regular and his eyes a deep and attractive brown.

"Yes," he said at last, "I don't imagine it would be too hard to arrange, so long as you have sense enough to be willing. Is there any girl you know now that you would be willing to marry?"

"They are pretty much alike," Sparr admitted. "Any one of several might say yes."

Old Tim leaned back in his chair again. "If I know men," he said steadily, "you'd sell your soul to be mayor of this city. And later on, governor; perhaps, even President."

"As long as we're being quite frank about it," Sparr answered just as steadily, "maybe I would."

"Have you ever met my daughter?" Old Tim asked sharply.

"I never have," Sparr admitted.

"Well," Old Tim said, "you're going to meet her tonight at dinner. I have everything arranged. You be here at eight o'clock. Norman Trago will be here, too, and little Pat, my daughter. I mention this, Sparr, because if you should happen to find in my daughter a girl you'd like to marry, I'll make you mayor of this town. And then, maybe, governor."

Sparr smiled languidly. "I'll be delighted to dine with you," he answered. "And even more delighted to meet your charming daughter. If it should be my good fortune to impress her well, perhaps matters could be arranged."

"I thought so," the aged boss grunted. "You'll be a lucky dog if Pat takes to you. She's a fine little girl. Now go out of here and let me alone. Come back at eight o'clock sharp. And no matter what else happens," he admonished, "leave this entire matter in my hands."

Sparr rose, shook hands and walked to the door. As he reached it, he came face to face with Morton. The face of the butler was strangely pale. His lips were set in a straight line and his jaw worked convulsively. For a brief instant he barred the other man's exit, but at last he stepped aside, after the fashion of a man who has thought better of something he was about to say or do.

VI

IN RESPONSE to an unexpected telephone call from Norman Trago, Old Tim, garbed in dinner clothes, was ready to receive guests in the library at 7:15 that evening. The cause of this earlier meeting was Trago's insistence that the boss meet privately the young man he was bringing to dinner as a candidate for the secretarial position. Old Tim explained this to his daughter.

"I'll be using the library," he said. "Trago is coming early with a young man I will use as a secretary. You'd best have Morton shake up a cocktail in the drawing-room and you can receive Hector Sparr there. We'll not keep you long."

Patricia, totally unaware of the machinations of her conspiring father, received the news eagerly enough.

"Isn't Timmy going to be here?" she asked.

Her father turned on her impatiently. "Indeed he's not going to be here," he snapped. "In fact, I've left instructions with Morton to see to it that in case he should come home he goes at once to his club for dinner."

"What's Timmy done, dad?" the girl asked coaxingly. She went up to her father and ran her fingers under the silk lapels of his dinner jacket. "What's he done that's so bad?"

"He takes nothing seriously," Old Tim complained. "He spends his time with a lot of nit-wits he met at college. He gets tight with them and runs over women in his automobile. Everybody knows he's no good. He'll cause us a lot of trouble some day."

"Why," the girl asked, her eyes downcast, "are you so tolerant of me and so harsh toward Timmy? Hasn't he a right to make mistakes as well as the rest of us?"

"You're good at heart," Old Tim said emphatically. "There's no real harm in you, Pat. If you were a boy you'd be out making your way in the world by this age. But with Timmy it's different. He's dissolute, he don't work a lick down at the office. They keep him there just because he's my boy. . . . I'm not blind to these things. God knows I've talked with him enough!"

"Timmy's pretty young for a man," the girl suggested.

Old Tim tossed his shoulders impatiently. "I could scarce read when I was twenty-four," he avowed with pride, "but I was district leader of the old Tenth District and had saved up more than a thousand dollars." His eyes were glittering again, and the girl, who knew his make-up, sensed that he was in no mood to talk further about the matter.

"We all of us have our problems," she sighed. "I'll go now and put a last dab of powder on my nose." She laughed with forced gayety. "One has to be at one's best, you know, to meet the city's next mayor."

Old Tim raised his shaggy brows but made no comment. As he surveyed the girl more carefully infinite pride crept into his eyes. Patricia was a wisp of a thing, but she was daintiness personified. Her features were regular and animated. She had inherited the luster of her father's eyes without their glint. Dressed as she was in a modest dinner gown, Old Tim felt that she left little to be desired.

"You'll find Sparr interesting," he promised cunningly. "He's an educated fellow, and he's got sense too. The combination is a rare one. If you've never seen him you'd best get yourself ready for a thrill. He's six feet of man and good-looking as a matinée idol." He laughed characteristically; in hyperbole, warned the girl: "See that he don't run away with my little girl's heart."

Pat laughed and with a gesture of mock fear answered, "If he's all of that, daddy, I'll keep my eyes shut tight and stay close beside you."

Old Tim's eyes followed her until she was out of the room. Then he smiled in satisfaction and went to the library.

Trago and his protégé arrived punctually at 7:30. Morton conducted them to the library, and because Old Tim was in a genial mood, inspired doubtless by his renewed interests and the magnitude of the schemes which filled his mind, he rose to greet them.

"Hello, Norman," he called. "Drat your old skin, you would keep me in this collar half an hour extra, wouldn't you?"

In his black attire, Trago was a picture. The man had a dignity and a grace of movement and expression which were incomparable. He stepped across the library and shook Tim by the hand.

"Just to be in this room, Tim," he greeted smilingly, "recalls a million pleasant memories."

"I don't know how it could," Tim grunted. "Every time you've ever been here we've fought over politics. . . . Well, young man," he greeted Trago's companion, "what kind of a secretary do you think you'd make?"

"This is Walter Fennister," Trago introduced. "Walter, this is Mr. Callahan."

Fennister accepted the introduction with a smiling bow and handclasp. "I'm delighted, sir," he said.

Old Tim cackled and winked slyly at Trago. "There'll be many a time, I guess, when you'll feel anything but delight over this meeting!"

All three laughed.

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Callahan," Fennister said steadily. "You see, I've heard a good deal about you."

"From Norman Trago?" Callahan burst forth. "By gorry, if you've relied on his reports I'm amazed you're even here!"

"You really flatter yourself, Tim," Trago said. "I merely told Walter that the temporary position you have here would be an excellent training for him."

"Training?" Old Tim cackled. "What's he going to be—a prize fighter?"

Despite the levity of the conversation, even Fennister must have realized the manner in which Old Tim was appraising him. The political boss suddenly and brazenly devoted a long moment to a frank and embarrassing scrutiny of the young man. The business would have proved confusing to anyone, but Trago smiled at the manner in which Fennister accepted it. He smiled, too, at the effect it had upon Old Tim.

Fennister was a clean-cut chap with a manner which proclaimed him eager for knowledge. He was the sort who was ready to meet life and battle it in a campaign tempered by manhood and decency. What he did not know of life was a good

You can make this yourself

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deal, but he showed a natural aptitude and an avid hunger for knowledge.

"You're a good-looking specimen," Old Tim announced at last. "But I'm not surprised to find it out. If you were anything else Trago would never have brought you here. If you did not want to work for me you wouldn't have come. If I didn't want you to work for me I wouldn't have had Trago bring you. So it looks like you're my secretary. I started life pushing a truck, young man. But I pushed that truck better and faster than any other young man on the dock. Every other thing I've ever done I've done exactly the same way. That's the principle I want you to work on with me here."

There followed an inspection of the equipment which Morton had already moved into the library. At one corner of the massive room stood two desks and three or four ancient oaken filing cabinets. These were relics of the days when Old Tim had last been active. Acting on his own initiative, Morton had removed them from the storeroom and placed them ready to hand. These the three men looked over, and Old Tim caressed them with his hands as though rendering animate the memories they evoked.

"You'll have to get a stenographer, Fennister," he said. "I'll want her and you here every morning at nine o'clock. A little later on you may need a clerk or two."

"I should think you'd take an outside office, Tim," Trago suggested.

"I do most of the thinking in this place," Old Tim grumbled. "I don't want an office. I'll work right here. You'd better come in at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, young man. With matters of correspondence, I'll tell you what I want written and leave it to you to write it."

He glared at Fennister and the young man nodded his head and glanced at Trago.

"You'll have to see to it that everything is properly filed," Old Tim snapped. Then suddenly he pouted like a pigeon and his shaggy eyebrows drew together. "Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he cried. "Don't ever get to be like Morton. When I holler for a thing I want it right then." Once again Fennister nodded and smiled. "What salary are you making now?" Old Tim demanded.

"Not very much." Fennister smiled. "You see, I'm reading law in my father's office."

"I didn't ask you that," Old Tim snapped. "What salary are you making?"

"Four thousand a year," Fennister answered.

"I'll pay you eight," the boss agreed instantly. Trago chuckled and Fennister was amazed.

"I'm afraid the job is hardly worth that," he said dubiously.

"The job ain't worth it," Old Tim chirped. "Of course it ain't. But I guess I am."

Morton silently entered the room and stood waiting to be heard.

"Good evening, Morton," Trago greeted.

"Good evening, sir," the butler responded. He glanced then at Old Tim.

"Well," the boss growled, "what are you prowling around for?"

"Cocktails are served in the drawing-room," Morton answered flatly. "Miss Pat and Mr. Sparr are there."

"We must go in at once," Trago said. "I've looked forward to seeing little Pat." He promptly led the way across the room and the others trailed him.

The drawing-room was alight. The walls were of paneled oak and much of the furniture was pieces which Old Tim's agents had purchased for him in Europe. Trago led the way into the room, and when Pat saw the man she uttered a pleased cry and came across to him, both hands outstretched. Trago caught her hands and pulled her inside his arms. He kissed her and they exchanged enthusiastic greetings. At some length, Trago slipped his left arm around the girl and turned toward Hector Sparr.

"Good evening, Hector," he greeted. "It is a pleasure to find you here in such charming company." The two shook hands.

"It is a pleasure indeed to be here," Sparr responded gallantly. And he added: "In such charming company."

"Hello, Sparr," Old Tim greeted querulously. "I'm glad to see you're not late. . . . This is my secretary, Walter Fennister."

"I beg your pardon," Trago interrupted. "Miss Patricia, let me present Mr. Walter Fennister. This is Mr. Callahan's daughter, Walter."

Patricia, obviously embarrassed by her father's thoughtlessness, turned to meet the young man. Fennister in turn faced the girl. Each indicated distinct surprise. The girl bowed and smiled. Fennister acknowledged the introduction with some words which were lost in his ill-concealed interest. Old Tim and Hector Sparr missed this flashing byplay between the two, but Norman Trago raised his brows ever so slightly. His lips twitched at his Vandyke.

Morton appeared, wheeling a wagon containing a silver cocktail shaker and cups. Mechanically he placed a glistening linen serviette about the container and then shook it violently, but musically, until the metal was covered with a hoary frost. He unscrewed the cap on the spout and poured a limpid fluid into the cups. These he set upon a silver tray. Miss Patricia accepted his first service, holding the high cup by its thin stem. Sparr accepted his drink, and so did Fennister and Old Tim. Trago declined.

"To you, Miss Callahan," Hector Sparr said, lifting the shining shell and glancing significantly at Old Tim. Patricia smiled and raised her own cup.

"Indeed, yes," Fennister spoke up. Then he stepped forward and clicked the edge of his silver container against that of Miss Pat's. Their eyes met and they both smiled.

"You, Norman," Old Tim snapped, "are you going to be a jackass all your life?" He sipped his cocktail. "This is delicious. Morton, pass that again."

Norman Trago regarded Old Tim smilingly. His gray eyes were steady and determination was in them. "You fellows lose all sense of perspective," he said quietly. "As an attorney at law, I have taken an oath to uphold and obey the laws of the land. That oath means something to me, regardless of my belief or disbelief in prohibition. It is a contribution to crime to drink, and I did take the oath. Therefore, I intend keeping it."

Old Tim chuckled and raised his own cup. "To you then, Norman," he said.

(Continued on Page 146)

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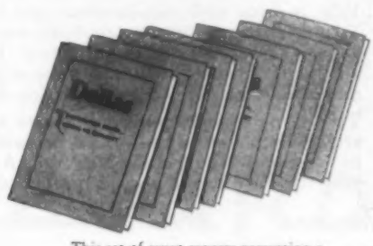

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(Continued from Page 142)

"What on earth is this town ever going to do with a chief magistrate who's honest, sincere and abides by the law? It will be a treat, gentlemen—a treat!"

Trago still smiled, but the light in his eyes matched that of Old Tim's. When he answered he spoke quietly, but everyone listened. "I've a little surprise for you, then," he said. "You told me in my office today that your influence, in case I should run for office, would see me elected, then cease. Do you remember?"

Old Tim lowered his cup, smacked his lips.

"Certainly I remember," he snapped.

"If I construe that correctly," Trago said quietly, "it would mean that as chief magistrate I would be absolutely unfettered by any political obligation to those who had elected me."

"Why," Old Tim answered, "you'd demand that, wouldn't you?"

"Who else ever has demanded it"—Trago smiled—"and got it?"

"Who else has ever been Norman Trago?" Old Tim cackled. "You don't surprise me any, Norman, by telling me you are going to accept this nomination. I've known that all along.

"I don't mind admitting that there are men I'd rather have, solely because I can control them; neither do I mind admitting that you're the one candidate that will assure us victory. Therefore, I pledge myself and every other man in the party to the proposition that as chief magistrate you'll never be expected to do a single thing outside your own judgment and conscience."

Trago smiled and nodded. "I've waited years for that," he responded. "Let there be no mistake, Tim. On that basis, and that basis alone, I'll run." The two men warmly shook hands. It was a compact.

Morton entered the room, but instead of announcing dinner he approached Old Tim and muttered softly, "Timothy Junior is here. He says he's staying to dinner."

"You tell him for me," Old Tim snarled under his breath, "that he's not staying for dinner."

"He's nasty," Morton whispered. "Drunk, he is, and nasty."

Old Tim went white to the lips and his clawlike hands clenched into fists. "Get him out of here, Morton," he ordered. "Throw him out bodily. If you have to, get the police to lock him up overnight."

As Morton walked toward the door the mellow tones of a Chinese dinner gong filled the room. Pat stepped across to Fennister.

"We're going to see a great deal of each other for the next three months." She smiled. "You may take me in to dinner."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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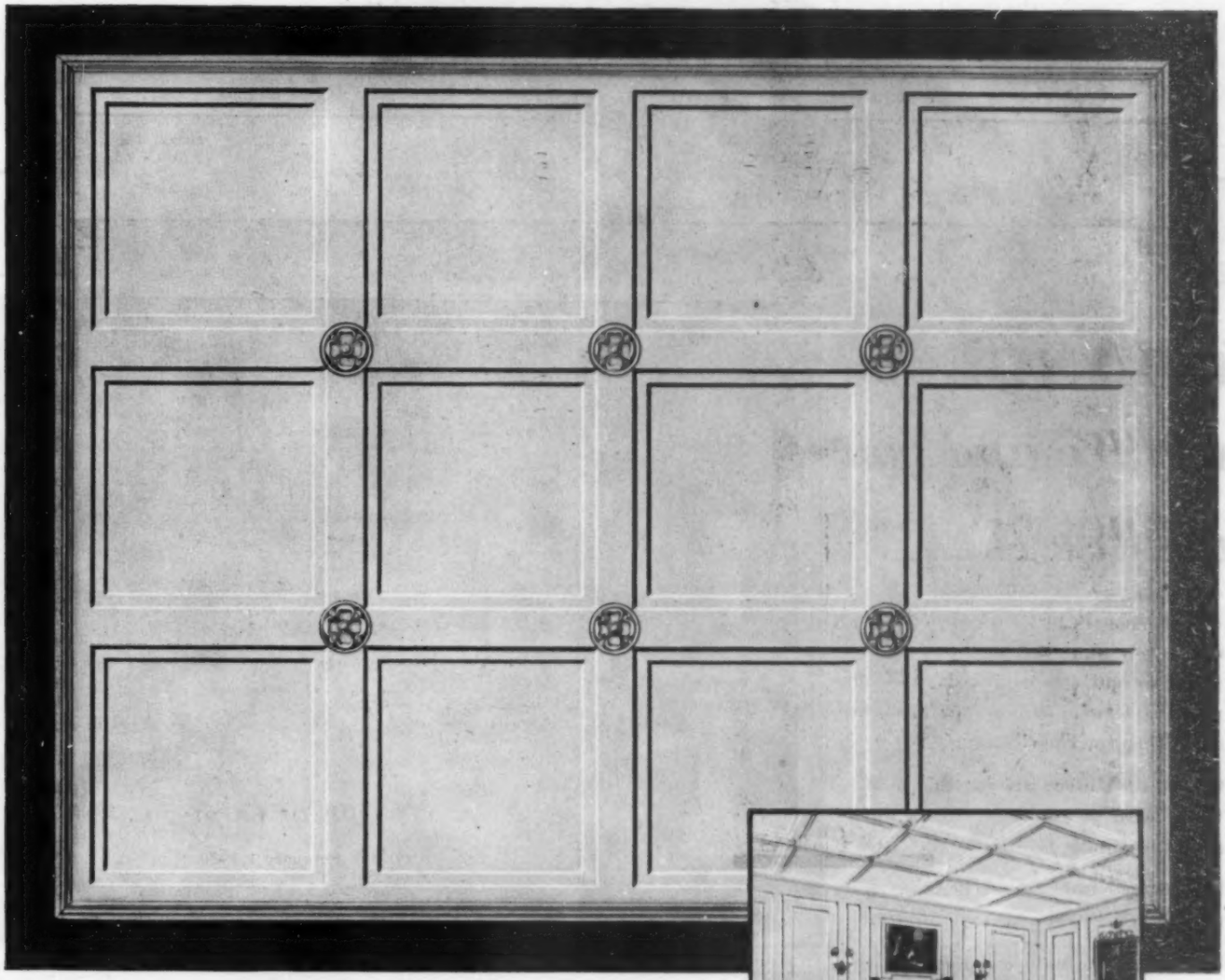

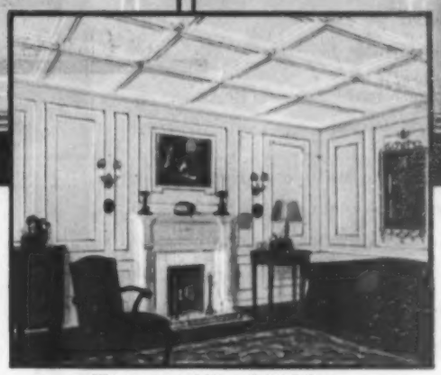

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